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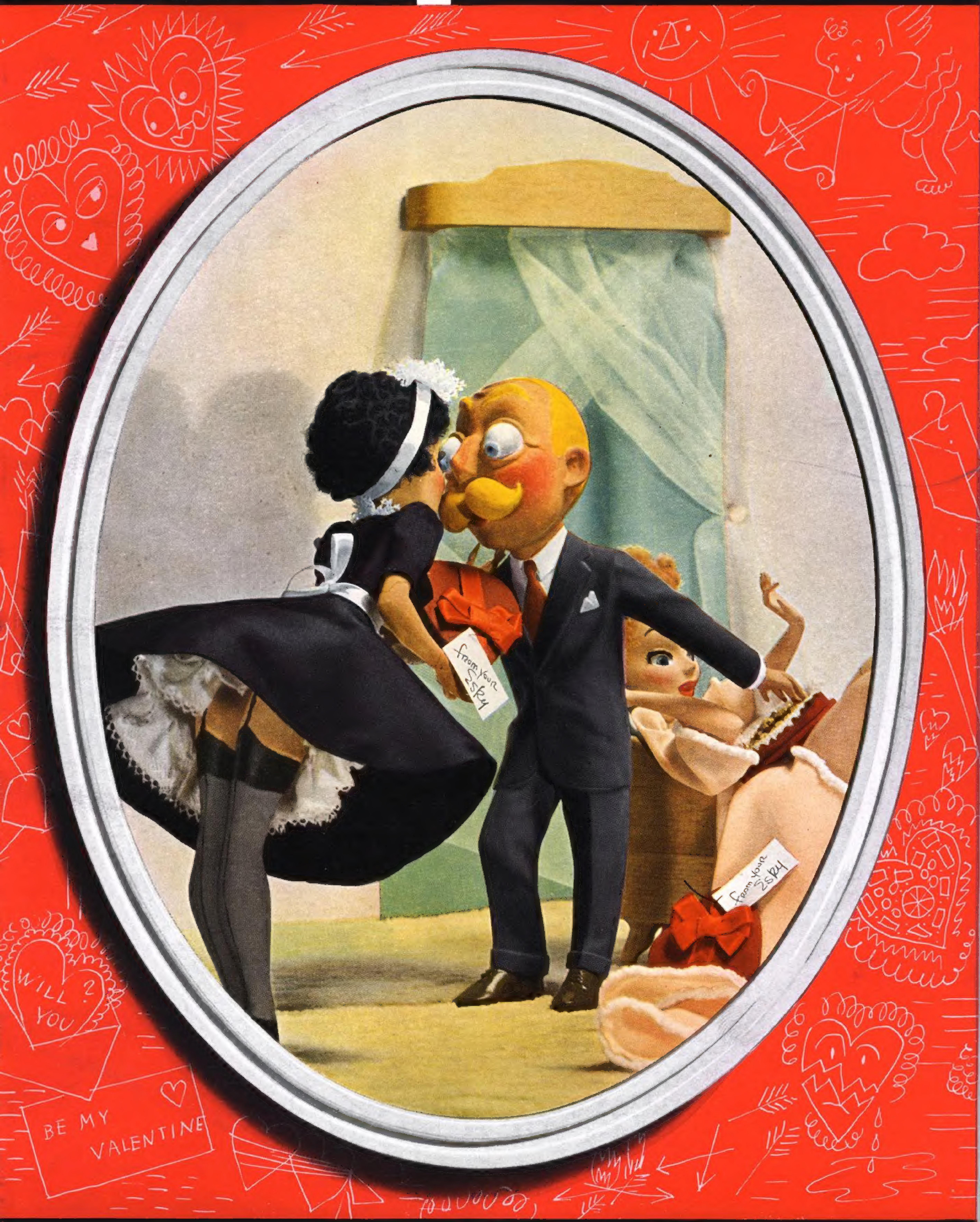
• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY, 1941
WINTER TRAVEL ISSUE



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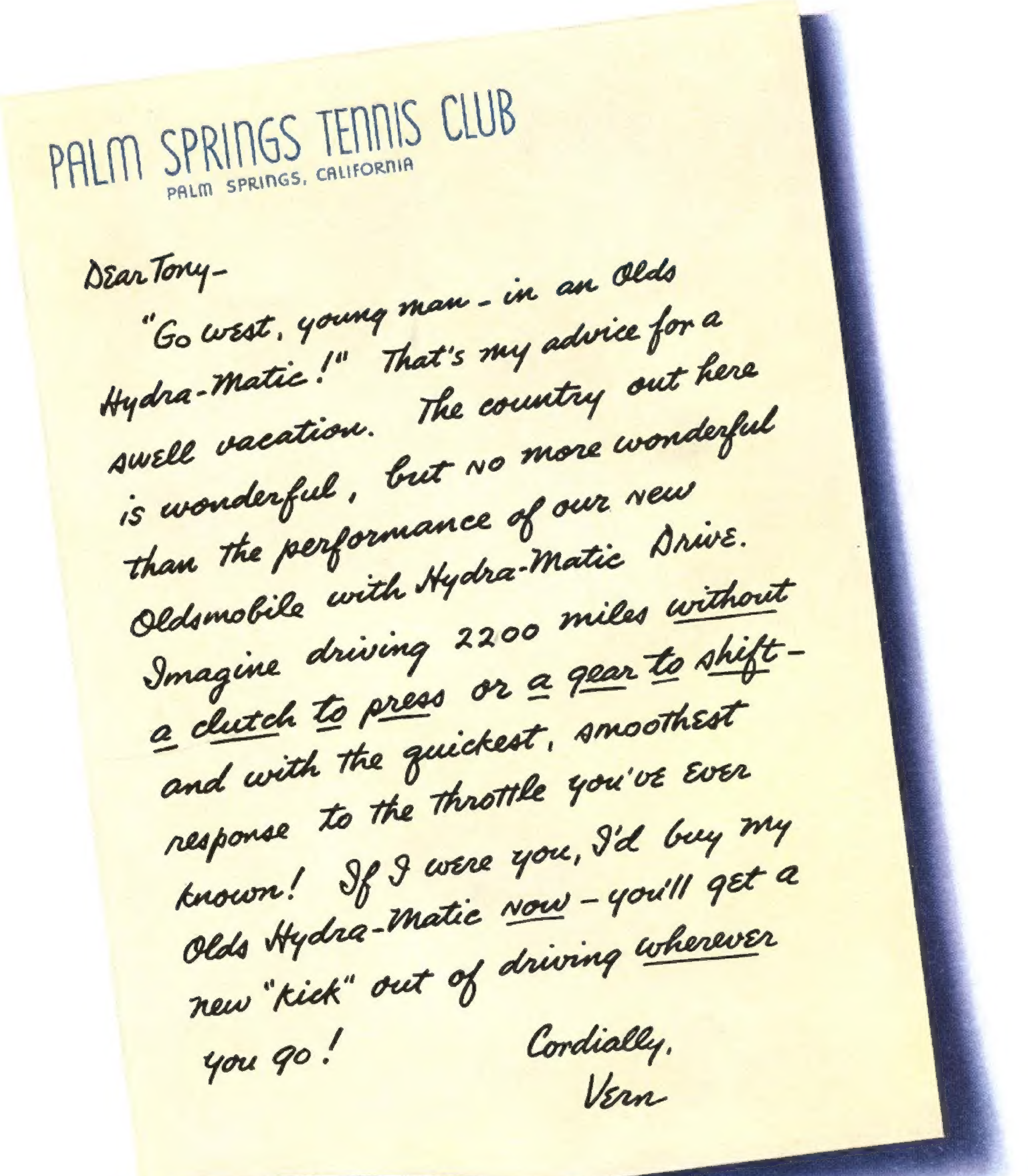

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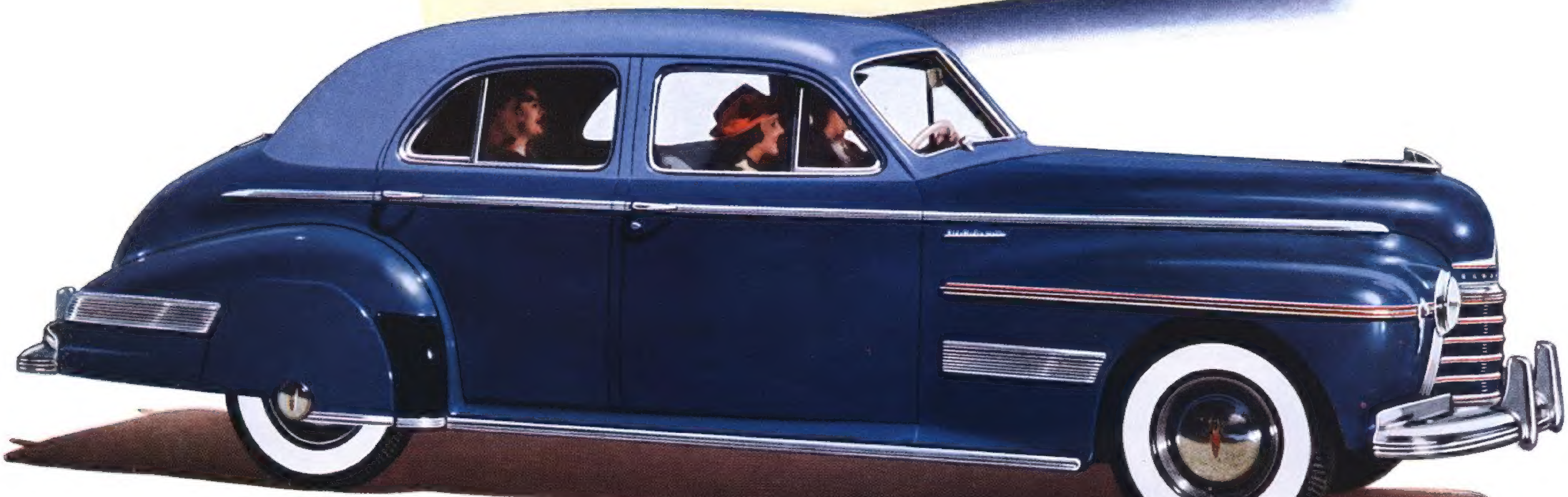

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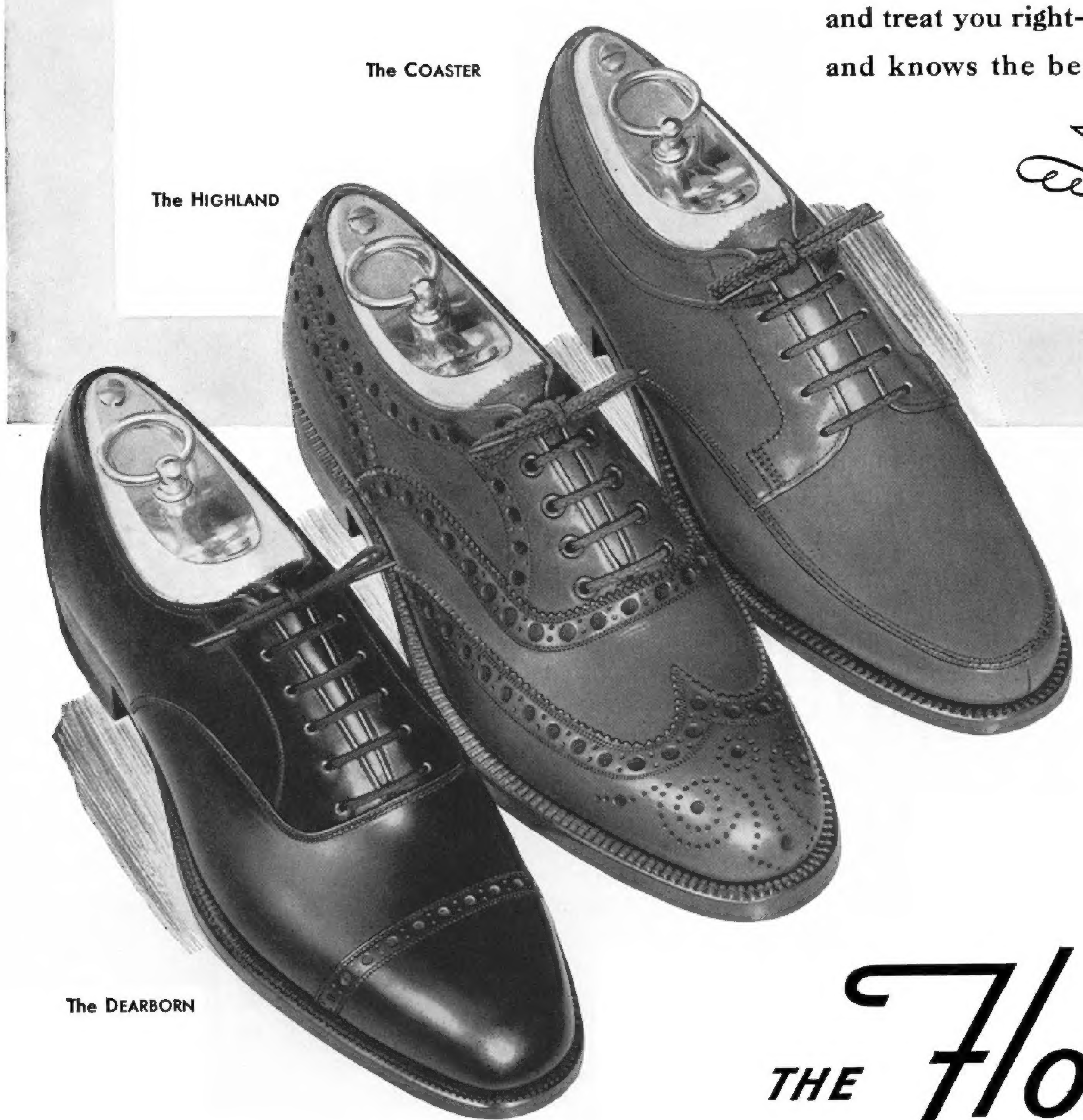

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
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T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: From Billy Phelps to Battered Britain

Overleaf you will find, or perhaps you have already found, our newly enlarged and restyled Table of Contents. (And this page, in case you are curious about it, is where you'll find our Editorial from now on.)

We're pretty proud of the new Table of Contents page. Read the thing right through, from top to bottom, if only for just this once, to see if you don't feel that it gives you a better foretaste of the issue's flavor as a whole than you would ever get by the old method of leafing through the pages.

And as your eyes travel down the Contents page, possibly your eyebrows will lift in surprise as you come upon one item. Under the listing of the Departments you will notice, alongside the title *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf,* the legend "Critic bites Hemingway." And maybe you will wonder if you read it right. Can it be that the good grey Dr. Phelps has panned the new Hemingway novel, in this same magazine where the December editorial was devoted in its entirety to almost incoherently fervent admiration of that same new Hemingway novel? It could be and it is. And if you're surprised, it only goes to show that you don't know Esquire very well.

As we said the last time this very thing happened, "Esquire is prouder of nothing than of the complete freedom of expression enjoyed by its contributors."

On that occasion, the book about which we had raved on our editorial page was *The Big Money* by John Dos Passos. We had gone so far as to call it (along with its companion volumes *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919*), a masterpiece.

Then we had to go on to say "And now if you will turn to *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf,* Burton Rascoe will take over the mike and tell you—ah, the magazine of infinite surprise—that it's lousy."

But all we could add to that was simply this: "What Burton wants to say in our pages about any book or any body is his business."

And what went then, for Burton Rascoe, goes now for William Lyon Phelps. For we say again, as we said then, "We like to feel that Esquire will always be a magazine in which you can never be sure, from month to month, or even from page to page, of what's coming next. We don't even want to be too sure of it ourselves. And we aren't."

* * *

In passing, it is interesting to note that the only two well-known critics who *didn't* praise *For Whom the Bell Tolls* are William Lyon Phelps and Burton Rascoe, present and past conductors of *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf,* respectively. That may not be as interesting to anybody else as it is to us, for they happen to be, and to have been for a long time, two of our three favorite critics. (The third is Clifton Fadiman.)

But you've already heard what we thought about *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Now read what William Lyon Phelps thinks of it. Better still, read the book itself, if you haven't already done so, and see whether you agree with him, or with us, in terms of how you like it.

Perhaps we ought to explain that the Phelps review on page 76 of this issue was at least not intended to be an answer to our opinion of *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* as expressed on page 5 of the December issue, because it was written before the latter appeared in print.

* * *

Incidentally, further on in this same review Dr. Phelps makes marvelously well a very important point on which we agree with him fortissimo. Because it's so well said that it certainly stands reading at least twice, we're going to quote from it here and now:

"I hope our country will do everything possible to help Great Britain and for two good reasons. Because Great Britain is fighting for the cause of individual liberty in which we believe, and because our own safety as a nation depends on the preservation of the British Commonwealth. Anne Lindbergh's new book is full of high moral sentiments but what it means can be put in five words: *Do not help Great Britain.* I think it would have been better to use those five words as the title. Many who do not wish to help Great Britain . . . call their articles or their speeches 'America First,' or 'Defending America,' but what they mean is Do not help Great Britain. I have more respect for a man who says he believes in Hitler and hopes he will win, than for one who shouts for 'America First' and does everything possible to help Hitler."

* * *

Speaking of aid to Britain, the most important piece of writing in this entire issue, in our opinion, is not in the editorial content but among the advertising pages. We mean Herbert Agar's excellent editorial, *The Lotus Eaters of 1940,* reproduced in this issue as an advertisement of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* in which it originally appeared. That one will bear re-reading daily for a month!

* * *

Two things confirm our oft-voiced opinion that the British can never be beaten. They may not win, without our help, but they will never lose. One thing that reinforces that conviction is a letter just received from George Slocombe who "got out of France at the last minute and on the last boat" and now reports that he and Mary, his wife, are "living in London and liking it."

Can you imagine that? Neither could we, if we didn't know him, and know that there are a lot of Britons like him. (Incidentally, if you can get B B C on your radio, you can hear George Slocombe twice a week from London on the 8:45 EST News Commentary. Listen to him and you'll feel better about Britain's chances, however the headlines may be at the moment.)

The other thing that confirms our conviction? Oh yes. Well, that was in, or rather on, that same letter from George Slocombe. You see the letter, like all mail from England, was opened and resealed by the censor. And in resealing it with his sticker saying that he had opened it, Examiner 5728 noticed that he had covered that portion of the address which carried the word "Mr." So Examiner 5728 carefully wrote it in, on the edge of his sticker, at the exact spot where it must have appeared on the envelope before his sticker covered it. Wrote it very neatly too, in ink. Possibly, even probably, while bombs dropped and sirens screamed.

No, you can't beat people like that.

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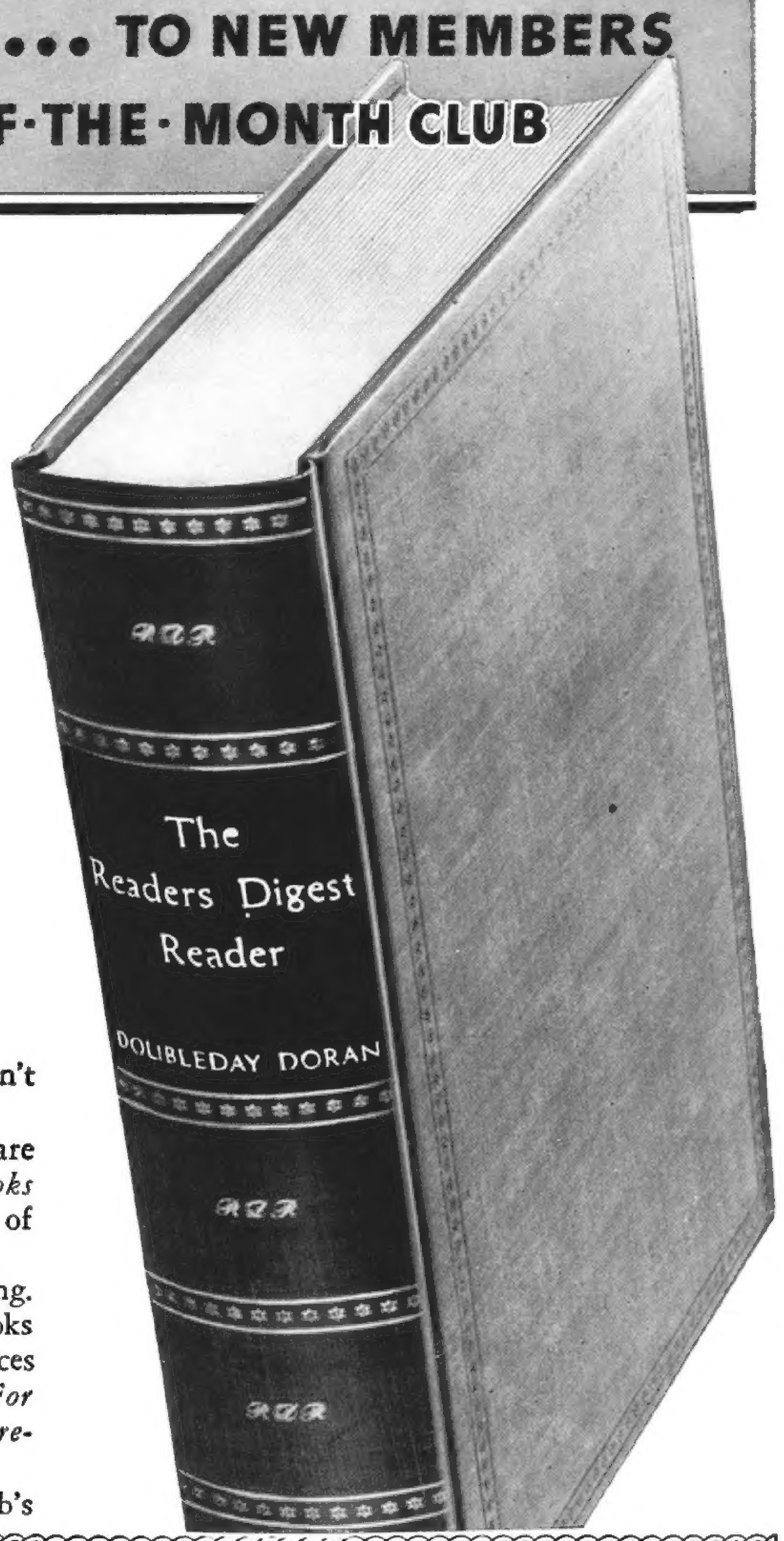

BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

–you can begin your subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club with any one of these recent choices

Ernest Hemingway's new novel, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.

Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, is her first book in five years, the scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes for the Archbishop.*

William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father.*

Franz Werfel's new novel EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, is the Club's December book—a quiet deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.*

Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, John Priestley—and a score of others little less known —were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. The few mentioned above are an indication of the quality of the books they receive.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month" — not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

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VOICE OF REASON

Not only we physicians who are interested in the state termed "The Male Climacteric," but the general public should appreciate your wide publicity. This state is as important as you imply, and may be the answer to the many ailments of a great number of men.

One feature, however, you in common with a number of others, seem to have missed. Why wait until the condition is extreme before a diagnosis is made and therapy instituted?

In reporting a series of cases, under observation over a period of three years, I attempted to clarify the earlier diagnosis and devise a plan whereby this endocrine imbalance could be detected when first appearing. My average age was 46 years. This report was made before the American Urological Association at Buffalo, New York on June 27, 1940 and should soon appear in the Journal of Urology.

In regards to the use of testosterone as an aid in prostatic disturbance, it is my opinion that a more comprehensive knowledge of the cause and the beginning of this condition may result in continued work along these lines. In my own observations, it appears evident that an earlier diagnosis may be made, and possibly, the progress of the enlargement may be deferred or stopped entirely.

Again I wish to thank you for the wide publicity in this regard.

Very truly yours,
Robert J. Douglas, M.D.
Muskegon, Mich.

KEEPING AFTER COBB

Golly, how those old-timers do persist! Yet, you can't blame Ty Cobb for making fun of the way Joe Di Maggio plays baseball today. Yesterday minus its coat of blemishes will forever out-gleam today in its most glossy appearance. The twelve years that have elapsed since the conclusion of Ty's "heydey" appear to have enhanced the gloriousness of "early twentieth century" baseball in his mind.

In some ways Ty's arguments may not be entirely in vain. I do grant that the invocation of "farm systems" has had an effect on the welfare of the individual player. Moreover, I agree that the inception of the lively ball has somewhat altered the technique of the game. Yet, as convinced as I am over the obviousness of these changes, I cannot bring myself to believe they indicate that "baseball is slipping."

However, how any cellar-dwelling team like the St. Louis "Browns" could attract favorable attention in those days is far beyond my comprehension. Mr. Cobb *must* be contested on this point. Surely, those staunch supporters who paid six-bits for a section of bleacher plank in the "days of yore" loved a winner then as much as their modern prototypes do today. Baseball may have changed by depending upon "homers" rather than "bunts" to score runs, but I don't believe it has slipped. Any baseball guide will buttress that argument.

Sincerely,
Stan. Klores
Coach of Baseball
Northwestern University
Athletic Department
Evanston, Ill.

DONNE EXEGESIS

I noticed in your editorial column in the December Esquire that you spoke of the source of the Donne quotation which Hemingway uses in his new book as being "presumably one of the sermons" of Donne. I happen to have run across the original of this quotation and am pleased with myself no end, and pass it on to you for your enjoyment.

The quotation is from a section of Donne's prose called *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* and the passage in question is from No. XVII. I will not quote the whole as it is too long but it begins:

"Perchance hee for whom this *Bell* tolls, may be so ill, as that he knowes not it tolls for him; And perchance I may thinke my self so much better than I am, as that they who are about mee, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for mee, and I know not that. . . . All *mankinde* is of one *Author*, and is one *volume;* when one Man dies, one *Chapter* is not *torne* out of the booke, but translated into a better *language*. . . ."

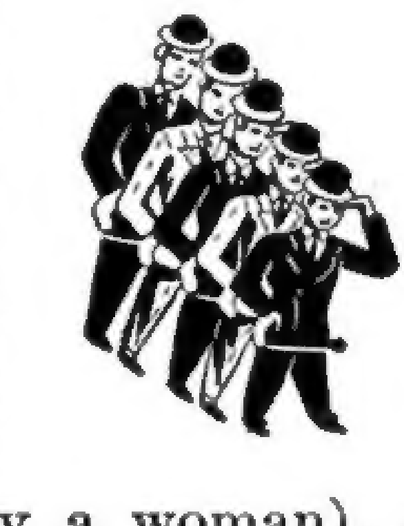
The passage ends with a sentence in Latin, and the translation is given: "The Bell rings out, and tells me in him, that I am dead."

Maybe all this publicity being given the eminent Divine will result in people reading him, a worthy pursuit.

Sincerely yours,
Burbank, Calif. Polly James

DIANA'S PACK I

In the super Xmas issue of our favorite mag you printed a letter from a "luscious blonde" entitled "Self Portrait." Now never let it be said that we doubt the modest words of one Diana, but remember she is from Brooklyn.



From the type of literature she enjoys we choose to call her a thorobred. The four points outlined in her self description seem to fit only the beauty of a dreamer. Outside of a strong love of jewelry (forgive her, Lord, for she is only a woman), we think she's perf.

The last sentence of Miss Diana's fine letter stated that proof can be given. Call us Thomas or just damn curious, but where is this creature stirring? Brooklyn having a populace a little too large for exploring, we come to you imploring for help.

Our background is equally as impressive. We are three Lib Arts Students, an Engineer and a Business Ad. Tschaikowsky is our favorite and Tommy Dorsey our jive king—which gives the musical pic. Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, "Stardust," Robert Benchley, Dinah Shore, Carol Bruce, Carl Sandburg, "Finlandia" and Edgar Allan Poe are our choices.

Now, dear sirs, please come to our rescue and throw us a life belt or we shall sink in the whirlpool of curiosity. Perhaps this damsel would answer in person, enclosing a few pix to eradicate all shadow of doubt.

We'll be waiting!

"The Boys from Syracuse,"
David "Sandy" Squires
Ray Keller
Bob Averill
"Date" Knapp
Robert Clark
Syracuse, N. Y.

NOTHING'S NEW

In your issue of August, 1940, which I am just getting around to, in the *Talking Shop with Esquire* department by the Ranger, the statement is made that "the new square glass, made especially for vermouth drinkers, is the first square glass, in fact, on record."

About twenty years ago at an auction sale of the J. H. Flagler estate, I bought a set of eight square cocktail glasses. They are evidently of foreign make, probably Bohemian, and are decorated and marked with the monogram J. H. F.

I make this correction in the name of the arts, the verities and simple justice.

Yours truly,
New York Hubert E. Leland

THE OLD COMPLAINT

Who the hell is this Betty Smith of Ocean City, Maryland? And just why should she (a woman; and perhaps even a lady) be allowed nice white virgin space for two pieces of putrid poetry in Esquire's December *Sound & Fury?*

OPEN LETTER TO BETTY SMITH
OF OCEAN CITY

My dear Miss Smith:

Look, Babe, if you're old enough you can vote. You have that right. And you have the right to enter a profession, any profession; open a shoeshine parlor; go to Africa and hunt whatever one hunts in Africa; write child-psychology articles for *Ladies' Home Journal;* eat peanuts and drink beer at Jack's Bar; run for Congress; join a nudist colony; hitch-hike to Mexico. You can do any damn' thing you want. But please, please don't ruin the one thing we males have left—Esquire. Please, I beg of you. On behalf of 1,983,471 male Esquire readers, I ask you to leave our one remaining possession alone. Now that isn't asking too much, is it? You can have the rest of the world. Just leave Esquire to us males.

But I did enjoy your poetry, Babe. Really,I did. It wasn't especially good, but then it wasn't especially bad. Were you a man, I'd not kick at all. Why don't you try *Woman's Home Companion?*

Yours with pleading tears in my eyes. Joe Doakes

Dear Editor: William Saroyan is still writing short stories, you know. Why don't you get him back in Esquire instead of lamenting continually over your inability to procure Hemingway stuff?

Add my bouquet to Nathan's huge hot-house of flowers. His department is one Esquire feature which is always up to par.

Yours,
Walter Charles Dykins
Elmira, New York

DIANA'S PACK II

In reply to "Diana" of dear old Brooklyn:—

This Diogenetic epistle comes from a mere male, not too ugly, but not so full of ego as to believe every woman interested in any or all of my few attractions.

Therefore I realize the value of finesse, of polish.

Being generally of a rather static personality (stable, not noisy) believe me it took the emery dust in the oil that "demure" Diana spread to ruffle me into writing these truth-seeking lines.

Yes, I am a skeptic, and I would not deny her claims—but I've not seen 'em!

She lays claim in our own masculine forum gentlemen, of being a curvacious, luscious, dewy-eyed and moist-lipped—Could be, men—Nature does but seldom deal in straight lines, eye wash, and rouge cream for the rest of it.

She is soft-spoken of tongue, but insinuatively interesting of blue-grey eyes—and calloused of, shall we say fist, from so much chest beating, a feminine rooster, so help us!

One hundred and eighteen pounds, 5 feet four inches and covered with soft white skin.

One must see of course, to judge material things—this is a moot question, then!

She has had measles—delightfully human—that, three teeth out, the cad!! *A* love affair—the singular would hardly qualify one to remark (to understate), or does one learn everything in one affair—

And a husband, from which she does not suffer—he *must* be good. And I do agree that they really are a bother!!

Mentality could be judged more fairly by conversation—writing gives some people too much time to think.

The choice of literature hardly fits the picture with such a lusty possessor of twenty *exciting* years.

This fellow has covered the United States pretty thoroughly, and I'm not too old evidently, to see some outside territory the hard way.

I've had enough skin lost in one way and another to teach me to keep quiet unless I have reason to become truculent.

I enjoy sports and *all* the other masculine pursuits, sketching and painting.

And I do appreciate beauty in all its forms and in all its senses, so to you "Delicious Diana," and to you "Esky,"

I remain Skeptically yours,
Pensacola, Fla. L. T. Dorsey

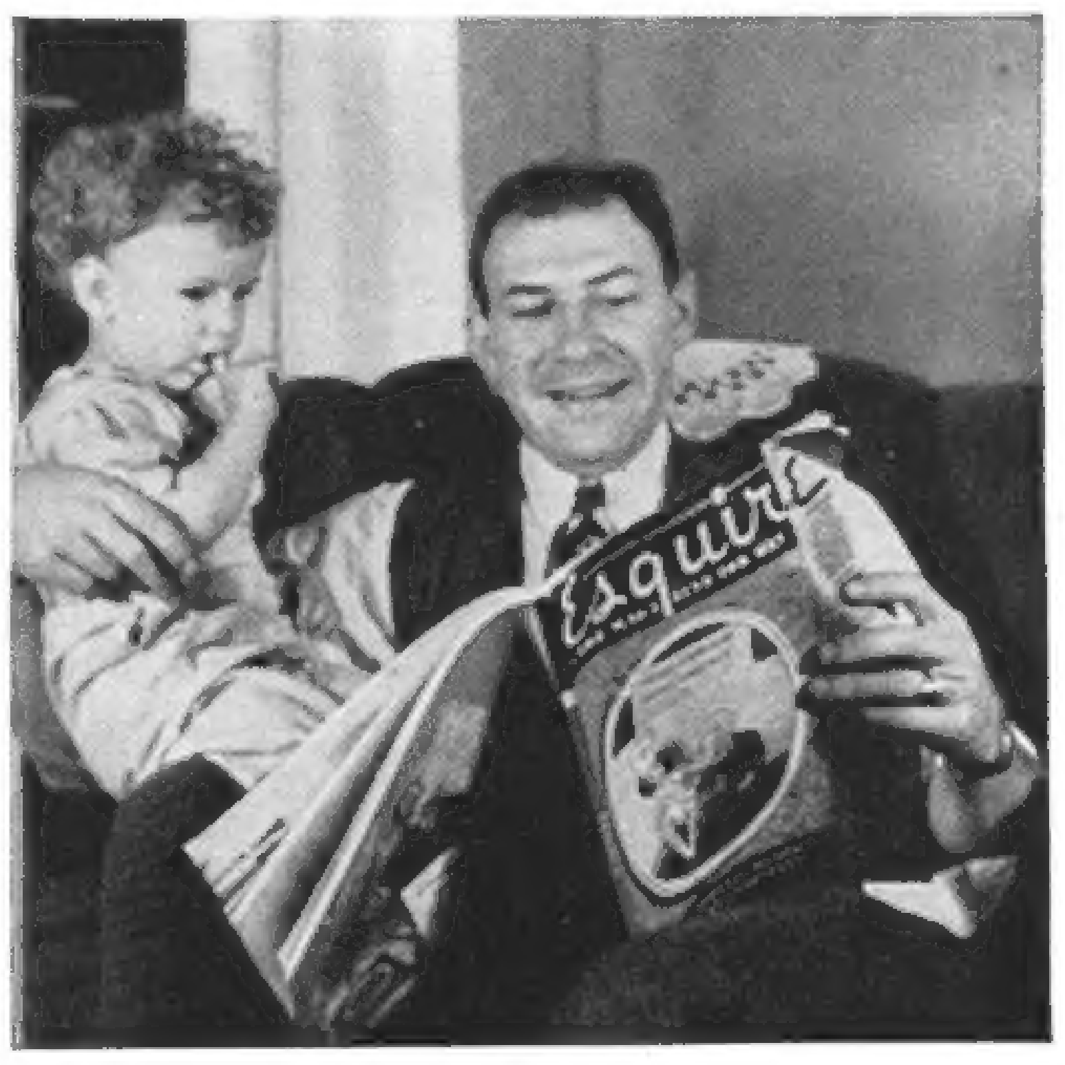
DIANA'S PACK III

Why do we all go around with that "What is it—I've got it—You name it—It's yours" look on our faces? Gentlemen, it's LOVE. Our collective hearts sound like the boys who are tearing down the 7th Avenue "L". Diana is the perfect girl; the one we have always longed for. We love, adore, and desire her, and we offer her our hands in marriage. We are all handsome Blonds, Brunettes, and Redheads. Although our reading is limited to "Weird Tales" and our musical taste runs along the lines of "Beat me Daddy, Eight to the Bar" we are sure that we are the perfect mate for her.

Yours in Love,
The"Let Us See a Full Length Picture of This Girl, Diana" Club of Pomfret School. Pomfret, Conn.

BENDING TWIG

I thought you might be interested in knowing that at least one member of the next generation is (or is he?) well on his way toward being Esquire minded as evidenced from the enclosed snapshot of my two year old son, Jon Howard, and myself.



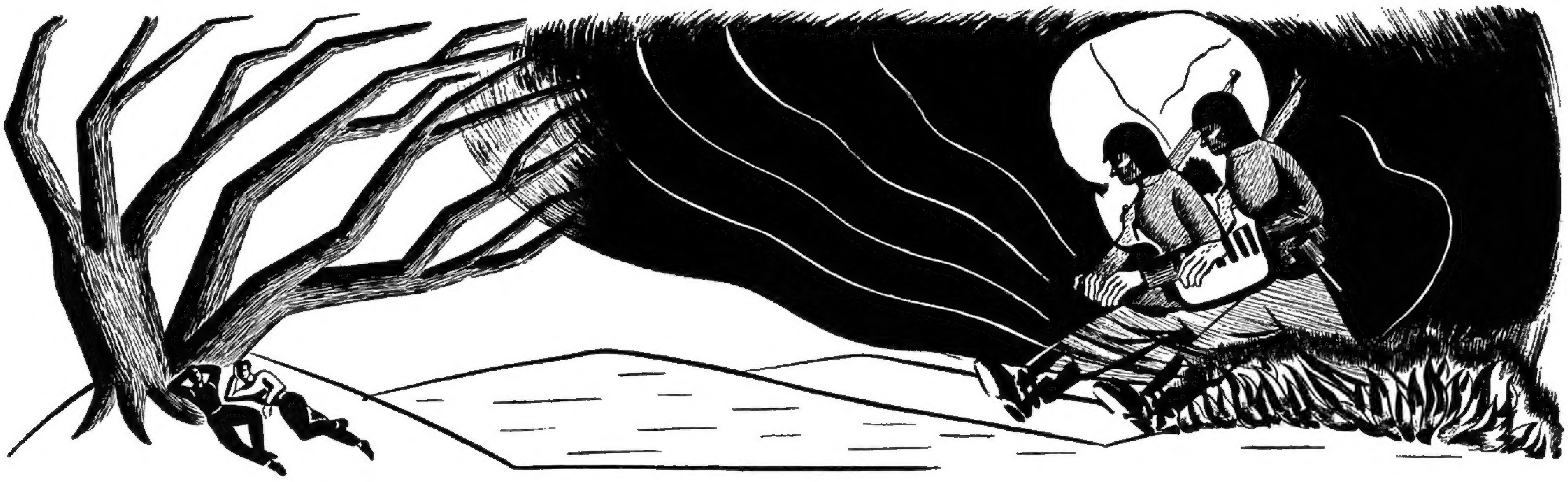
Now I just can't seem to comprehend the meaning of son Jon's expression. Is it one of surprise, dismay or admiration? If it's surprise, honestly I don't know what it could be that would cause him to be surprised. And if it's dismay, why should he or anyone else be dismayed at the contents of an Esquire? But if it's admiration, I fully understand his feeling because that is exactly the way I feel about the thing.

As to my expression which, of course, is of admiration, you can be pretty sure that in the future I'll see that my expressions of admiration are not publicly displayed and will show them only when in the strictness of privacy since now that I really know how I look under those circumstances.

Wishing you continued success in each and all of your coming issues of Esquire, I am

Yours sincerely,
Newburgh, Ind. Howard H. Lutz

Continued on page 10



The Lotus-Eaters of 1940

America has had time to recover from her descent into the opium dens of politics. But she seems to have caught the drug habit; she shrinks from returning to the cold ugliness of life.

It was fun to turn our backs on the world blizzard, to behave for a time as if nothing mattered but the fairy-tale wickedness of Roosevelt or of Willkie. But during our days of indulgence the blizzard grew more severe, and now it is not fun to face again into that freezing wind. Like the lotus-eaters of old we weakly cry:

> "*Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,*
> *And in a little while our lips are dumb.*
> *Let us alone. What is it that will last?*
> *All things are taken from us, and become*
> *Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.*
> *Let us alone. What pleasure can we have*
> *To war with evil? Is there any peace*
> *In ever climbing up the climbing wave?*
> *All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave*
> *In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:*
> *Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.*"

There is no rest for anyone who faces reality today, no peace, no abiding pleasure. Those who cry for peace when peace is impossible are the modern lotus-eaters, the peacemongers who may yet succeed in drenching our land in blood. There is no reason why war need come to these shores; but the peacemongers are doing their best to bring it here, the silly lotus-eaters who dream that all is well because our last allies have not yet bled to death.

Fate gave us the chance to protect America thousands of miles away, on the cold North Sea and in the mist above the British Isles. Fate offered us as allies a noble people. But our peacemongers ask only for "long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease." In the world of Adolf Hitler "dreamful ease" cannot be had for the asking. "Dark death" is the one drink for the lotus-eaters of 1940; it is the potion they are preparing for their betrayed country.

This is all the more discouraging because the Winged Victory herself is wooing us today, offering her favors cheap but for the last time. If we reject these advances we shall not see her face again until we, too, have known the toil and tears and sweat of Churchill's England. Freedom and peace can be had today at the cost of a little courage, a little breadth of mind and spirit. Tomorrow the cost may be years of total effort on two oceans and across the two Americas. Tomorrow the cost may be so great that we of little faith refuse to pay it, preferring retreat and frustration to such prolonged pain.

Today we need only admit a total emergency, an uncompromising intention to see the war won, and the game is ours. Tomorrow it may be forever too late to win the easy way, or to win at all.

The bravest men alive are on our side today, prepared to do almost all the fighting and take almost all the loss. By summer they may be gone, as France is gone, leaving us alone in a contemptuous world. Our caution will have landed us in the old dilemma: either defeat, or victory at the cost of rivers of blood. It is our peacemongers who are driving us to that awful choice.

All winter the resources of the continent of Europe will be used, 24 hours of every day, to prepare the machinery for the murder of England. The enemy is relentless, untiring, filled with a vicious zeal. He owns Europe and most of Africa, and his friends have the upper hand in Asia. What he began in the spring of '40 he intends to finish in the spring of '41. We alone can surely stop him; but we cannot be certain of success unless we go "all out" at once.

The American people decided long ago that they would like Britain to win. That decision, with the small results that have followed it, is not enough. We must now decide that we insist on a British victory, come what may. If we reach that pitch of determination today, Hitler's game is ended. If we reach it in two or three months we may be too late.

But what can we do, say the lotus-eaters, that we are not already doing. Haven't we appropriated a lot of money? Haven't we told the Germans that we don't like them? Haven't we traded 50 destroyers to the British? Those who are not yet weakened with "the yellow lotus-dust," not yet ripe for peacemongering, know there is much we can do.

First, we can repeal the Neutrality Act, a law that looks more sickly with every day's experience. It has become a disgrace, an admission that we do not mean business in opposing Hitler.

Second, we can repeal the Johnson Act, a law that was passed on the lying assumption that we got into the last war to recover our debts, and which is preserved on the outrageous hope that only love of cash could move us to strong action today.

With those laws out of the way our chances to help Britain would be increased many fold. We could begin giving (not selling) the goods with which Britishers are helping to save our world. We could begin using American ships to take to the British Isles the machines without which the war must go against us in the spring.

Third, we could use American warships to convoy boats across the full extent of our declared "neutrality zone." Or we could convoy all the way to British ports.

Fourth, we can make easy the enlistment, in the armies of the British Empire, of large numbers of American aviators and mechanics. Twenty thousand such volunteers, in Britain or the Near East by next spring, might turn the tide of war and save our world from years of agony.

Fifth, we can promote some form of understanding among the English-speaking peoples, an alliance or a union looking toward a peace of justice in which all free men can share equally. We shall not conquer the Satanic daring of Hitler until we lift our imaginations to an equivalent daring in the service of Man.

All these are actions that can still be described as "short of war," if we insist on clinging to that ambiguous unworthy phrase. Most of us know that war, in the modern Hitlerian sense, is being waged against America, and that America must fight back or be ruined. Whom are we afraid of, that we dare not say these things out loud, unambiguously, and at once? Instead of the soft song of the appeasing lotus-eaters, America needs a voice like John Milton's to cry unceasingly:

"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen."

Reprinted from

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PETTY DIFFERENCES

Have just lugged the December issue of your publication home—given it a preliminary look-through—and read the letters in *S. & F.* that looked interesting. Personally, I get a laugh out of most of these billet doux. Men are such perverse wretches. But the letters pro and con for Varga and Petty both amuse and amaze me. Especially the one headed "Varga by contrast." Did not realize that men set sich store by purty pitchers, nor gave them credit for having such strong powers of scrutiny.

I admired Mr. Petty's manipulation of the air spray gun (breast, et al.) and not knowing how Varga arrives at his conclusions, do not care to discuss the technical side of the matter. However, I do not regret the decline of Petty as long as you do give us Varga by contrast.

My colleagues (female) and myself have decided that a Varga girl (if such could breathe) would be at least, understandable, while a Petty wench is something you view with lifted eyebrow and censor your thoughts. Cats, indubitably.

Crack in said letter about "we want a female who is a lady in the daytime and a woman at night" simply slayed me, as I did not know there was such a vast chasm between night and day. Besides, I once read in one of your articles that all cats were alike in the dark and took it as gospel truth. Pray don't disillusion me at this late date.

My husband used to read Esquire, but since Leningrad and the Ants (ages ago) he avows that it is a magazine for degenerate aristocrats and even Petty (and now Varga) could not alter his opinion. Not being one of the intelligentsia I read and view without compunction.

And not being one of those ritch bitches I eat sandwiches for lunch for a week to relieve the strain on the budget.

Yours very truly,
Dallas, Texas A. K. V.

THIRD PARTY VOTE

I have just received my December copy of Esquire, a magazine which I have enjoyed from its birth, and must say that somewhere along the line someone must have missed one of the best bets of the ages in not letting Alex Raymond do the "Calendar Girls" instead of brother Varga. You had something when George Petty was on the payroll and it was your magazine, without doubt, that made him famous, but you really had something when you got your hands on Alex Raymond, a chap that didn't need anyone to make him well known as he had that already.

With respect to your choice and ability to choose good art work I refer you to the two months you carried some of Raymond's masterpieces. I think it was in August and again in September that his work was carried. After making the comparison I think you'll agree that the readers of "The Magazine for Men" are definitely entitled to more of Raymond. Varga was much better in the other issues, but still didn't touch Raymond, so we readers were expecting "Calendar Girls" which would hit an all time high which we didn't get.

As far as I am concerned all work from the time Raymond came in the picture will be measured by his stuff so you see I as well as other readers have given you a tough yardstick to measure by.

We can't expect another calendar but let's have more of Raymond's work during the coming year with the Thought in mind of a Raymond Calendar to brighten-up the next season.

Being an artist, from my standpoint of view, I feel that I had the right as a strong supporter of the best magazine for men Esquire to write the above with apologies to Varga who didn't live up to what was expected.

Hoping to see more of Alex Raymond I close,

Very truly yours,
Detroit, Mich. Byron D. Peck

DIANA'S PACK IV

"Diana" is a pretty name and if all other *angles* are comparable with the name and qualfications listed then I think Diana has something.

As for beautiful but dumb women (I do not mean to imply that she is dumb) I have just been looking at the Hurrell Photograph of Pamela Randall in the December issue. There are only three words that she would ever have to say to me and the rest of the time she could keep her mouth shut as long as she pleased.

If Diana has anything besides those enumerated in her letter that Pamela Randall hasn't, I am a skeptic and I herewith tender my request for substantial proof.

Anchors Aweigh!
U. S. Fleet Lloyd Matthews

ADMONITION

Up until three ayem last eve, perusing the Varga vision. She, who sans duds doth steal within, and contrive a shiver. Oh Life! Rich, lovely, and fun. Oh Varga, Varga.

Today, with drooping lids, scanning you, *S. & F.*, and the praises raised to the V. femme. Good.

Stay yet! I would have my gripe too, perhaps in rhythmic chatter, the current fashion with you. (Something is moving in on the damned mathrats, anyway.)

Where once in Esky's pages raged the Campbells and McKays,
Where before in full-size pictures pranced the Bundy lyric lays,
Is now here and there an inkspot, not much bigger than my fist.
Call them cartoons if you have to, but I fail to get the gist.
Oh so tiny, so unfunny, all so trite and cramped and dull;
What they lack is Size and Freshness, something like the Varga hull.
Do you know the baker's raisin trick, in making cake and bun?
Can't you see he cuts the quantity, so finding them is fun?
Did you ever read the saw about "too much of a good thing"?
Have you lost your sense of balance? Is your reason on the wing?
I would rather have just one or two, of former large proportion,
Than the dozens that you use today, all packed in mad distortion.
So please consider this, good friends, as '41 starts rolling
I'll stick on, grateful to the end, your praise the while extolling.

Goodbye,
Goldendale, Wash. Hays Jacobs, Jr.

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT VIA KOMROFF

Generally speaking I do not believe Esquire can be considered purely a religious magazine and yet—for many a day—I have not read in any such publication a more homely and beautiful story of The Master than *Dialogues in the Desert* by Manuel Komroff.

Such stories cover a multitude of (delightful) sins.

Sincerely,
Trenton, N. J. Mitchell Carter

O GOD O MONTREAL O ESQUIRE O VARGA

Congratulations, Varga, for your parade of beauties!

I did not know this earth contained so many creamy cuties!

Your January honey
Within her ermine crib,
Would seem as wise as she who changed
To Eve, from Adam's rib.
Your February maiden
A female Hermes glides;
And with her *body's* balance
Is a level *head* besides!
The maid of March is selfish
Although her shape is swell;
And when his money-bags give out
It's, Poppa, go to Hell.
Young April is a schemer,
Her laugh's a mite metallic;
Three parts of her is shrewdly Swede,
The rest? Let's call it Gallic.
May's unaffected posture
Is really most disarming;
She loves the lads, is kind to kids,
And women find her charming.
O lovely June! What man is there
With past so *far* from shady
That he'd not gain by begging you
To be his lawful lady?
July's a pert and pranksome wench,
At parties quite a cut-up;
But go too far—she'll slap you down,
And show you how to shut-up!
Tis clear that August has no time
For feminine pretenses,
And come what may in love and life
She hurdles all her fences.
September? Just the opposite,
She dotes on wiles and cunning;
But, watch her lads, she gets her man
Whenever she goes gunning!
October is September's twin,
She works with bow and arrow;
And, greedy huntress, sets her aim
At goose, crow, hawk, or sparrow.
November's world is circumscribed
By diamonds, cars, and sable;
She'll end, I fear, a gin-soaked slut
Slumped at a bar-room table.
Well Varga, as December says,
There *is* a Santa Claus;
And, if the lady he neglects,
He'll feel the lady's *claws!*

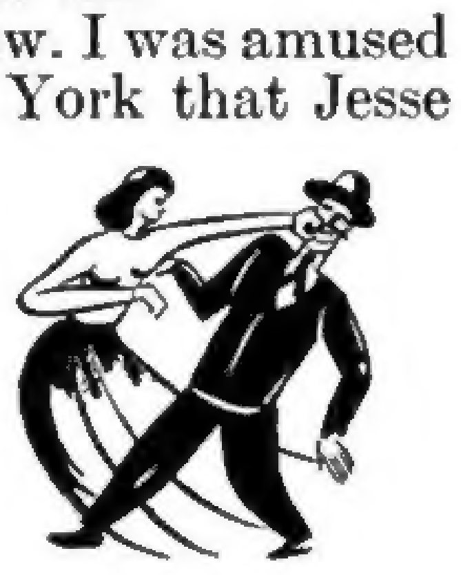
But, Varga, *please*, since all the world's *already* dark with strife, *Don't* play Pygmalion's little trick and bring these babes to life!!

Anonymous
Toronto, Ont. Canada

STUART STORY

I can put up with anything—even some of the smart alecks who pop off in the *Sound & Fury*—if you will just continue to publish stories by Jesse Stuart. In my opinion, *The Last Round Up* is one of his best so far.

Jesse is a great fellow. I was amused at the rumor in New York that Jesse Stuart is merely a pseudonym, that the real author is a Catholic priest who is clearing the indebtedness from his impoverished parish by writing stories about the Kentucky hill people. I was amused because I had just returned from a visit with Jesse in the Head O' W-Hollow. (It takes low gear and high road clearance to get there.) If some one else is doing his stuff for him, he must have taken to the tall timber when he saw me coming; for Jesse was there, and in his study—"bunk house," he calls it—manuscripts were piled everywhere. Stacks a foot high were on the table, on the chairs, on his trunk, even on his bed.



Jesse spent a day on our campus last spring and completely demoralized class work for the day. When only about half my students showed up at class time, I went out to investigate. I found them at the "Spoon," a popular campus hangout. There in a booth was Jesse with a Coca Cola bottle in one hand and a big cigar in the other. Students were crowded around six deep, and everyone was trying to spin a wild yarn at the same time. That day marked the beginning of decided improvement in my students' writing. We have all his books in our library, but the waiting list would discourage anyone except a dyed-in-the-wool admirer of Stuart.

Well, it looks as if I have talked myself into renewing my subscription. Yes, sir, the circulation department will hear from me soon.

Very truly yours,
Flat River, Mo. Charles E. Bess

KOMROFF CLICKS

Never before have I lifted my timorous voice to add to the clamor of the *Sound & Fury*. But let it ring now in loud praise of Manuel Komroff's *Dialogues in the Desert*. This excellent piece of literature was like the refreshing taste of well-water to a tongue grown harsh and dry lapping from the bitter dregs of our present magazine fiction. Once there was, in days gone by, a time when I had resigned myself to the sorrowful thought that Mr. Komroff had given up writing *ars gratia artis*. But no more! Here is a long distance handshake of congratulation to you Mr. Komroff! And while I am tossing orchids about with such exuberance, here is a handful to anoint the head of Esquire for this brave and timely presentation of *Dialogues in the Desert*. Please, dear sirs, get down on your knees and find us more gems like this one.

An applauding subscriber,
Richard Savage
Minneapolis, Minn.

PENNIES FOR PAUL'S THOUGHTS

No doubt you can recall to mind the much lamented incident of the Perlu story. Well, gentlemen, Plagiarism has hit a new low. Literature has had another crushing blow. And the *Sound and Fury* can step up for a slap on the wrist.

When literary pirates stoop to the *Sound and Fury* for their prey, it is, to steal another gem, one helluva note. Blurb contributors to *S & F* must indeed be avid about getting their names into print when they start to pilfer ideas from each other. And as a pilferee, I raise a feeble voice in protest.

Especially when I see who this wanton disregarder of copyright law is—no less than a codpiece named Louis Paul, of California, according to the December issue. Can this be THE Louis Paul? Why does a fellow who turns out Pumpkin Coaches have to pick on a little guy like me? By the way, I wonder where he got *that* idea!

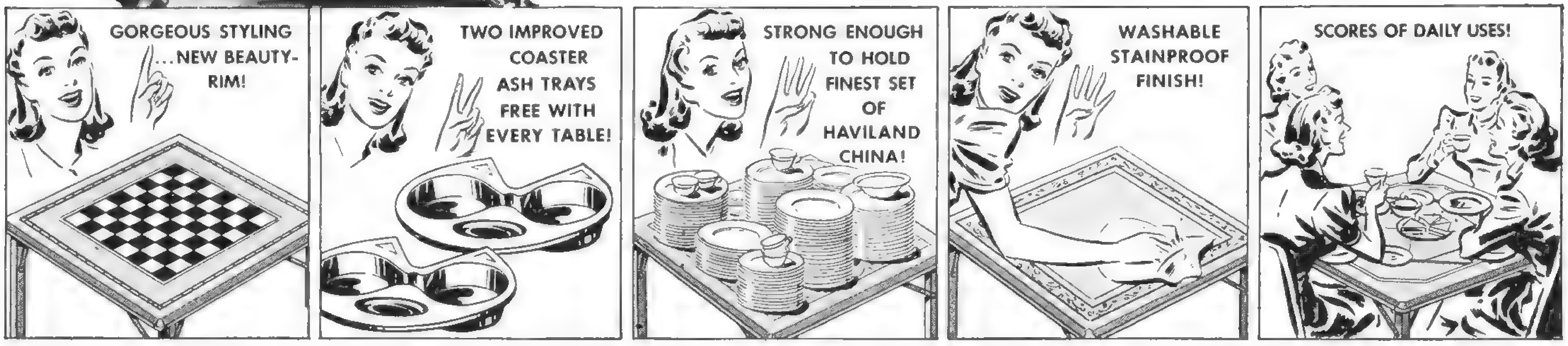
Varga girl in Braille, he says. Pretty cute, you say. Nuts, I say—two years ago I myself made the *S & F* with the gag. To put it exactly, it was in the November, 1938 issue that I suggested you give people a chance to get hold of Esquire in Braille, mentioning Bundy's stuff. Of course, I had to tell you that I was blind, in order to get it in print. You wrote me a nice letter too—apparently taking the gag seriously.

Nevertheless, the point is that I've been robbed, as I entertain no doubt at all that Mr. P. has, like most of us, read Esquire from the first issue, and is in sufficient possession of his visual faculties to be able to browse back through his files.

I want a rostrum upon which to decry my case! If you'll let me know where I can get in touch with this California cloth-head, I'll tell him what he can do with his pumpkin coach. Sideways!

Sincerely yours,
Evanston, Ill. Al Gutzmer

Here Are 5 Big Reasons Why I Bought Several SAMSON Card Tables!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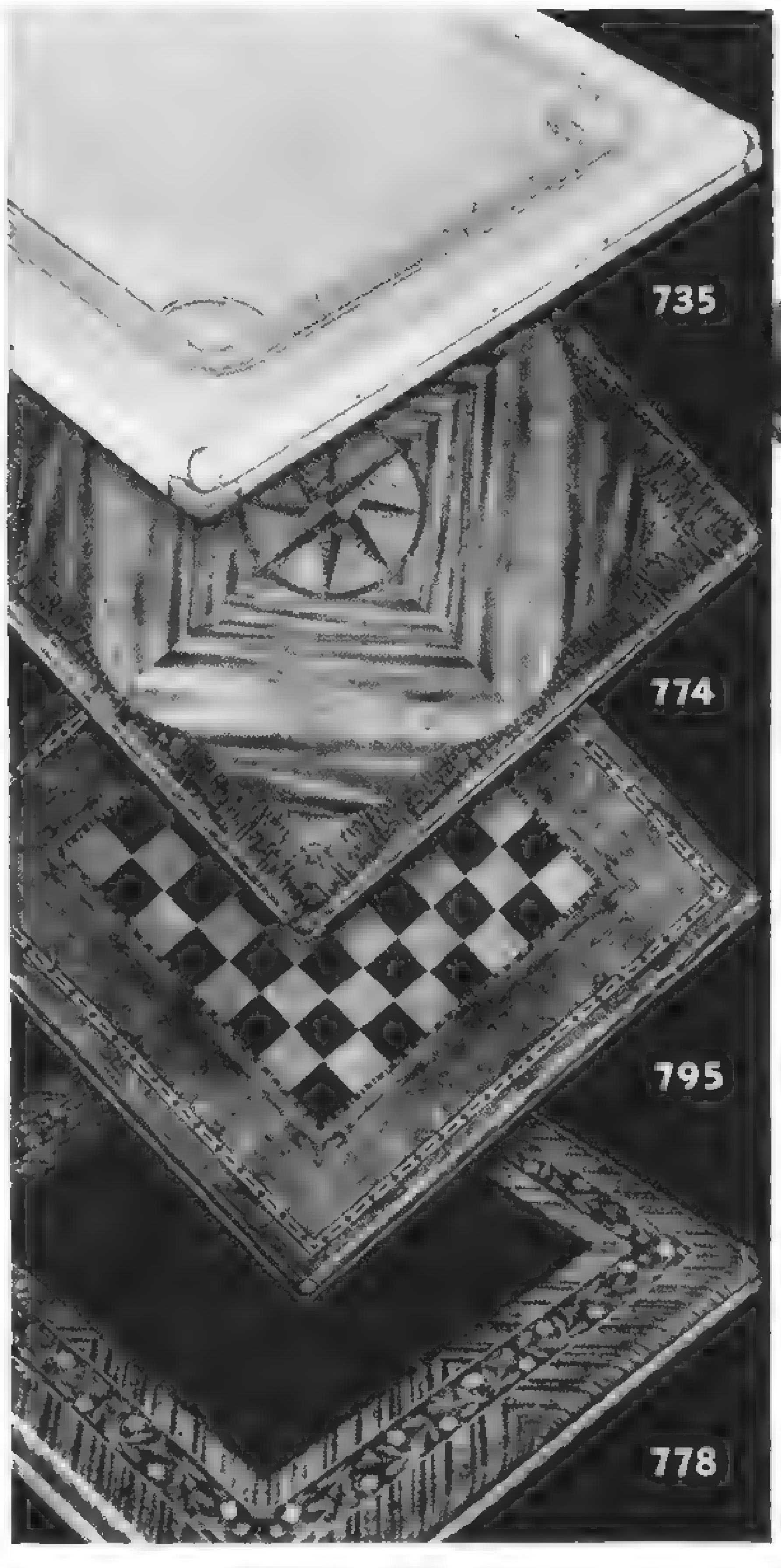
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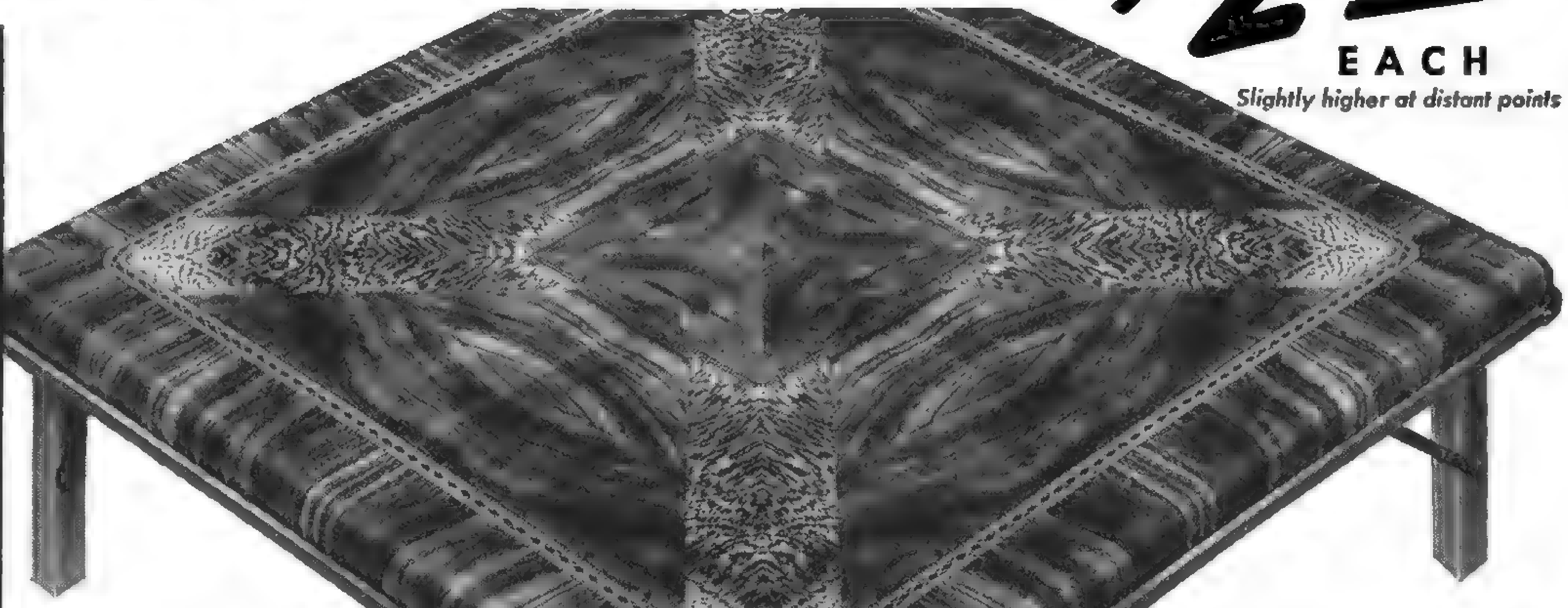

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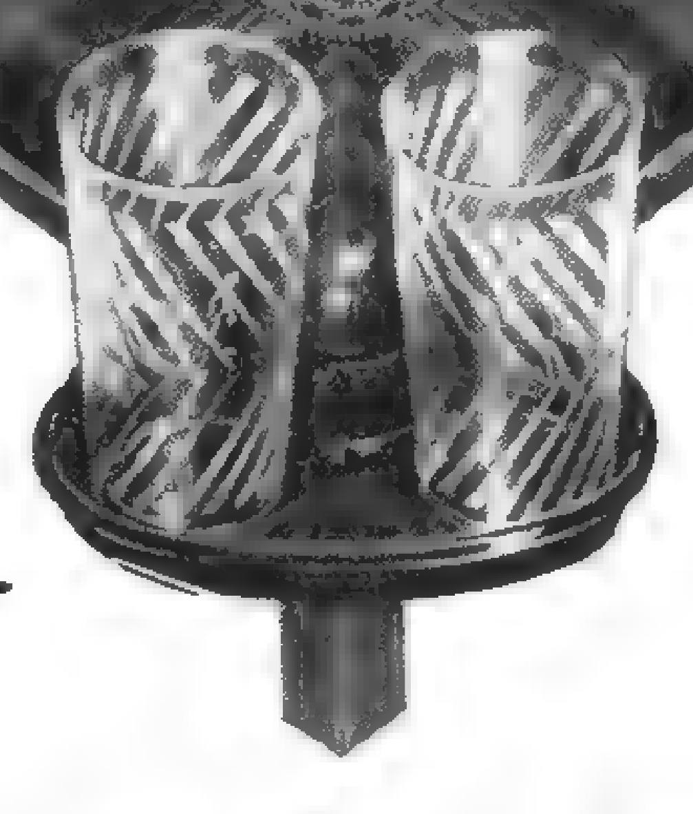

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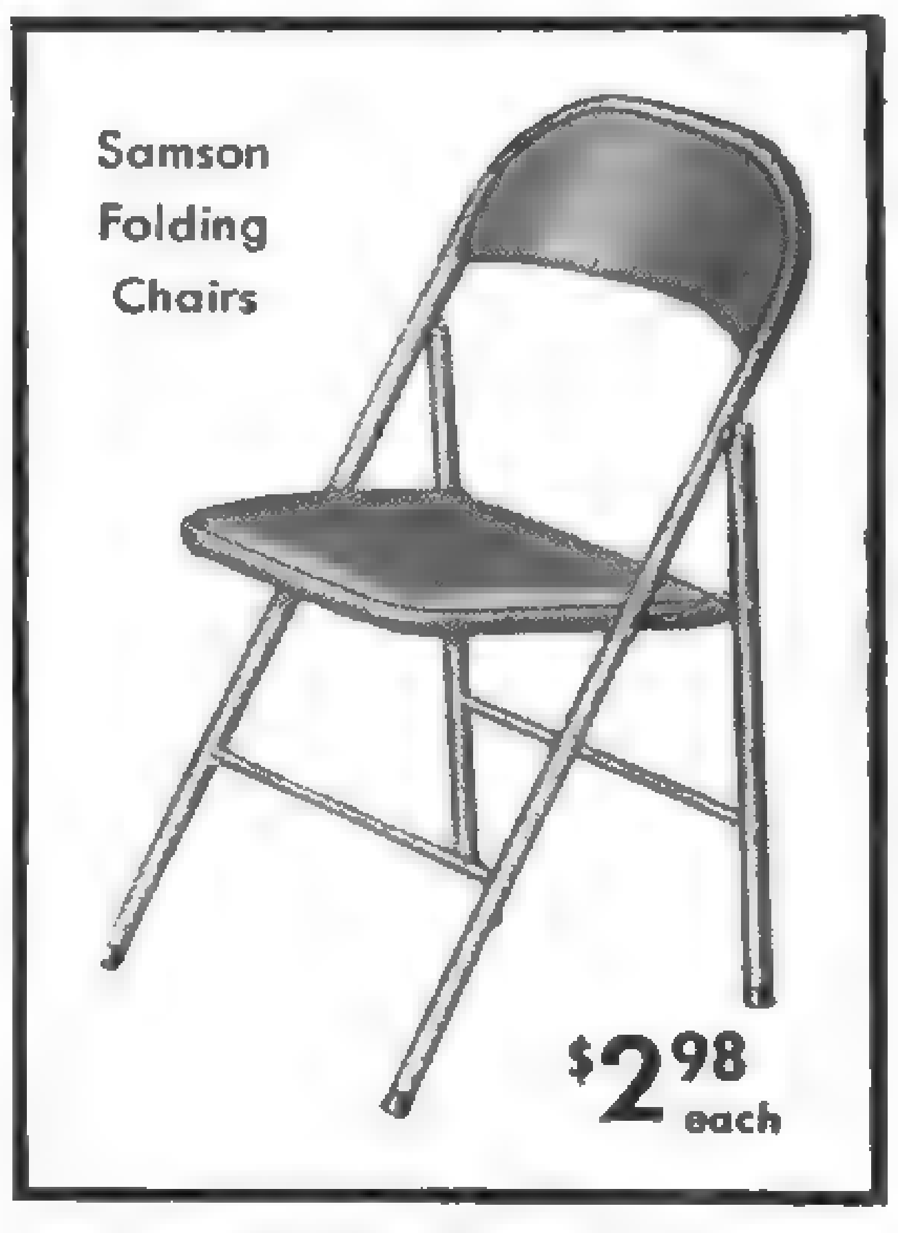
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Charles Francis Potter

The Reverend Dr. Charles Francis Potter, who contends that *Women Marry Men*, (page 26) is notable for his fearless liberal sermons, his debates in Carnegie Hall against Dr. John Roach Straton, the fundamentalist, and for his work as Bible expert assisting Clarence Darrow at the Scopes Evolution Trial. After pastorates in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Alberta, he served as minister of the West Side Unitarian and Divine Paternity churches, and in 1929 founded the First Humanist Society of New York. He also founded the Euthanasia Society of America, has written many articles and books, including the best-selling *The Story of Religion.*

•

W. C. Heinz was born and reared in Mount Vernon, New York, went to college at Middlebury, and after graduation, in 1937, got a job on the New York *Sun* where he's been ever since. He covers skiing during the winter—that's how he came across the new technique described in his article, page 37. He is twenty-five years old—single, but not he claims, by preference.

•

Dick Cullum (*Americans Can Play Hockey*, page 61) is sports editor of the Minneapolis *Times-Tribune*, and confesses "the now very common hobby of living in the country, cultivating a kitchen garden, sawing wood and raising pets." He appeared in these pages back in January of 1935 with a football piece, *Stop That Man.*

Dick Cullum

•

Here is a letter received from Paul R. Reynolds, Jr., in New York: "I have read the article in your December number by Gilbert Seldes on P. G. Wodehouse. We have heard from the American Embassy in Paris that Mr. Wodehouse is a prisoner in Huy Fortress, Belgium, near Liege, and that Mrs. Wodehouse is in France, but apparently isn't restrained by the Germans. This is the latest information we have received and I am satisfied that it is correct. Other information given the newspapers or over the air has been inaccurate. We are literary agents for Wodehouse."

•

George Weller was a member of the Balkan staff of the *New York Times* and while in Greece wrote his first novel, *Not to Eat, Not to Love.* His second novel, *Clutch and Differential*, was written after his return to this country. He is Director-Secretary of the Homeland Foundation, one of the organizations in the decentralist movement. He was born in Boston in 1907 and attended the Roxbury Latin School. After graduation from Harvard in 1929, he went to Europe as an exchange student of the Austro-American Institute of Education. He studied at the University of Vienna and at the Max Reinhardt School of the Theatre.

George Weller

•

Peter Viertel was born in Dresden, Germany in 1920. Early in 1927 his parents, Berthold and Salke Viertel, came to America where his father became associated with William Fox as a scenario writer and later as a director. His boyhood was spent in Santa Monica. And after a semester at Dartmouth and a year at U. C. L. A., he entered Selznick International from which, he writes: "I was fired in due time because of the war. Then I sat down and wrote *The Canyon* which was published by Harcourt Brace. Now I'm busy trying to turn out a few stories, and working on a new novel." Incidentally, *The Cholo Caddy*, depicts an alien in wartime.

•

Stephen F. Whitman (*The Great Preparedness Parade*) offers this information: "Born in Philadelphia. Educated, as they say, at Lawrenceville and Princeton. Escaped the candy business and went in for writing fiction in New York. Unfortunately, lived for awhile in Europe. In consequence, two crummy novels even for me. Naval Reserve Officer during the previous misunderstanding with Germany. Lately have lived in California, with a few movie stories done and much fun had."

•

After five months in the U.S., Sándor Hunyady is back in his native Transylvania. Intercepted by a German submarine on the high seas, laid up in a New York hospital with double pneumonia, incarcerated on Ellis Island for landing without a visa, he managed to leave fifteen new manuscripts (including *Women Are Bad Providers*) in his wake as he finally sailed away. He plans to write a monograph on cafeterias, which he claims is America's greatest contribution to civilization.

Sándor Hunyady

•

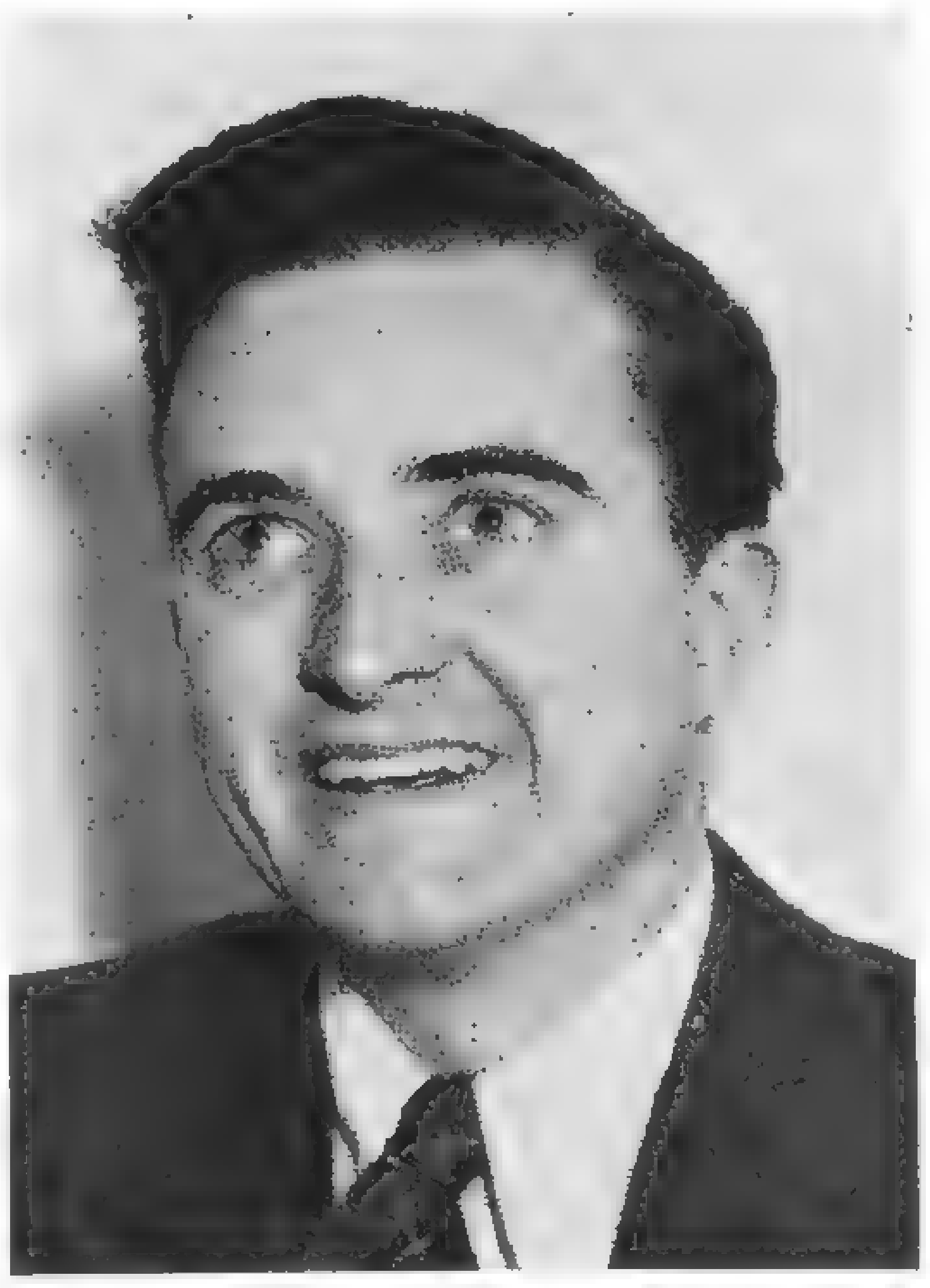
Captain Frank H. Shaw, an English writer, is known to many American readers through his recent series of articles in *This Week*, for many books, including *Reluctant Pirate*, *Tyrant Brotherhood*, and *God for Everyman.* Concerning his *Doing a Royal Job* he says: "Regulations forbid that the youngster speaking should associate himself with the story but I've got him to talk and have set down his impressions as best I could. It is an authentic story, one of thousands that could be told. It might inform your readers of the attitude of mind of our airmen toward the big show. This sort of spirit is bringing us the inevitable victory."

Hugh Bradley

Hugh Bradley (*The Screen Test*, page 30) is the author of *Such Was Saratoga*, recently published by Doubleday-Doran. He says: "I attended Washington College and the University of Maryland Law School, worked on Baltimore and New York papers (sports, editorials, books, theatre, etc.) and have in the course of the past eight years sold short stories and articles to most of the general magazines. I live on a farm at South Kent, Connecticut, with my wife, one Doberman, one half Doberman, and one cat who responds to the singing of *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.* I smoke about fifteen cigars daily, am a teetotaller and a good pinochle player."

•

Thomas V. Haney (*Faster Than the Wind*, page 42) is a native of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, came to New York in 1925 to attend Columbia University, and after graduation, stayed on to do newspaper work mainly for the *New York Times*—sportswriting, general reporting, rewrite and make-up. His favorite hobby, he says, is writing about the hobbies of others, but he takes an occasional day off to play golf or do some off-shore fishing. He's been married eleven years come April and has three children to prove it.



Thomas V. Haney

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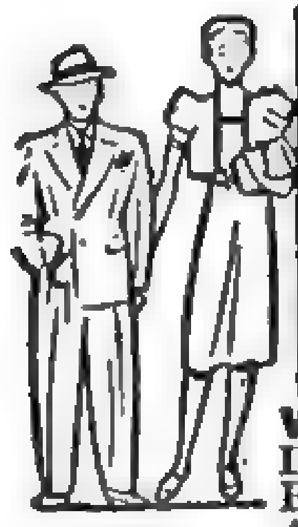

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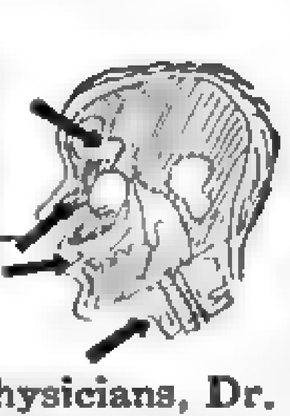

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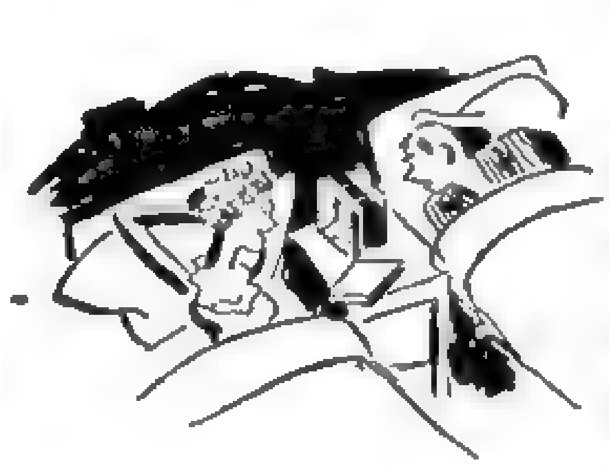
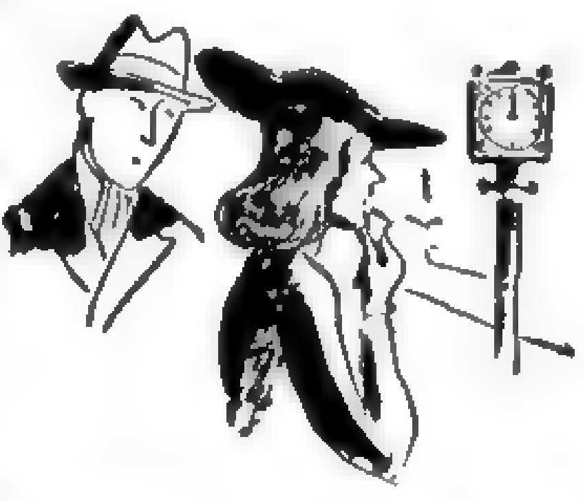
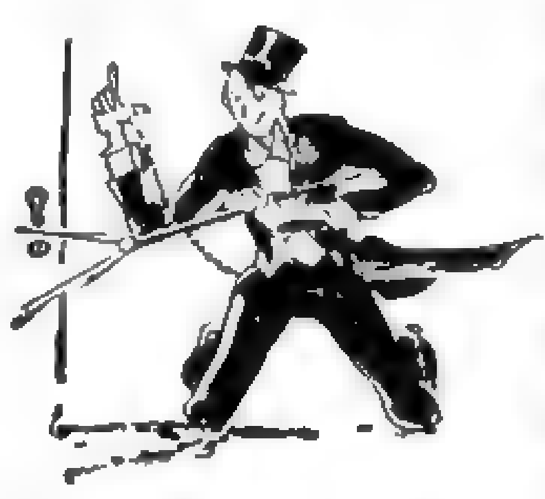


TWO-TIMER. You have to pardon the back of the ordinary clock, but the newest one of all hasn't any. And therefore admits of revolutionary possibilities. Twin-bedders can tell time simultaneously; the executive and his caller both know when a conference is prolonged. This doubly handsome timepiece has one movement to regulate its two dials; the electric mechanics of the thing are hidden between the leather faces. 6½ inches square; many attractive colors.

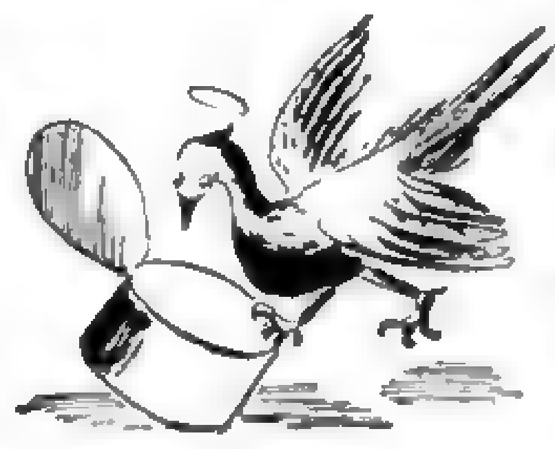


CLEAN-UP. Look into almost any woman's handbag and you'll find out how she manages to look as fetching at midnight as she did at dinnertime. The latest contribution to her reticule is one she'll welcome. Each sealed in foil, soft flannel cloths saturated with liquidated cold cream provide the wherewithal for a quick, thorough, non-drying clean-up. A day's supply takes up less room than her compact.

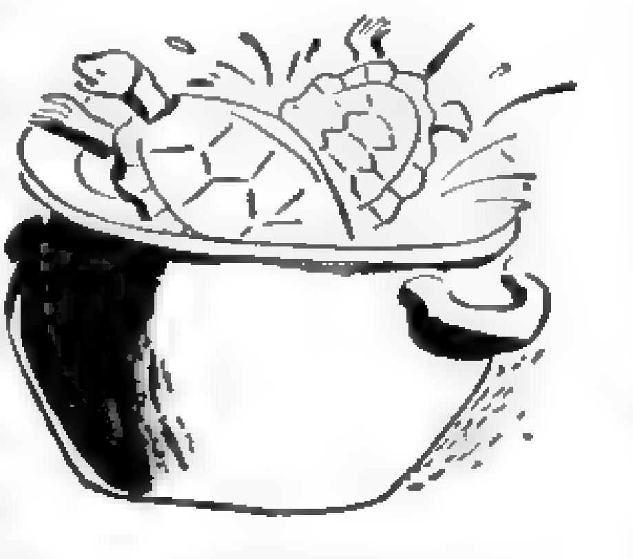


HAND ME DOWN . . . my walking cane — only the evening cane we're thinking of is no hand-me-down idea, but the brightest swagger trick we've seen in a long time. Made of black ebonite, it has a crystal-clear lucite ferrule and top knob, and it acts as smart as it looks. You press a small button near the lucite top and it lights up with a beam that's good for twenty paces ahead. Invaluable for locating gloves and keyholes.

OLD FASHIONED. Somebody stopped being reminiscent about the Gay Nineties long enough to see modern possibilities in Great-Uncle Eustace's mustache cup. Appropriately enough, today's version is intended for old-fashioned cocktails. The "mustache bar" keeps ice, cherries, and assorted fruits from decorating your chin. The nine-ounce cups and saucers are amusingly decorated; both left-handed and right-handed cups are thoughtfully provided. Good for coffee, too.



A PHEASANT IN EVERY POT. It may be some time before the milkman leaves you a daily order of champagne, but the luxury situation is being nicely handled in the meantime with the inception of whole pheasant in cans. And the enterprising West Coaster whose brainstorm this was has gotten things to the point where pheasant à la Newburg (one of his specialties) may now be offhandedly served to your Wednesday night bridge club. Need we add, delicious.



ALSO EPICUREAN. Gourmets worth their *soupçon* of salt would be perfectly happy to go to New Orleans when they die. Terrapin and shrimp, not to mention such famous soups as green turtle, creole gumbo, bouillabaisse, crawfish bisque — they have made New Orleans a gastronomical Nirvana. Now you can have all these, and more local products, on your own pantry shelves, for they're being canned on the spot, deliverable practically anywhere.

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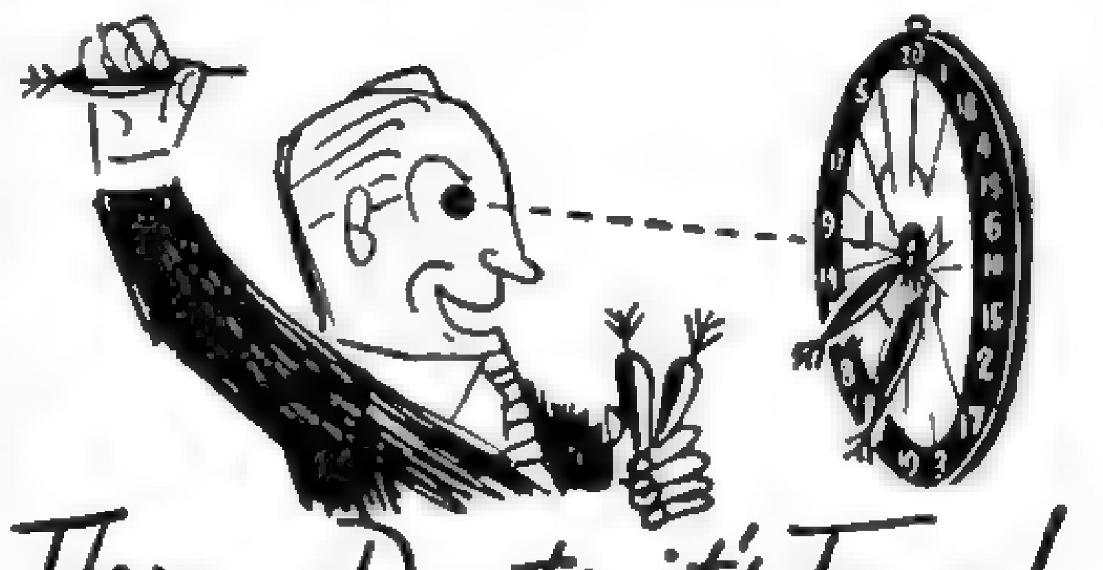
Florida fountain-of-youthers à la Ponce de Leon are having better luck than he did, due to less wacky timing—1941 being somehow different from 1513. Strands where waves had nobody to play with are now strewn with sirens. Cabaña-clustered pool paradises would make old Ponce's dreamed-of fountain seem like a bird-bath. Ponies hoof around tracks, and humans around dance floors. The sound of the brassy is heard. There are inns where one doesn't exactly bivouac bleakly. And bars where one may dip one's bill.

The toplofty new Lord Tarleton, oceaned at 41st St., Miami Beach, can't offer you an inside room—they are all outsiders, and every one of them, by a unique scheme of the architect's, is a corner room with two-way outlook. Days begin here with the arrival of a Continental breakfast, wheeled to your door at call, sans extra charge. Cuisine is of the France that was . . . Cabaña life at the just-opened Sea Isle (third hostelry built by Ben Turchin and Morris Schwinger at Miami Beach in six years) vies with luncheon deck and bar allurements and a dining room (Gaucho décor) where the blue Atlantic has less than goldfish privacy and food is by chef Alexander Egger of Agua Caliente background . . . The sumptuously swank Miami Biltmore (Coral Gables) proudly boasts Meyer Davis' Maximillian Bergére as maestro of the orchestra for the dinner and supper dancing. Riviera Ben Marden has unfurled at Hallandale, on U. S. highway 1 twixt Hollywood and Miami, a Southern something called Colonial Inn, accomodating 650 and flaunting the classic trio of Harry Richman, Sophie Tucker, and Joe E. Lewis. The service force, from maître Corradino Bonardi down, with Jack Arkin and Sam Salvin behind the scenes, have been borrowed from their Washington Bridge-work... The Columbus Hotel (Miami) has broken out a modernist Bahama Room with palm-frond-motived carpets and what not, all mighty handsome, and a new cocktail lounge muraled by Robert E. Richey . . . The smartly set Flamingo (Miami Beach) preens itself on its exclusiveness amid its well-kept lawns. Cocktailing occurs in a cheery room for that purpose, opening onto an outside veranda overlooking Biscayne Bay. Dance music by Jerry Twitchell orchestra . . . The colorful Balkan Room of the Atlantis (Miami Beach) is reaping a popularity even greater than when first opened last year. Don Alfonso and his Rhumba Orchestra are again on the job . . . Dinner dances of the formal sort have their headquarters in the Marine Room located on the roof . . . Palm Beach's sumptuous, ultra-chi-chi Whitehall, which was built as the mansion of the late Henry M. Flagler and still contains the largest pipe-organ ever installed in a private home, is topping its social-lit career with the greatest season ever, punctuated by galas comparable to New York's Beaux Art Ball . . . The Patio (Palm Beach) continues in true form, which to many people means that you'll still find Nick Gara there to greet you and see that you don't starve . . . Eddie Oliver is wanding into the night at the Bamboo Room of the fabulous Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood by the Sea. And that's just a slim sample of the attractions of that prideful palazzo, alias kingdom . . . Monte Proser, the Zombie man, opened a new one at Alton Road and Dade Boulevard in Miami Beach. Decored by Clark Robinson, this block long Beachcomber reproduces an authentic Pago Pago street, sky and all. Chavez and his Conga Orchestra, plus a floor show, should make you not mind only two Zombies to a customer . . . Broadway Hurricaner Mario and movie menace George Raft have wadded a freshly bloomed Slapsie Maxie's as the one thing that Miami Beach needed for completion . . . "Under the Moon" (*Bajo la Luna* to you) is the title of the al fresco dining and dancing patio of the Hotel Nacional de Cuba, Havana. And with sufficient Daiquiris the said planet becomes plural. Should you desire to go further, there's the Mardi Gras Carnival in Rio de Janeiro, February 22-24-25 with a special cruise leading up to it.



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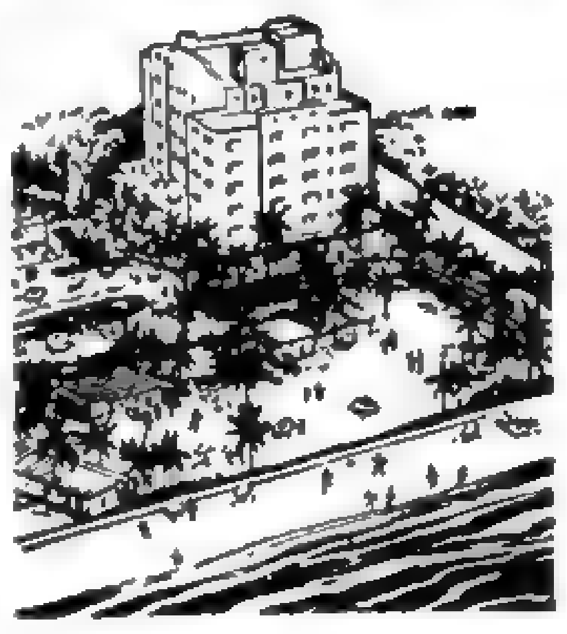

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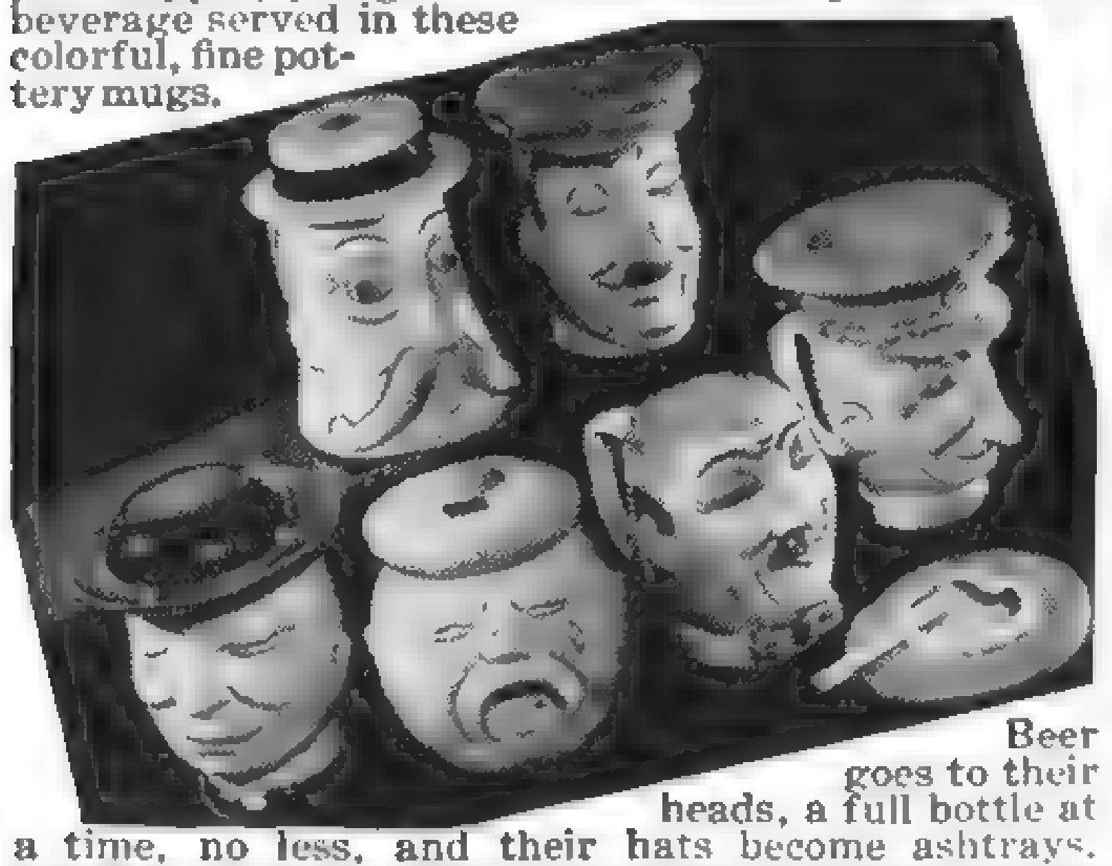

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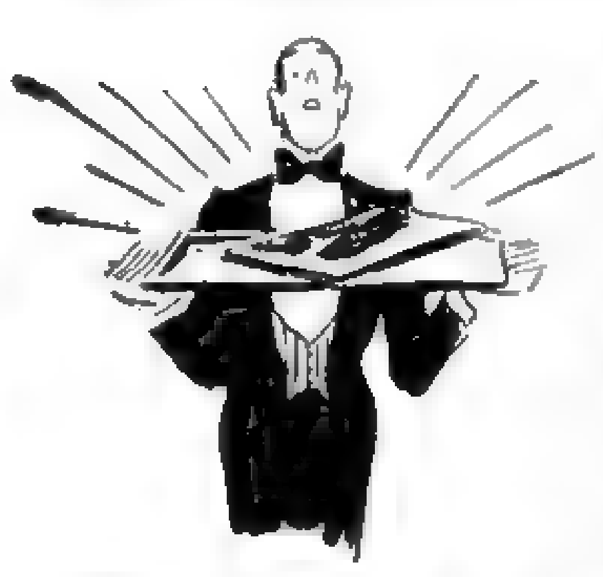
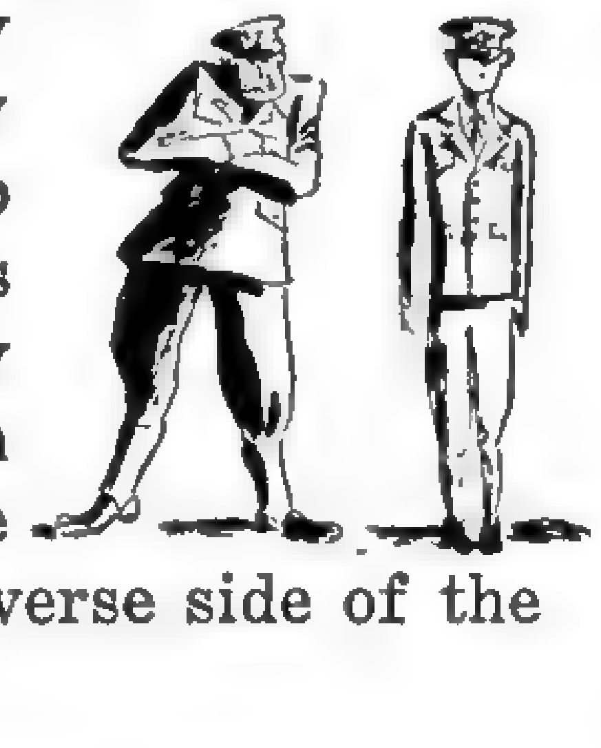
BIG FOR HIS AGE. The way little Willie keeps growing should be more than an exclamatory sentence. With science taking a firm foothold in the nursery, the growth recorder will enable you to be consistently systematic about the increasing stature of your offspring, long after he's passed the romper stage. This simple device fits inside the closet door, and in addition to a height comparison chart, has space marked for such pertinences as the family tree, the first tooth, and schools attended.



POST-HOLIDAY GIFT. Here's one that almost got away, but we're presenting it in case you're unfortunate enough to have a gift-giving occasion turn up after you've nicely weathered the Christmas storm. It's a wallet which, like all well-bred gifts, makes its appeal through quality workmanship and material. It's made of the finest black pin seal. For dash, it clasps with a 14K gold watch, 17J Swiss movement. No gadget by a long shot, he'll like it as well as anything that turned up in his stocking on the 25th.

PENMANSHIP WITHOUT TEARS. You rarely hear of writer's cramp these days. One reason is a streamlined inkwell and pen set already being used on efficient desks. It's solidly made with a flat base, so there's no danger of its tipping over. The pen, shaped to fit the hand, rests in a socket that is adjustable, depending upon the amount of ink you like on your pen. What's more, the inkwell features a perpetual calendar.

IN THE ARMY NOW. For the officer, the musette bag they swore by in the last altercation. It's fitted with a good many useful items he might not have thought of himself — collapsible metal drinking cup, steel mirror, sponge, tablets for purifying drinking water, sewing kit (don't worry — he'll use it). The kit itself is olive drab government shelter duck with leather bottom; has pockets for maps and documents.



PARTING SHOT. This gift won't present any transportation problems to the soldier who has to carry all his property on his back. So he'll know who, and where, he is, and be able to prove it — an identification bracelet that's as masculine as his wristwatch; heavy sterling silver links, a plate in front with a medallion of St. Christopher. His name and regiment can be engraved on the reverse side of the plate.

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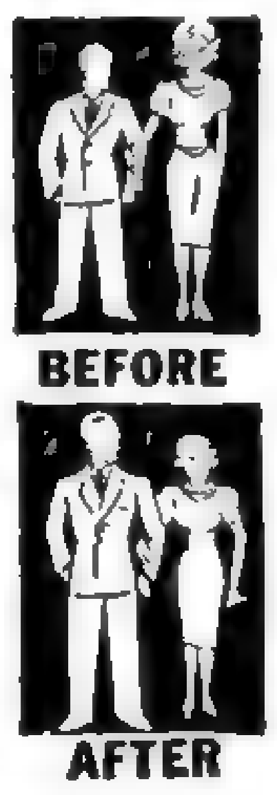

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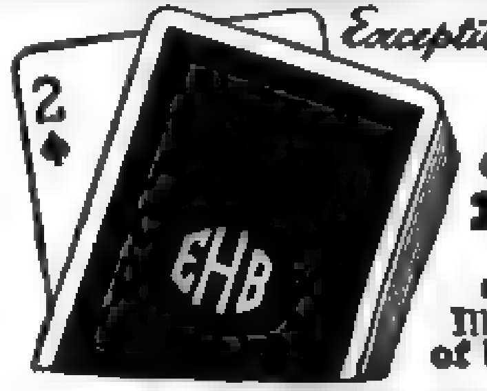

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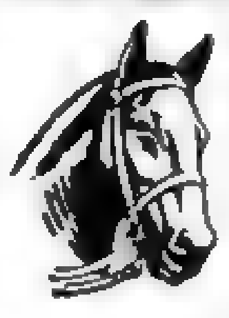

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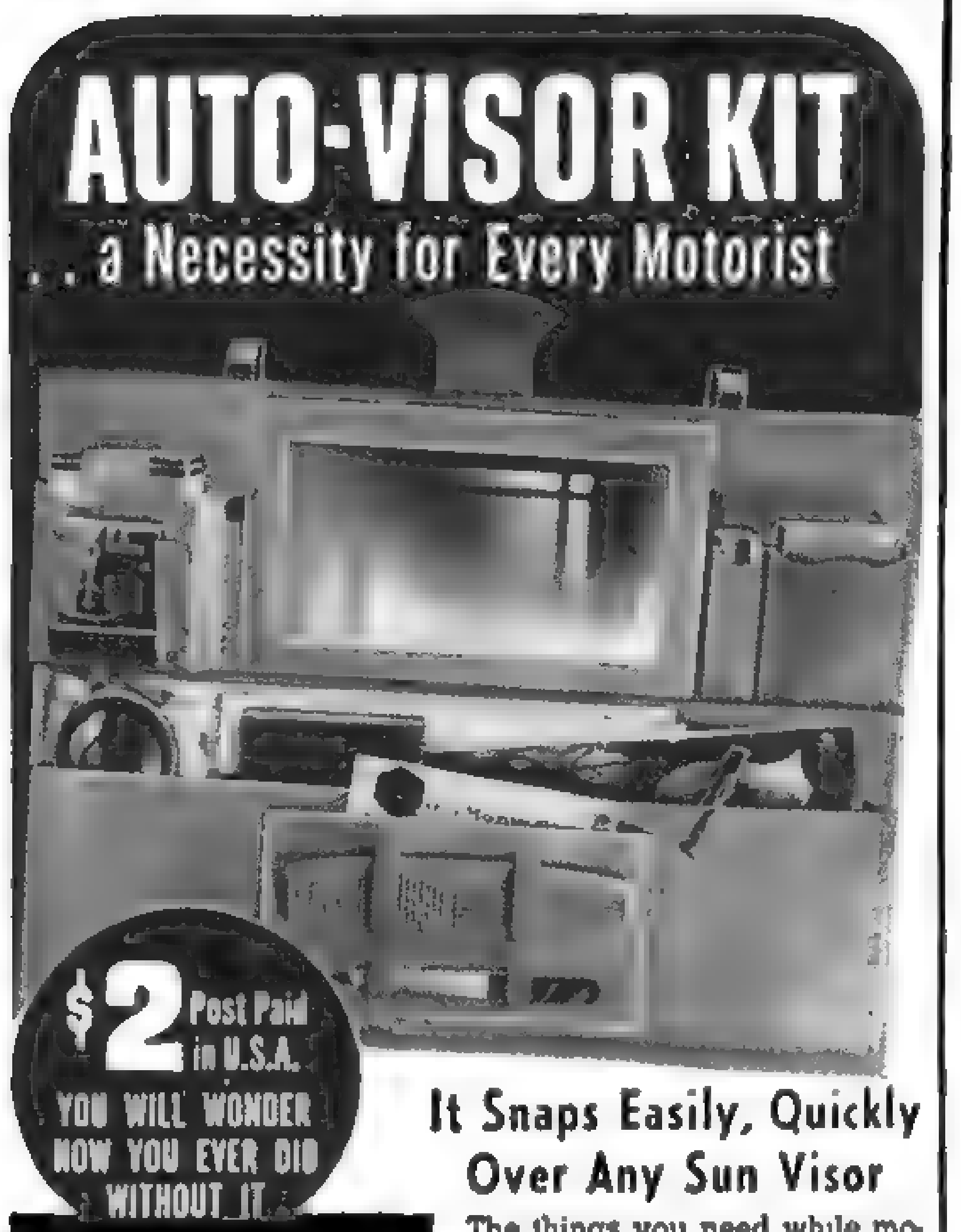
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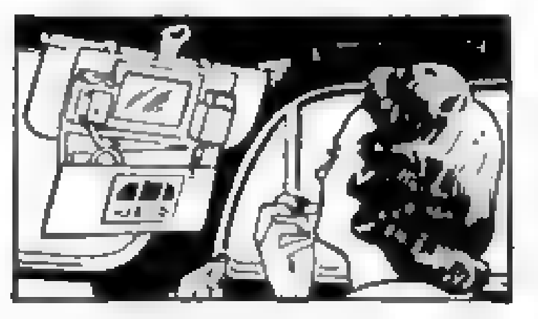

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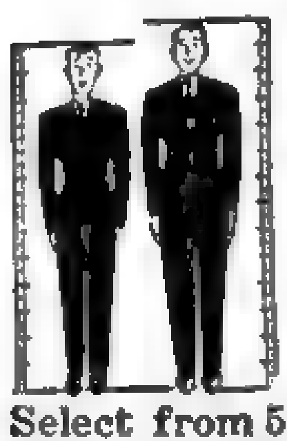

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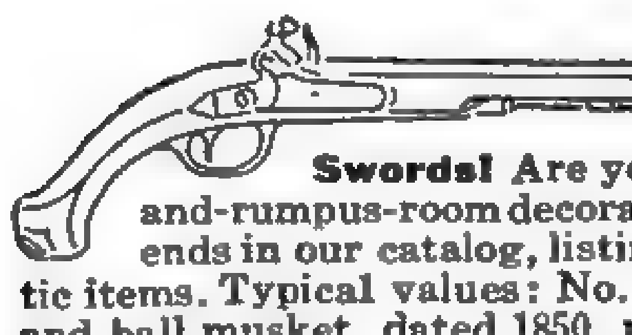

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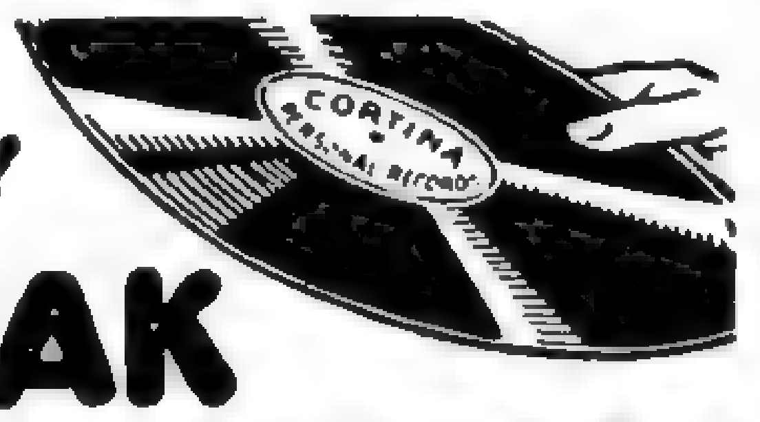

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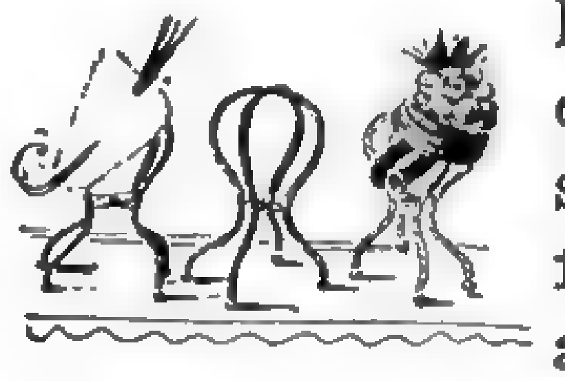
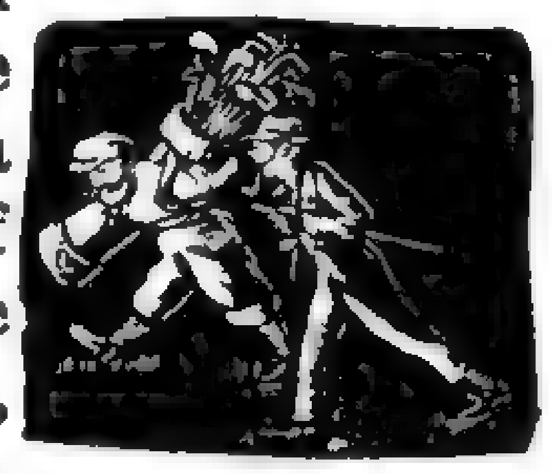


HOLDS HER HATS. An interior decorator of closets who has the inside dope on hotel hat-hanging provisions thought this one up, and it's good — a set of three hat holders for the little woman to take on her travels. The holders work on a scissors principle; open up into a round, four-legged hat form, solidly weighted, attractively bound in moiré. They're packed in a decorative moiré case lined with contrasting taffeta.

THE COMPLEAT MOTORIST . . . is the one who prepares for likely and unlikely emergencies, such as road conditions to be encountered as long as snow falls or the ground thaws. Proof against all this comes in the form of an auto bag containing cotton work gloves, towing cable, combination folding axe and shovel, two auto rafts, twelve-minute roadside flares, and a folding canvas bucket with spout. What, no dynamite?

FOOTWORK. Feet are often at the bottom of your troubles, from a purely local misery in the metatarsal to a fixation against ballroom dancing. Take a leaf out of the Olympic champions' book — they give their valuable feet the exercise they need via a unique sandal, to be worn for a few minutes every day. Designed like smart tropical footgear, these sandals, golfers say, are swell stance-improvers.



HOLE IN ONE. Traveling golfers with whom excess baggage is an issue can have their cake and eat it too. Into a suitcase corner go five irons and two woods — the trick being a single, substantial shaft for the lot of them. The interchangeable heads are fitted in an easily carried shoulder bag, with zipper compartment for balls, tees, and etceteras. The set's been approved by the United States Golf Association.

LADIES LOVE LUCITE . . . because it makes news of familiar accessories. In the nose-powdering department, a lucite compact is not only news, but it has other recommendations, being lightweight, thin, and round. It's obtainable in three jewel-like colors — ruby, sapphire, and green — besides the popular clear tone. 3¾ inches in diameter, it can be personalized with a monogram.

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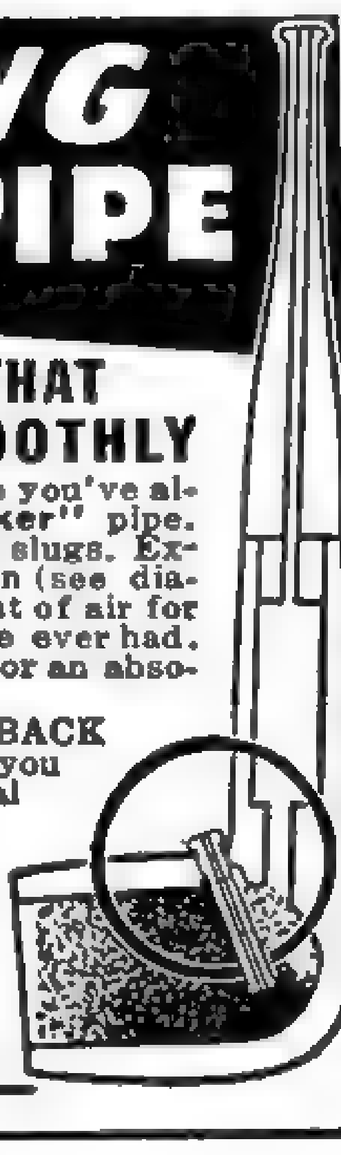

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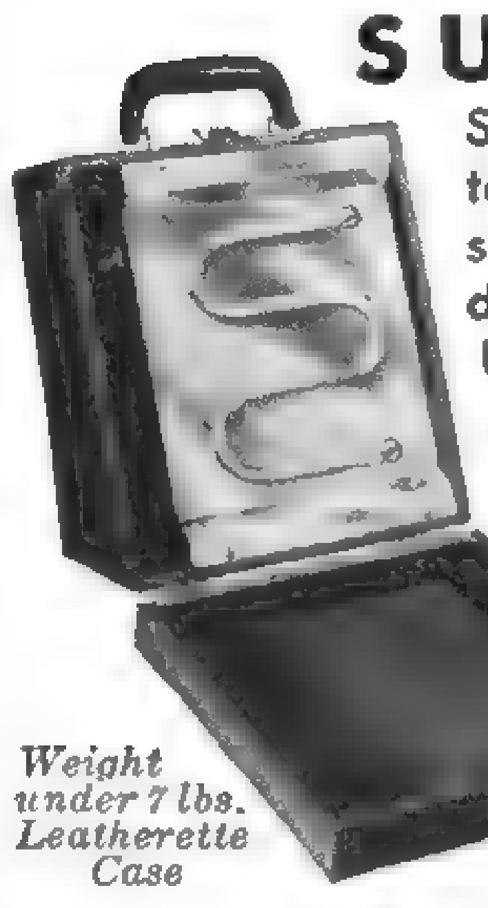

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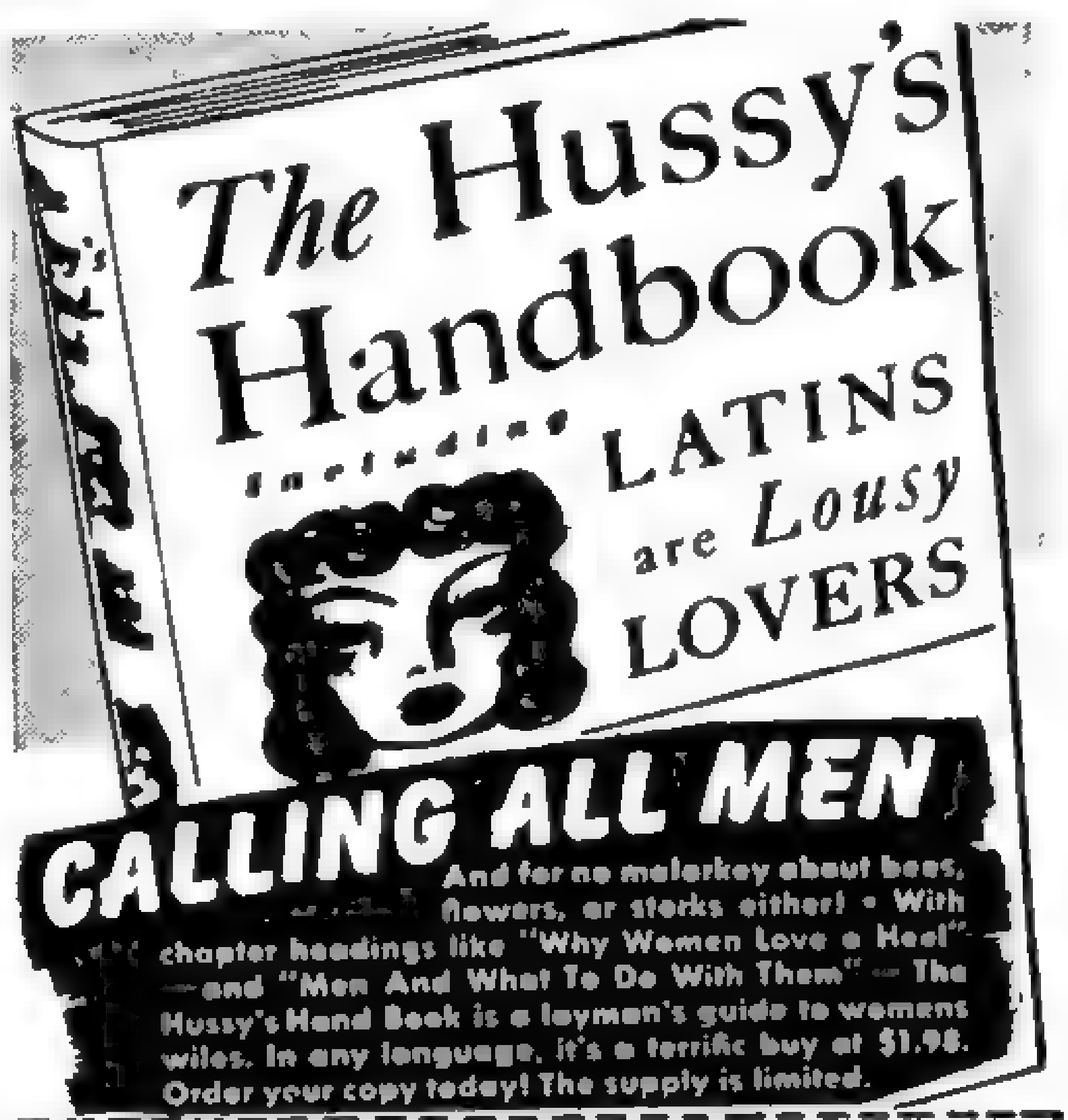

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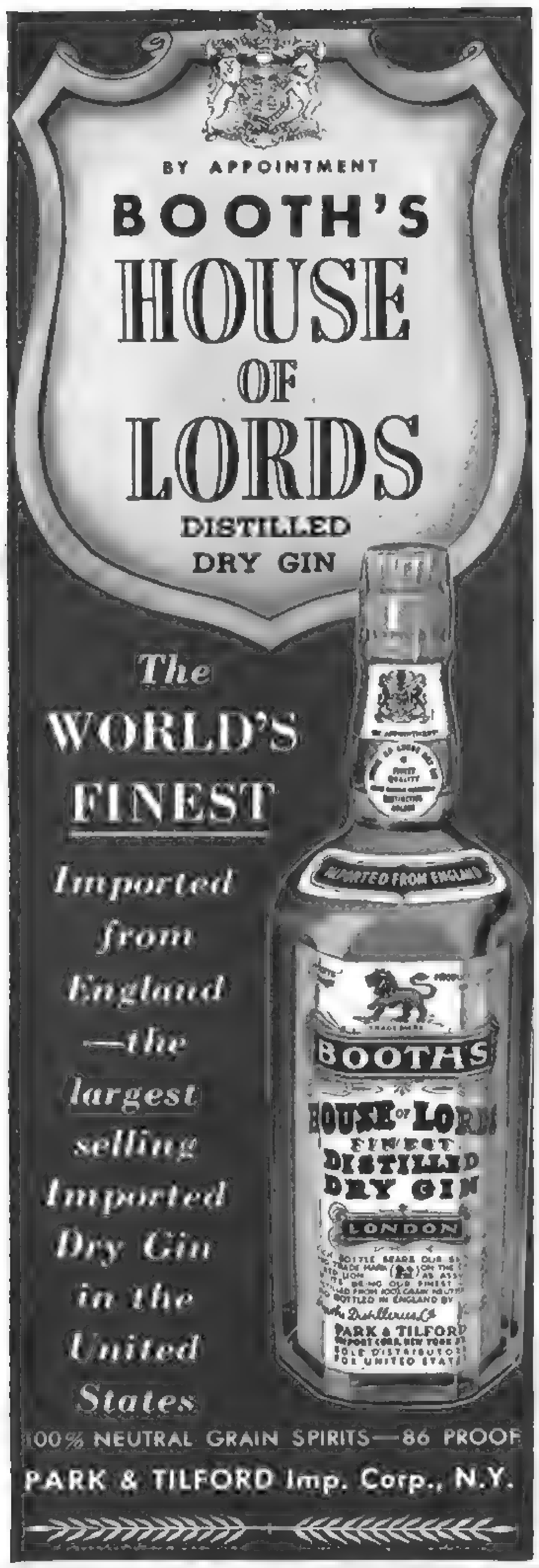
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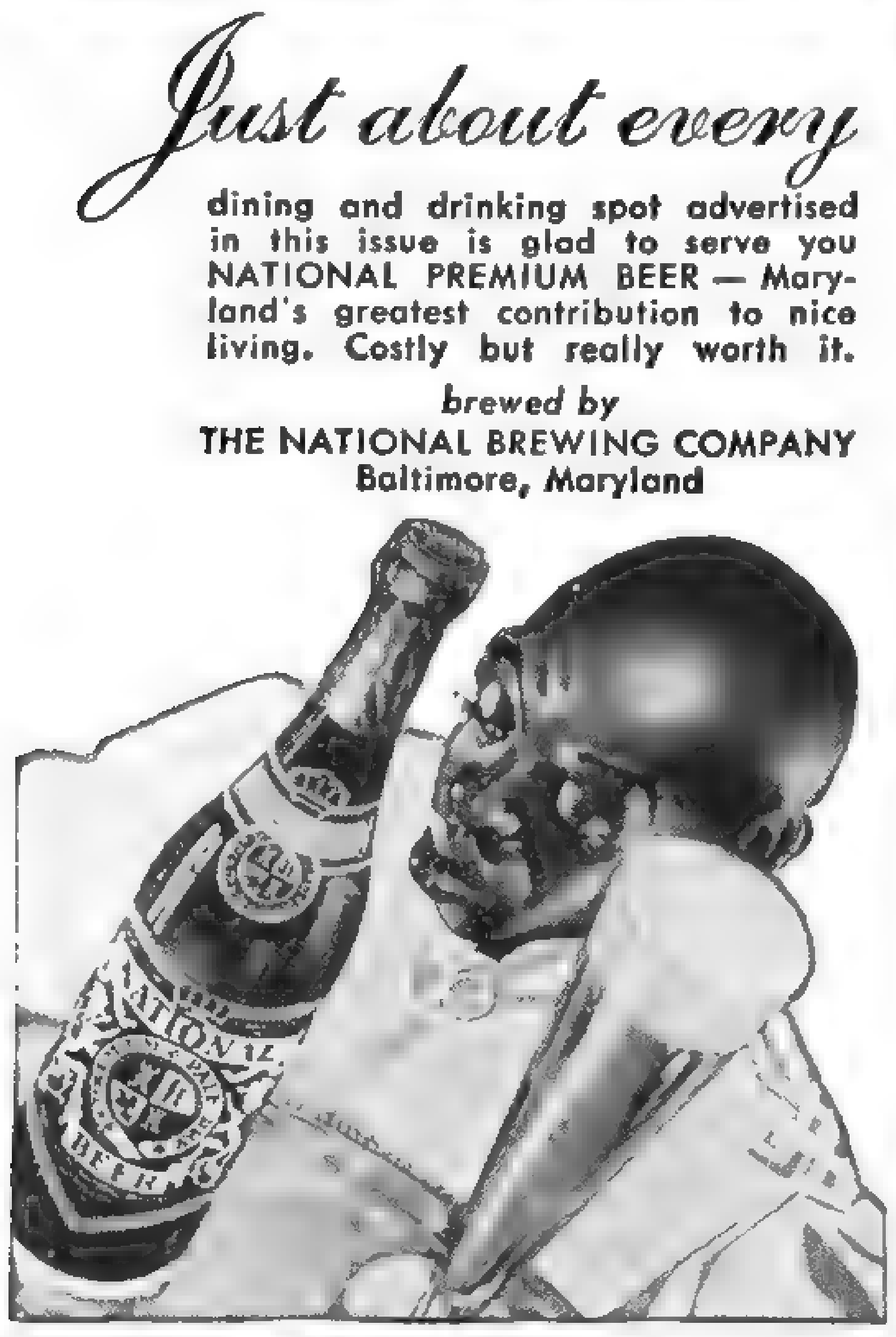
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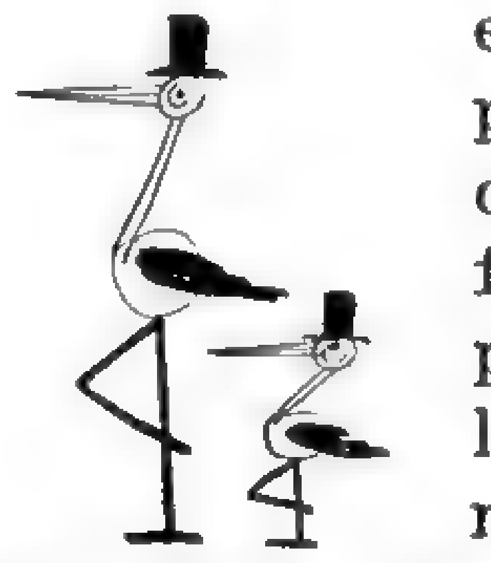

Flash in the after-dark; Christened "Stork cub" by star boarder Walter Winchell, an annex has been blessed evented onto the Stork Club. It's an oak-paneled affair of the tavern type, with its own bar and napery space for 250 refectionists. On one wall are Hal Phyfe photos of famous artists; another is galleried with paintings of not uncomely models by well-known brushes. Unlike the Stork itself, where dancing is continuous and the music never stops, the cub is dedicated to conversation and gastronomy undiluted with melody. Up aloft are private rooms accommodating parties of half a hundred each. Sport Ward did the designing and Sherman Billingsley bankrolled the layette.

Speaking of gastronomy, Esky takes occasion to award, at this month's commencement exercises, two more honorary degrees to outstanding savants in this consummate art. Accordingly, the parchment and burgundy-colored hood of D.G. (Doctor of Gastronomy) is herewith bestowed upon:

Theodore Titze, maitre of the Ritz Tower Hotel. Suave, meticulous, graciously dignified, he was for years chief magician of service at the Ritz-Carlton, as you will gratefully remember; the Castle-Harbor, in Bermuda, was likewise blessed with his intuitive ministrations. At this present post he radiates a cosmopolitan wisdom which extends to the smallest details of elegance and epicurean nicety. Thanks to him, the separate courses of succulent nutrition from fruit-cup of juicy jewels, through casseroled chicken to souffleé, with tactfully fool-proofed wine selection, become a flavor symphony such as only gifted planning can achieve.

Rene Black, maitre of the Waldorf-Astoria. Born in Chantilly, France, a town immortalized on menus as the code name for whipped cream, this dynamic dramatist of delectables started out as a chemistry student, playing the French horn for his bread and butter as he pursued his researches in various countries of the world. Gold in Nevada didn't pan out as expected, but a dish-washing job in a mining camp did at $28.00 a day with a raise two days later to $30.00. Riper chunks of Black background were accumulated at the old Café Martin; at Sherry's and the Sherry-Netherland in the role of full-fledged maitre; at the old Central Park Casino, where he was not only maitre d'hotel but also manager and chef extraordinaire. At the new Waldorf-Astoria, which he assisted in opening in the Fall of 1931, he functions as a sort of second Oscar, being officially manager of the Starlight Roof, room and club services, the Men's Bar, and the famous Park Avenue restaurants (Empire Room, Sert Room). With his wide knowledge of things and people, his engaging zeal for the culture of the eye, ear, and stomach, and his motto "All good or nothing," he is one of mankind's better influencers.

Bookman Frank Case's Algonquin Supper Club, with blue-orbed Olga Baclanova demonstrating her voiceatility, has acquired able violinist Bela Bizony, erstwhile of the International Sporting Club de Monte Carlo, a place noted for playing . . . We're touched deeply by Villager Barney Gallant's greeting card: "It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of taking your cash. Please drop in for a cocktail, dinner or supper. Believe me, I need your money badly." . . . Friend B_1, the vitamin that helped our ancestors carry the cargoes of liquor they took aboard, is to be found in Macadamia nuts . . . Out Jersey way at the Chanticler (in Millburn) they're fatted calfing the return of prodigal maestro Mace Irish and his lads . . . Wonderful the ease with which songful Eddie Davis of cheer-conditioned Leon & Eddie's (33 West 52nd) coaxes his dining and supping audience into making a bum out of gloom, and making it unanimous.

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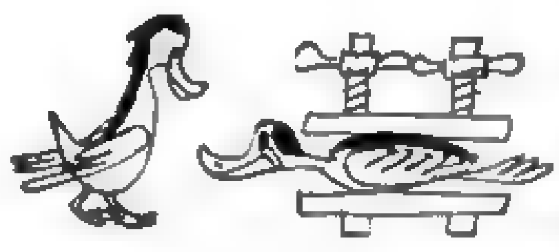
It was a cheery sight to see that plump pair of Mallard duck breasts lagooning in a lamp-perched dish with urbane Bernard of the Mascotte (19 East 60th) as their swimming master while a waiter and a bus boy operated the juice press enthroned upon a table nearby. Finely chopped giblets went into the ruddy gravy, and rare old Cognac. The grand result, accessoried with wild rice and juiced celery, had a lot to say to the glorious Pommard 1933 and vice versa. Whereupon came salad in the Mascotte manner, followed by fresh figs in a secret sauce. No demi-tasse ever found itself in better company.



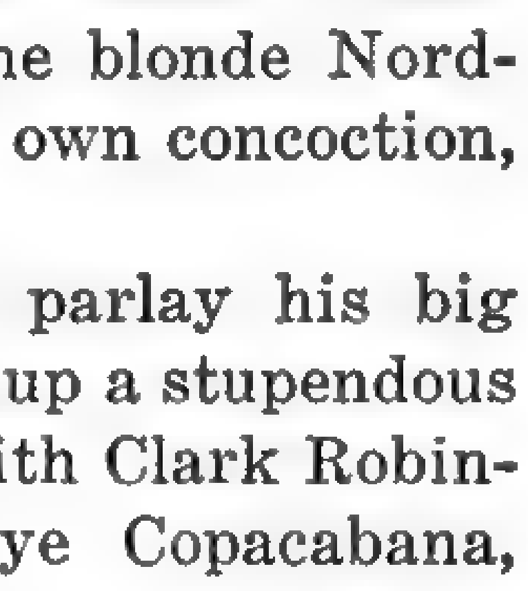
Oklahoman Fred Armour, whom the Stork brought to town as a daytime standin for General Sherman Billingsley, last year went still further East to found the Nine O'Clock Club (125 East 54th), thereby gathering the Junior Set about him. This year he's broadened out, under the new title of Club Cuba (same address) with stunning tropical murals and bedizements and a consistent conga-rhumba mood for all ages. No dinner served except by special arrangement, but supper is continuous.

The Café Continental, 10 East 52nd, dispensary of good eats as purveyed by the treasured team of Harry and Peter who got their rep at the less glittering but fondly remembered Portorose (down on West 13th), now has the added personality of Lawrence, erstwhile maître of the private Courtenay Club. As musical liqueur there is the gypsy violining of tall, tempestuous Yasha Datsko with Alexander Makofka at the keys. The blonde Nordstrom sisters sing pert whimsies of their own concoction, supper-clubbily.

It seemed brash of Monte Proser to parlay his big winnings on the Beachcomber by opening up a stupendous new place across town at 10 East 60th, with Clark Robinson dream-décor and everything. But ye Copacabana, named for Rio's smart beach and casino, has clicked to traffic jam proportions. And why shouldn't it?—with Pancho on the podium, Samba Sirens undulating about, and slick dance teams and assorted heat of Brazil on the loose. You can eat Latin, Chinese or American, or you can play sardine on the dance floor. Or even sip something. (Monte has brought over the Zombie for sentiment's sake.)

The 700 photos of old-time notables which surround you at Joe King's German-American (now Hibernian) Rathskeller (3rd Ave. at 17th) would be a fascinating study if you had time for them. But you don't, for there's too much gusto in progress—community singing, good-looking gals being boy-friended in, and what not. As for food, it's simple but noble and reliable. Irish turkey and cabbage, schnitzel of Vienna, knuckle of pig, steak of the sirloin, strudel of the apple; also the best marinated herring these lips have smacked in moons. And—oh, yes—beer.

Seventeen years' continuity in one spot as a night club host is a town record (correct us if we're wrong), and its busy holder friend Peter Nemiroff of the Russian Kretchma, 244 East 14th. To celebrate his distinction, he's sporting a spirited, colorful show of Slavic singers and leapers; and his able chef isn't slipping up any in such matters as borscht with pirojok, cutlets Pojarsky, and beef a la Strogonoff not to mention blinchiki (pancakes to you). Special shank of the evening rites occur in the snug new Samarkand Nook.



Arrays of olive-oiled halves of fresh-slain chickens do a hot dance in and out the impressive broiler at time-honored Enrico & Paglieri's refection establishment, 66 West 11th, where Enrico himself, stocky, white-haired, presides as dean of the restaurateurs of the fringes of lower Fifth Avenue. Spotlessness and succulence are sacred traditions here, attracting pilgrims from afar.

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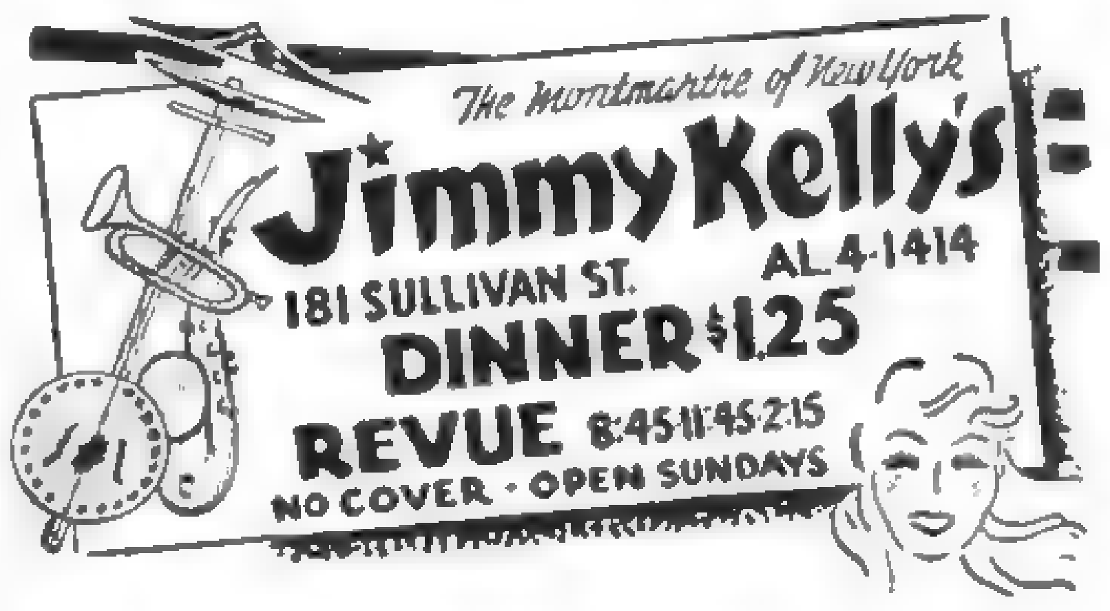
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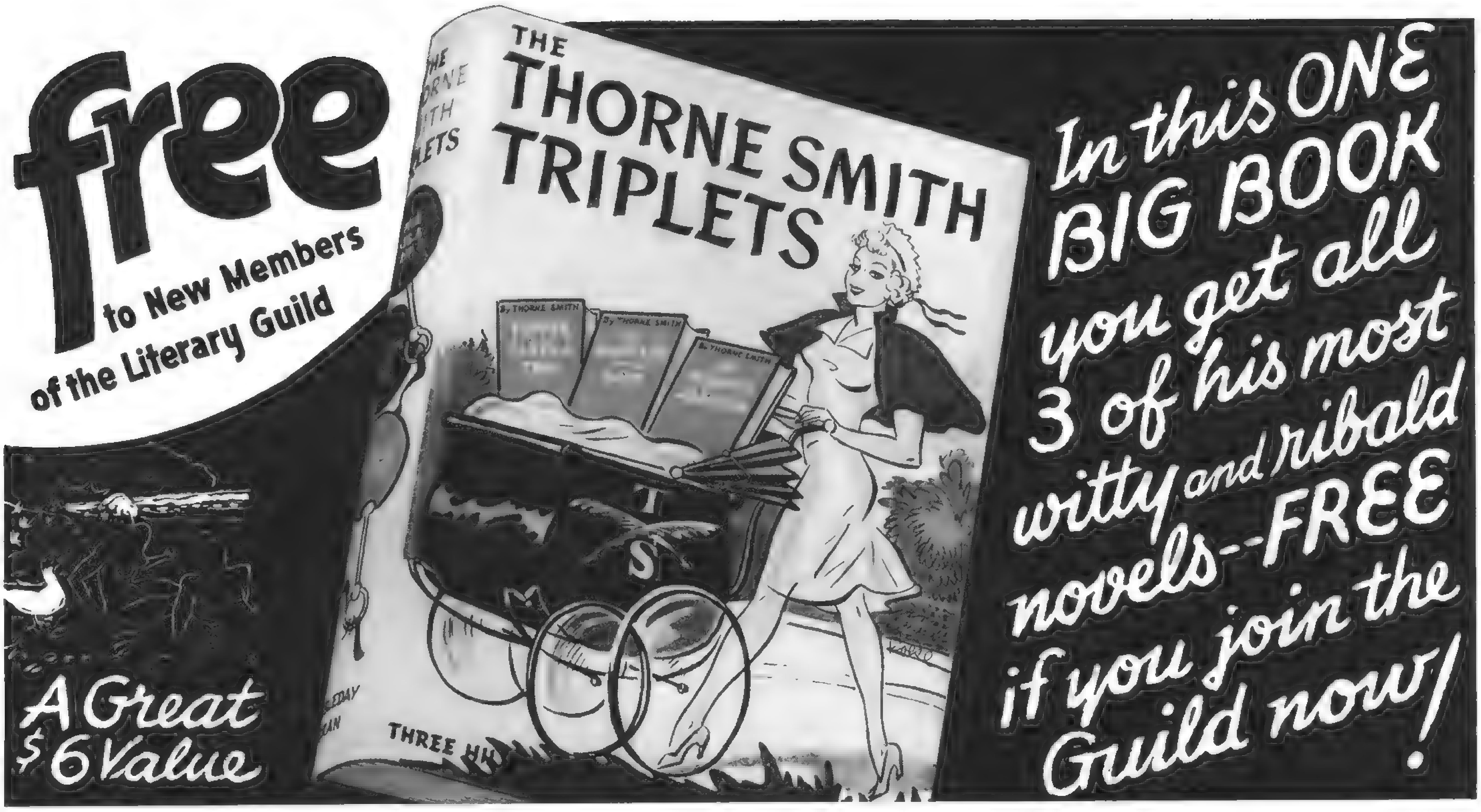
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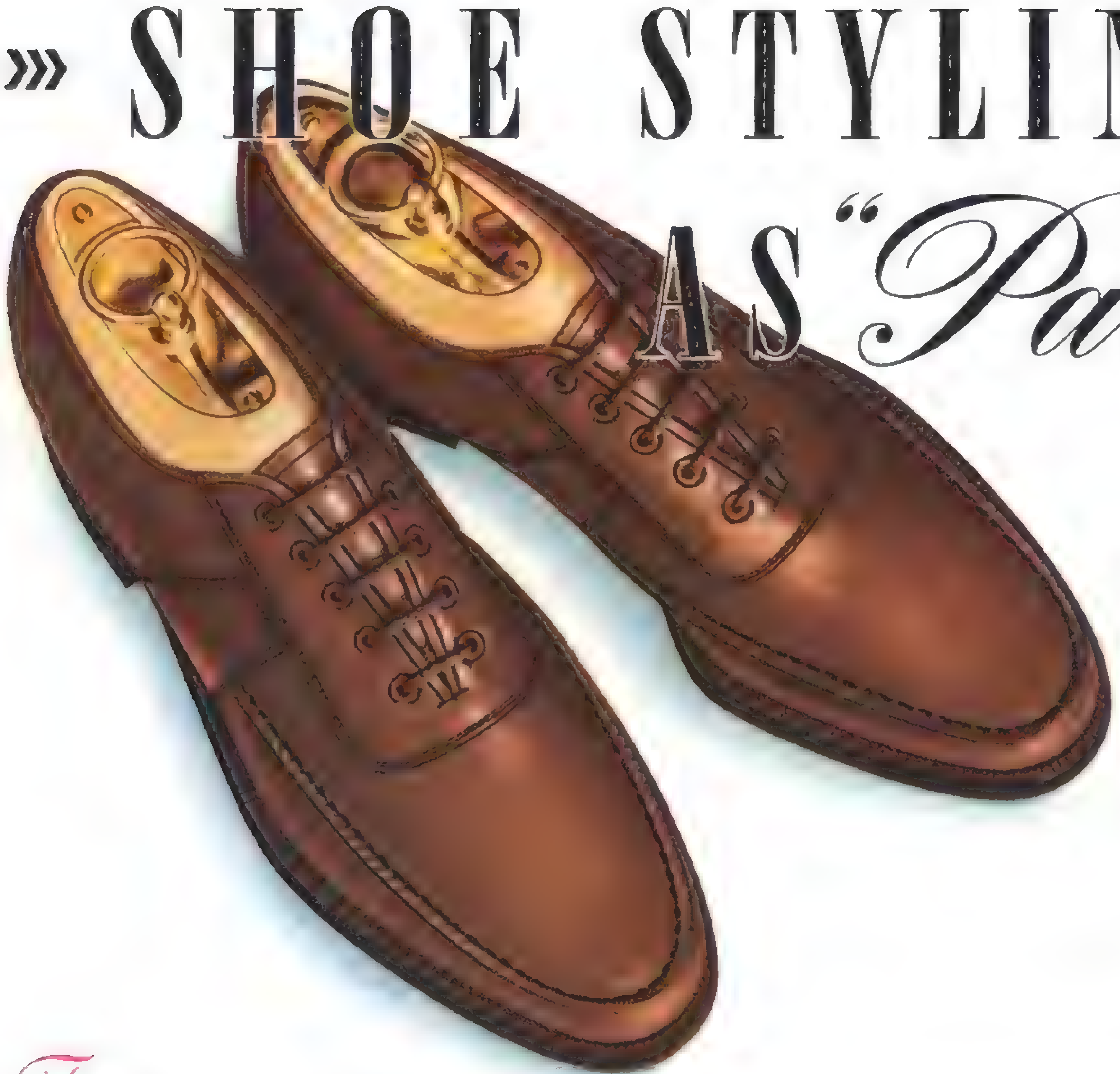

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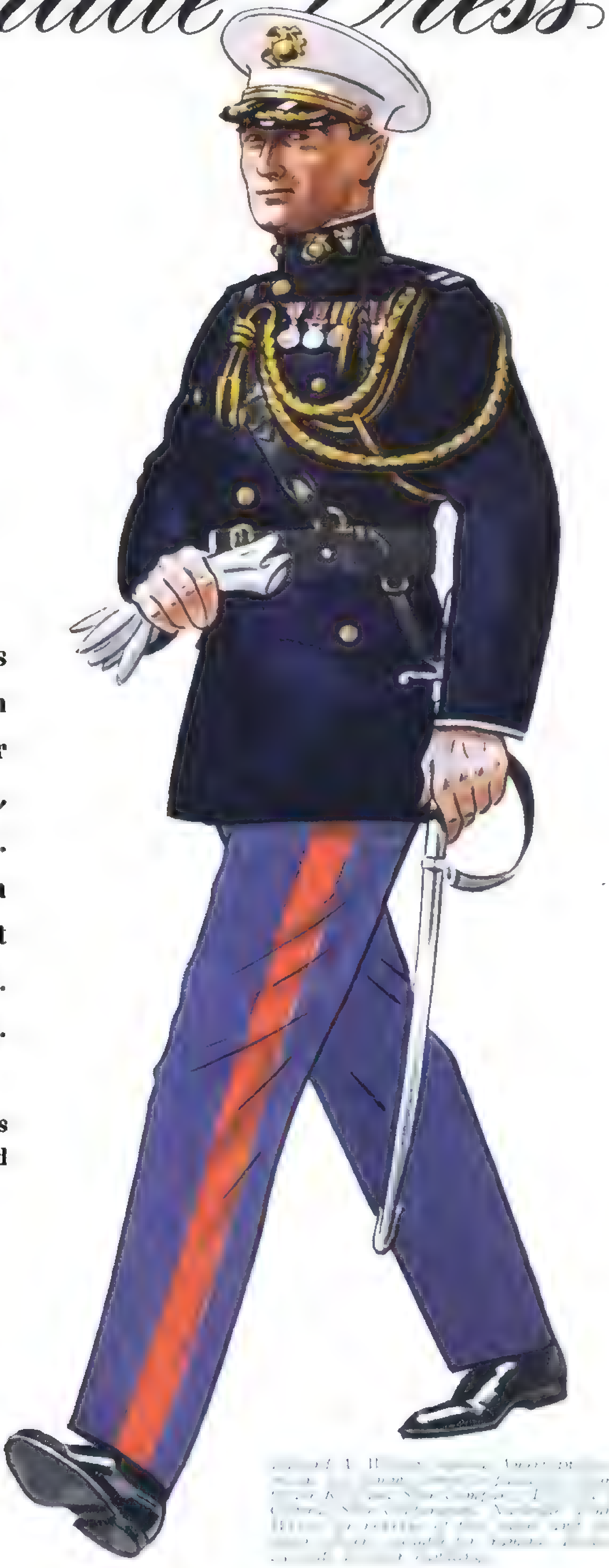

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The Crazy Torpedo

Those suckers called him a nut, not knowing what fun it was to watch a man when you shot him

by LEN ZINBERG

• FICTION •

HE SAT on the bed and read the papers, but there wasn't much about him, just a short fifth-page column on the "mad gangster" still at large. They didn't even call him the "Maniac Killer" like they had the first day. They still said he had killed six men and he knew eleven was the right figure. And they still called him crazy. He grinned when he read that—the suckers—they didn't understand, know what they were missing. You have a guy covered, and he's waiting there, hands high in the air. He's a little scared, he knows you're going to rob him, or maybe warn him to stop doing something or get out of town . . . but that's all he expects. Right in the middle of your speech you gently squeeze the trigger and there's that terribly frightened look as he goes down —that different, unusual look that makes killing worthwhile. To kill in a running fight —that was expected—but to kill suddenly, to have death come swiftly and the guy unprepared for it . . . that gave you a kick.

He loved to see that brief startled expression on their faces, he killed to see that look. And when death froze the expression, caught it and held it forever, that was the best killing of all. But how could you explain that? Let them call me a damn nut, he thought. Nobody can understand it, and nobody can know the joy I get.

He threw his cigarette out of the window and went through his pockets for another and couldn't find any. Now I got to do something, he thought. I have to get a plan. I got to get some dough to keep going till things smooth down. And I got to get me a gun. That's a simple plan, money and a gun, both the same . . . a gun gets you money and dough gets you a gun. Only thing, I can't show my pan around the old spots, how can I get a pistol?

He stood up and looked through the crumpled paper bags on the dresser and there wasn't a thing to eat. "I sure got to get a gun," he said, half-aloud. "I got to eat and I got to smoke and I need a gun to get that.

"That's the kind of plan I need, one that will get me a gun. I got to think about only that."

The landlady's kid was running through the house and he opened the door to tell the kid to shut up and he saw the kid had a big heavy .45 in his hands. For a moment he couldn't believe it, but there it was, the little boy holding it with both hands and playing some sort of game. It was a .45 all right, one of those big heavy automatics he had used in the army. He said: "Come here, kid."

The kid came over slowly. "Let me see your gun, kid. Looks like a good one."

"It cost me sixty-nine cents, too, Mister."

"Yeh? Let me see it," he said, reaching. He held it in his hand and just holding it made him feel better. Then he saw it was a toy cap pistol and he thought, I'll be damned! Sure looked like the real thing. Just like it. Fooled me. Here's what I use to get me a real one. "You want a buck for this?" he asked the kid.

"A whole buck? Sure."

"It's a deal," he said, pointing the gun at the boy. Wonder how the kid would look if I shot him, what I'd see on his face as he went down? Never thought of knocking off a kid. "But I'll give it to you tonight. How's that?"

The kid shook his head. "I want it now."

"You see I got to go to the bank for it," he said, smiling.

"I don't know you, you only been here three days. Give me the gun."

"All right, kid." He brought the gun down on the kid's head and pulled him into the room. The kid was bleeding a little, but alive. He shoved a dirty handkerchief in the boy's mouth for a gag, and tied his hands and feet with two ties he had bought the day before.

He was lucky on the stick-up. He walked into a big apartment house and waited in the self-service elevator and the first woman that walked in had forty dollars on her. She got hysterical so he hit her, although he knew he was going to hit her anyway.

He bought a new tie, shirt, and socks, and changed in the men's room of a cafeteria, then he ate and smoked and felt like having a couple of shots. He walked into a quiet saloon and separated his money—twenty for a gun, five for a hotel and breakfast, and the rest for good rye, maybe a girl.

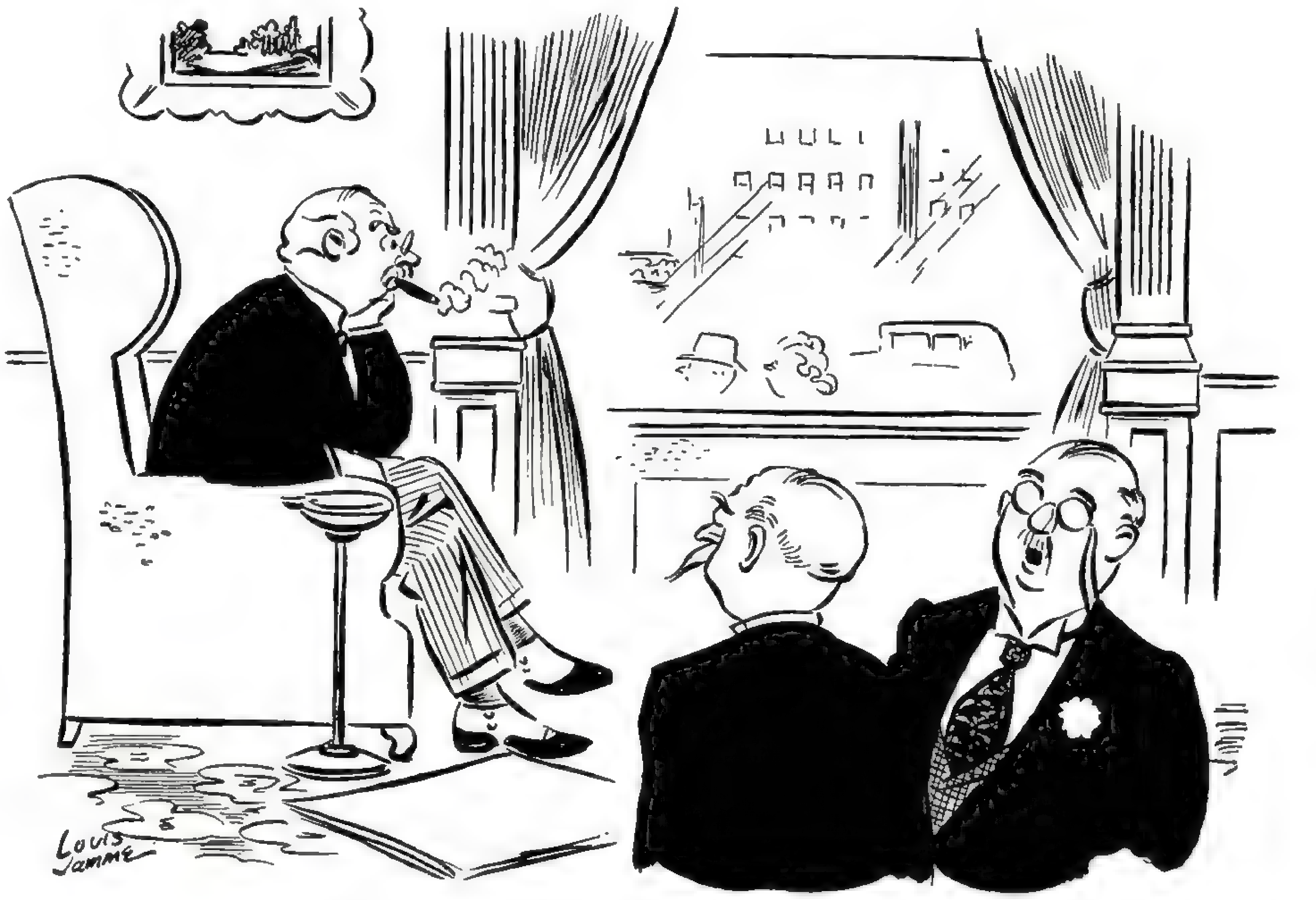
The first drink hit him right and he had two more quick ones to hold the pleasant drunken feeling. He smoked a cigar and had a few more drinks and was feeling very mellow and fine.

It was on the seventh drink that the cop came in. "The flatfoot on the beat coming in for a free beer," he said to himself, feeling the heavy bulge of the .45 in his pocket. He had killed two cops; one killing they didn't know about and the last one had put him in the headlines. The last cop had been a sucker, seen too many movies. The way he looked him square in the eye and came towards him and said: "*Drop that gun!*" He had waited till the cop was almost on him, then the funny unbelieving expression on his face as he doubled up with a slug in his guts. He shot the cop in the head, to hold the expression before his face twisted with pain, and he had caught most of it, only a little pain showing. That had been one of the good killings.

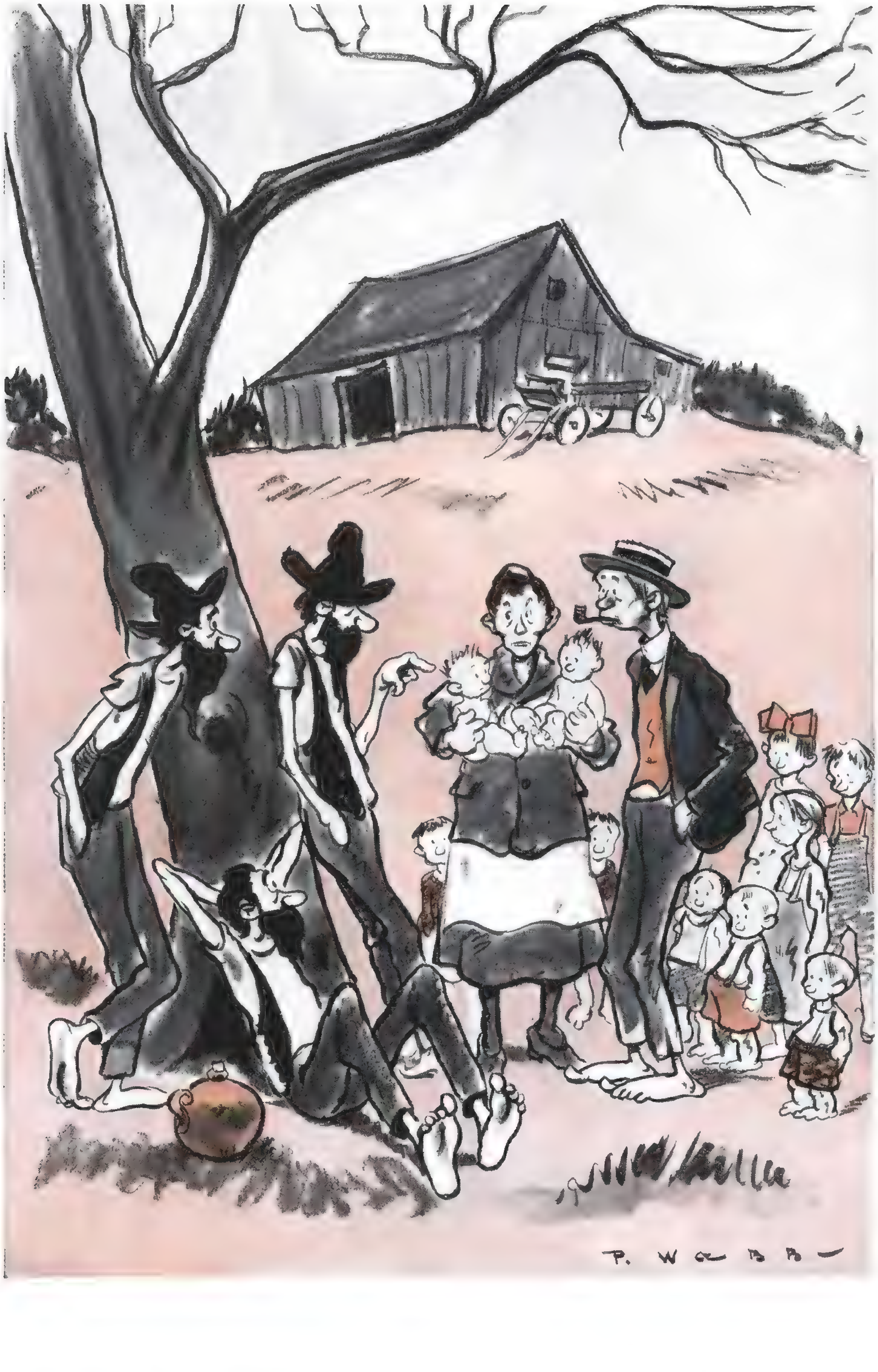
The cop looked at him once and stood at the end of the bar and talked about the fights and had his beer.

He was sure the cop didn't know him . . .

Continued at top of page 123



"Now Fosgate's worrying about a fourth term!"



"Shucks—Ah don't reckon you'll like bein' in the army much, Cousin Cramp—you'll git mighty tired o' doin' the same old thing day after day"

Doing a Royal Job

Describing the frozen emotions and the hard efficiency of a fighting English pilot, as told to Capt. Frank H. Shaw

ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

So many people have asked the question that perhaps one answer will satisfy them all. I suppose I'm an average pilot, so my feelings in action may stand for the feelings of all my battling comrades.

In the first place, not much fear enters into a man's thoughts when he's hurling himself at four hundred miles an hour into what the scribes call The Jaws of Hell. Maybe it's the roar of one's speed that forms a kind of cushion between one's soul and normal dread of death—or mutilation, which is worse than death. Death is a quick spasm of sometimes welcome relief. To endure for uncounted years as a maimed, disfigured cripple is a thing that won't bear thinking about.

There is so much to do in so little time that all a man's emotions, thoughts, feelings, even, are speeded up to such a pitch that, like a fast-revolving wheel, it is difficult to pick out individual spokes. One lives—during combatant flights—at the highest pressure, well knowing that to take the mind off its central focus of doing a sound job expeditiously and completely as possible, invites calamity—and I mean *calamity*. One second's aberration can result in incredible disaster—not only to the pilot of a Spitfire but to dozens, maybe hundreds, of innocents on the earth below. A fighter plane, crashing into a munitions factory, say—blazing petrol igniting a reserve of explosives capable of blasting half-Berlin to hell; or, out of control, smashing down a children's hospital into chaotic ruin: at best robbing the country of a competent fighting machine with a death-potential to the enemy of incalculable worth: such are the possibilities of letting your own feelings master you for ever so short a time.

So your feelings are chained tight. You are one with your killer-machine. Up to the moment of "Contact!" you might be thinking of that blonde in the night club—though, things being as they recently have been, there's been small time for blondes or brunettes!—or of the last sensational blinder, or of poor old X whose wife got the Air Ministry wire three days ago. The soundest man who ever touched the gun-button, X—but even his soundness didn't bring him back against fifteen Me. 110's.

You might feel a grumble against Fate for not allowing you a bar to your D.F.C. although Y got his for sinking a couple, whilst your own bag was seven; and you might know a sort of half-pang of pity for your kid-brother just now flying a G. R. bus since he's too young for fighters; but once you're giving her the works, you think of the ship and what she's aimed at: and that is extermination for some murderous Heinie out in the blue. You banish all "Alice Blue Gown" ideas, as you lift back the stick and take the final bump before you're all air-borne. Is the engine-note O.K.? Is the trim exact? You climb a bit and get the feel and balance of your ship, just as D'Artagnan balanced his deadly rapier; because she is a delicate fighting tool on whose performance the future of the whole war effort might depend. Or is that an exaggeration? Do you, individually, matter? You do—you do—that fact sings in the thunderous engine-note, in the scream of movement, in the thump of the parted air that riffles off your skin like the sea off the hull of a ship.

Every extraneous thought is clean wiped from your brain. Your goal is a hundred miles: twenty minutes, or, with a following wind, even less than that; and for twenty minutes—a breath or a lifetime in an airman's existence—you have opportunity to test your armor; to try a few quick tricks, perhaps, to make sure the ship is as always—as ready to your hand, eye and heart, as a blood horse about to start for the Derby.

Your ground-crowd have seen to details: your guns are serviced and ready; a touch on the button and the answering spatter assures you of that. Everything is smooth as silk under your hands. You are subconsciously aware of a sense of unlimited power. You feel on a level with the gods—even superior to them, for you are modern and efficient; not overlaid with the dust and grime of futile ages. You are a god! But you don't put that into words; the awareness simply flows through you with an odd, electric tingling that again communicates itself to your machine, giving it an increased roar of power, a thickened vibration, an eagerness that is like the straining of hounds on a leash.

But you don't think—until afterwards the swift impressions registered on your brain are developed, like a sensitized plate. Air-life today is all anticipation and almost grudging retrospect. There is no present; because the present flows past you at three hundred miles an hour, to become a blurred past before you appreciate its existence.

If you have listened to a broadcast describing enemy savagery and atrocity, you probably start your patrol with a fury of hatred blazing inside you: an incoherent determination to square the deal with the murderous Hun. You've heard of mutilated nurses shattered under the symbol of the once-sacred Red Cross; of old women butchered as they fled for the ditches of their wrecked villages. You've seen, with bleary, almost unregistering eyes, the severed limbs—yes, and heads—of children, littered ghastily among their torn toys. You swear that by God's avenging grace, you will treat any enemy you encounter in precisely that way: mangling him, showing no pity, no hint of mercy. But that is on the ground: these raging emotions are not your companions in the parted air.

All you are conscious of is a strained desire

Continued in center of page 111

TATTOOING
neatly
DONE
Do not ask
for
CREDIT

"Better put sixteen-inch guns on her"

Women Marry Men

After many years at the altar, this minister concludes that ninety-five per cent of brides do the courting

by CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

THE woman on the parsonage doorstep told my wife she wanted to see the Elder. When I came downstairs from my study, the visitor said, "I guess there's been a mistake: I want to see the Elder. Prob'ly he's your father."

It took some time to convince her that I was a minister, for I had not been one very long. I was twenty-two and looked seventeen. When I put on my frock coat, that helped, and she said, "Well, if you're sure you're the Elder . . . " Then she stepped to the door and called to a man who was lounging against the parsonage fence, "Come on in here, Bill."

As Bill sheepishly entered, she said to him, "Give him the license," and to me, "We want to get married."

During the ceremony when it was time for his responses she nudged him sharply, and the minute I pronounced the benediction, she said, "Give him five dollars."

As they went down the steps, her arm firmly holding his, my wife remarked to me, "There's no doubt who will wear the pants in that family!"

It was my first wedding, and I was distinctly shocked. I had always thought that men married women. I began to wonder.

A few days later I officiated at a quiet little home wedding. It was a woman who called me on the telephone to arrange for it.

"You're wanted to marry a couple at 6 Grove Street."

To my query as to what day the ceremony would take place, she replied, "Today. Right away. Get here as soon as you can."

That seemed odd. I had presumed that home weddings were planned some days in advance. I dressed quickly but with care in the then-current full regalia of a Baptist parson, including frock coat, black trousers, patent-leather shoes, and "Come-to-Jesus" collar.

I had my first doubts when I saw the dead-end lane of mill tenements which was Grove Street. On the step of Number 6 a woman was waiting. She led me into a squalid front room where another woman was holding a man by the arm. From my former experience I inferred that this second woman must be the bride, but she said, scornfully, "No, thank God, I ain't the bride: she's in the bedroom and she can't get up. You'll see why: go on in."

A white-faced girl with her hair in braids lay on the bed with a new-born red-faced baby nestled in her left arm.

The two women ushered the man into the room and one of them said, "You see, Elder, we figured the baby orter have a name, so we caught this skunk and held him till we could git you."

The license was in order, but I asked the man and girl if they were sure they wanted to be married. The girl nodded, and the man finally said, "I s'pose it's the right thing."

So I stood by the footboard and read the service as the groom stood by the head of the bed beside the bride and the wriggling infant. Then the women told the man to pay me, but he said, "I'm sorry, Elder, but I ain't got a cent. I'll bring you the money as soon as I get some."

I never saw him again, and I doubt if his bride did, either. I think he left town the minute the women let go of him. When I made a pastoral call at 6 Grove Street two weeks later, another family was living there and I could get no information.

That second wedding was a second blow to my belief that men married women. My thirty years' experience since as a "marryin' parson" has done little to restore it.

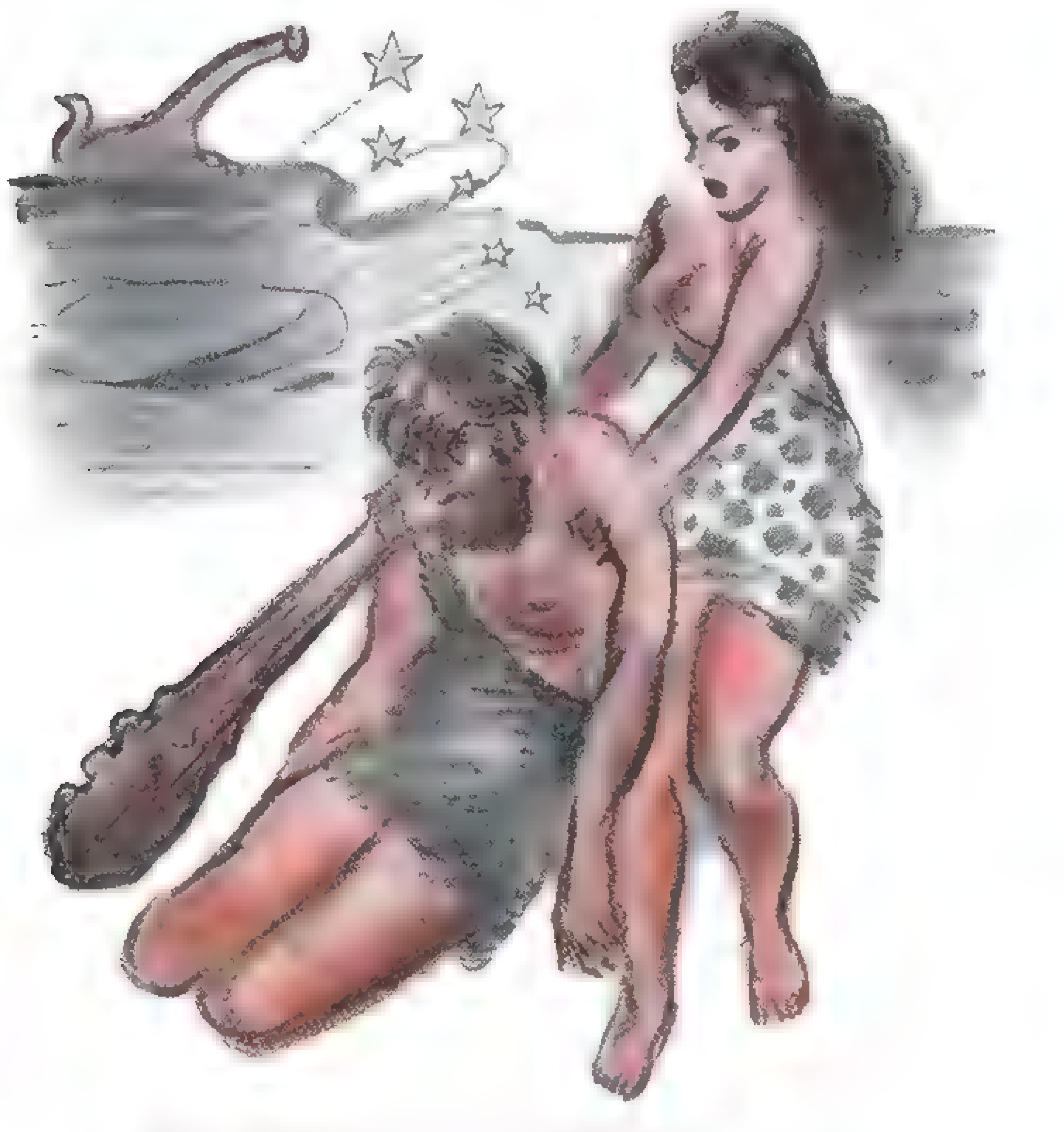
Men think they fall in love with women, court them, and marry them, but I am forced to believe that it is the women who are really the active agents more often than not. They pick their men and get them interested. With intuitive wisdom these feminine fishers of men select the appropriate fly to lure the trout and have him in the creel before he has felt the hook.

The brides usually plan the time and place of the wedding, make the arrangements, and select the minister. They are more interested in the words of the ceremony than the men are, and often want them changed, especially insisting on the deletion of the "obey."

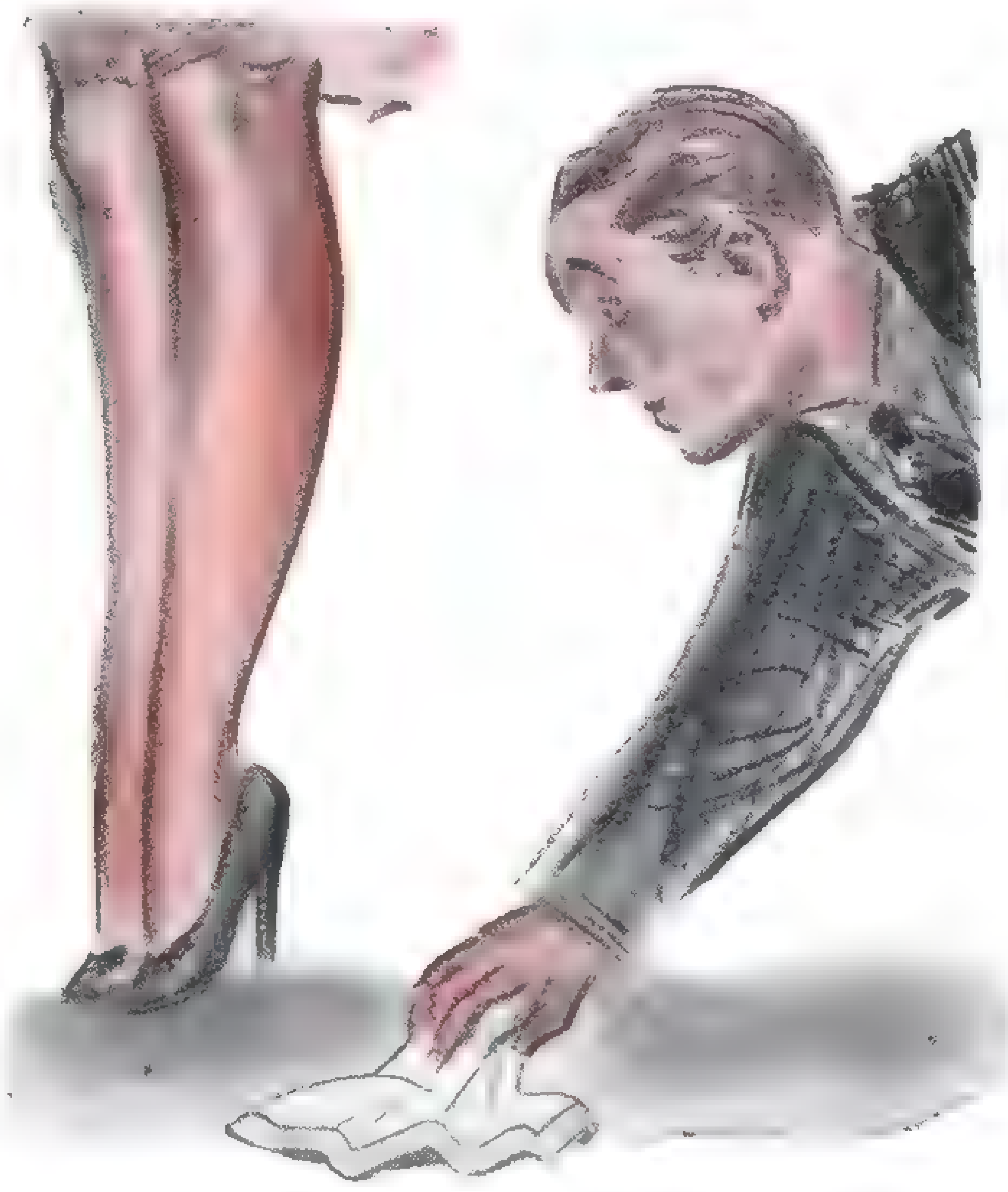
In order that the groom may retain the illusion that he is managing matters, the bride lets him engage the minister and later pay him, but those two minor duties are all she asks of him, except to be on time for the ceremony.

The bride frequently intimates to the groom how she would like to have him dress, and even selects, directly or indirectly, the little gifts he makes to his best man and ushers. She is traditionally supposed to be nervous during the ceremony, but I have seen only one nervous bride. She was disturbed because she knew that her relatives would never speak to her again if she married this man, who was of a different religion. Besides, she was already pregnant. I didn't wonder that she wept softly through the ceremony.

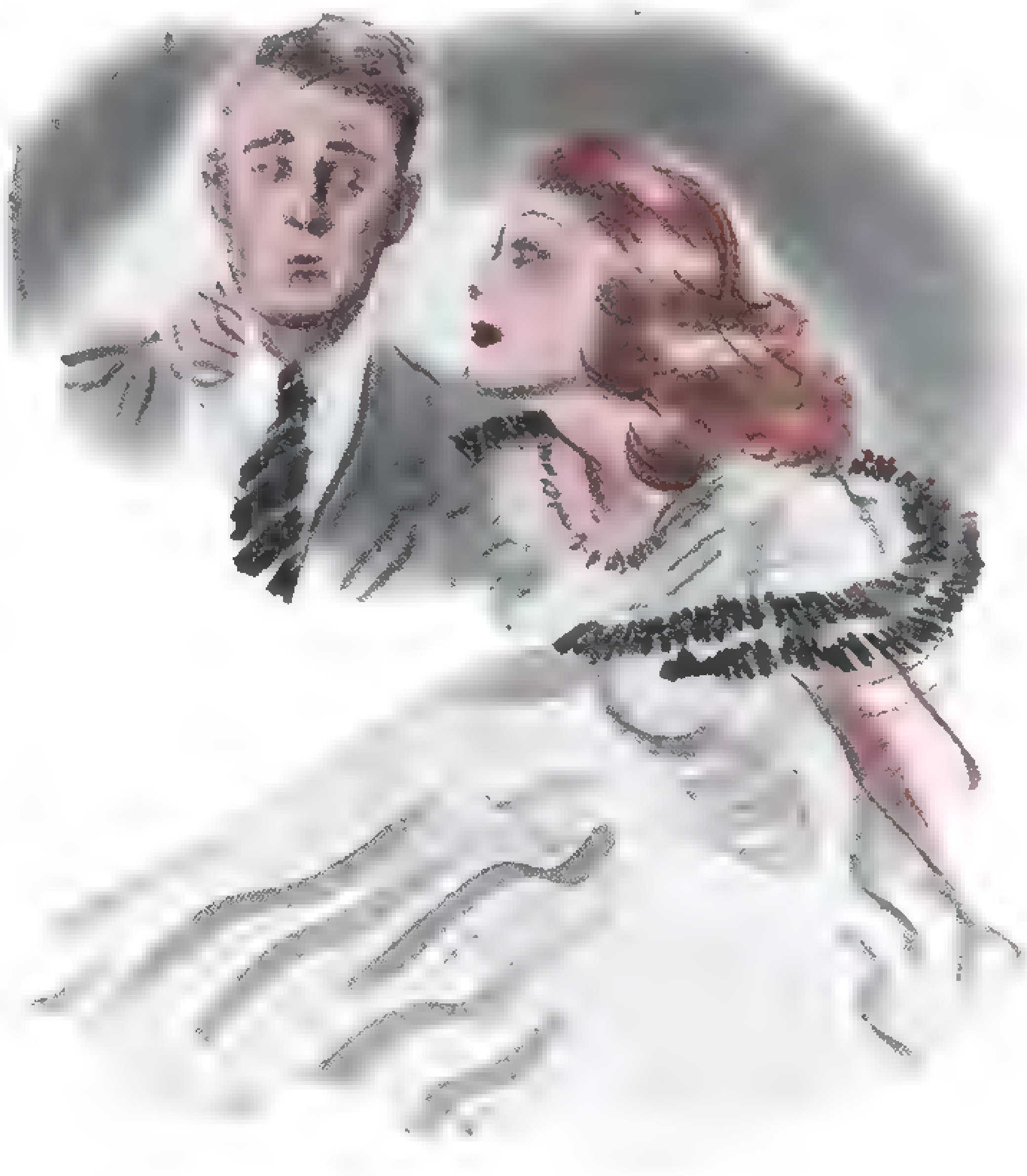
Often, the bride coaches the groom during the service, unobtrusively but efficiently. She sometimes whispers to him which pocket the ring is in. If he is slow or clumsy in putting



Marriage as an institution
Lives through women's resolution!



Man, the wretch, has no rebuttal
To a siege both sly and subtle . . .



Candlelight and mushy lingo
Help the little dears make BINGO . . .

it on her finger, she tells him to hold it still and she puts her finger through it. Before the ceremony, when she is supposed to be in seclusion lest he catch a glimpse of her wedding dress, she frequently steals into his dressing room, ostensibly to straighten his tie or arrange his boutonniere, but really to give him a very promissory kiss to keep up his courage for the ceremony.

Brides seem to know instinctively that grooms are always nervous before the service. I have watched many men at that time and have often helped the best man try to calm the groom, whose nervousness is apparently due not so much to fear of making a mistake during the ceremony as to doubts about the marriage state itself and his wisdom in entering it. There are many indications of those doubts.

Sometimes the best man is not very helpful. After the manner of men with one another at critical moments, he is apt to speak jokingly of the very thing his friend is trying to forget, and says, "Last minutes of freedom, old man!" or, as he sees me scanning the lines of the service, "Parson's getting the noose ready."

Or he whispers something to the groom, who gratefully agrees, and they both retire to the bathroom to emerge shortly munching breath tablets and feeling more joyful. It is one of my responsibilities to discourage a second safari to the oasis. "Heart's faithful affections" and "thereunto I plight thee my troth" are hard hurdles for a thick tongue.

The last thing the groom does before the ceremony is to say to me for the seventh time, "Make it as short as you can, Doctor." Most men about to be married are eager to "get it over with" because that will end their indecision. They can't run away then—not without complications.

The bride, on the other hand, once she is sure her man won't run out on her the last minute, is deliberately leisurely, often asking me to delay the ceremony at a home wedding until some tardy girl friend arrives. She wants no one to miss her triumph.

It is the bride's day, traditionally, psychologically, and every other way, and she knows it.

I have noticed how few men kiss the bride, however, compared with the number of women who kiss the groom. These ardent groom-kissers seem to get a vicarious thrill from it. Before I learned a little about the psychology of women, I used to look for the bride to object to having other women kiss her man, but I came to understand that she accepts and even expects it as a tribute to her prowess and good taste. It is one of the finer points in the feminine code. For a girl friend of the bride not to kiss the groom is an insult to her, but to kiss him twice is a declaration of war.

The groom is usually surprised and nervous about being kissed until he sees that his bride doesn't object, and then, for the first time, he begins to enjoy the occasion. But I have never yet seen a groom who really appreciated having his men friends kiss his bride. Several I have known to protest, and I recall a very embarrassing occasion when a belligerent bridegroom announced loudly that any man who kissed his newly acquired wife would have to fight him.

It is traditionally the minister's privilege to have the first kiss, even before the groom—probably a survival either of the ancient *droit du seigneur*, or of the benefit of clergy—but I have never known a minister to exercise that right. It just wouldn't do: new husbands are so jealously possessive. They really think, after the ceremony, that they have pursued and won the maiden and now own her. The older grooms are particularly jealous. The new bride of a very possessive husband whispered to me, "Isn't he quaint?"

I once married to his second wife a widower who asked that the ceremony take place beneath a large framed photograph of his first. It seemed to me in such horribly bad taste that I demurred, but he insisted, so I asked the bride-to-be if she objected. She assented readily to the arrangement, but in such a manner that I sensed that the matter had been previously discussed between them, and that she had agreed to the strange procedure for some reason undisclosed.

So they stood under the picture and I married them, but I felt very uncomfortable throughout the service. Where I stood I faced both the beloved departed and her successor. I felt as if I were a party to a psychological crime, a sort of mental bigamy.

As I finished the benediction and waited for the man to kiss his bride, he did no such thing, but stepped toward me and, jerking his thumb toward the portrait above him, said in a stage whisper, "I hope this one will be as good as that one but I have my doubts!"

Everyone heard him and there was a ghastly silence for a moment. I looked at the bride, and what I saw led me to reply emphatically, "I am sure she will."

Her friends came to her rescue with over-enthusiastic good wishes and I retired to ponder on the ways of women.

For when I had looked at her after his incredible *faux pas*, I had seen that she looked like the famous painting of Mona Lisa. Her perfect poise and the glint of sly humor in her eyes said, plainer than words, "I know what I am doing. I expected something like this, and have already discounted it. Don't be disturbed, little preacher. We women can manage men."

I learned afterward that she was a woman who had worked hard for a living and had deliberately married this man to get a comfortable home with an assured income. I had wondered why he was marrying her if he doubted so publicly that she was "as good as that one," but he wasn't marrying her: she was marrying him, and was willing to pay the price. In spite of his doubts, she had got him, and her smile of quiet confidence indicated that now she felt able to cope even with a ghost!

There are, to be sure, in these days of emancipated women, many who are not anxious to marry. They have work and money and can take care of themselves. As for sex, they sublimate that, or sidetrack it, or satisfy it in clandestine ways.

But when a woman really wants to marry a man, she will go to extreme lengths to get him. In New York City not long ago I married a young couple still in their twenties. They were sophisticated young moderns. He was an actor and she a radio department head. It was his second and her third marriage. He came to me and raved about her and how lucky he was to win her. I discovered later that to get him she had financed his divorce and regularly paid his alimony!

Several young women have recently asked me to find them husbands. They are very earnest and frank about it. All they want is an introduction to any eligible and desirable young man whom I will recommend, and they will do the rest.

Of course I am aware that there are still many instances where men do marry women. Often a man sees a woman he likes, seeks an introduction, and deliberately woos her until he wins her in spite of many handicaps, including her own dislike of him at first

Continued in center of page 130

And the dope, both dazed and worried,
To the church is quickly hurried,

Where he stands, perplexed and nervous,
Through a most God-awful service . . .

Smirking at the Babe who wooed him
Branded, landed and lassoed him!

—PHIL STACK

The Bulletproof Hidalgo

When this murderous monster was brought before him, the Fascist Commandant had a brilliant idea

by FRANZ WERFEL

• FICTION •

℞

That the just fare ill on earth, while evil-doers often live to enjoy the "wages of sin"—this is a sorry truth on which not even the Bible can keep silent. It is a hard truth to swallow for the faithful; for does it not prove that higher justice seems to be slower, more involved and indifferent, and less reliable than its earthly counterpart? Clearly, our zealous picture of a moral world order does not agree with the superhuman (or call it inhuman) order actually inherent in the universe.

On occasion things can try the patience of even the most brazen blasphemer. Are there not signs and miracles, clear and unmistakable, which serve to snatch the evil-doer from perdition, to exempt the sinner from his well-deserved punishment by the nimble intercession of Heaven itself? Providence may, however, be credited with a certain logic, since its benevolence toward petty evil-doers does not conflict in the slightest with its similar attitude toward big criminals. Just recently someone related such an exemplary heavenly miracle on behalf of the Devil. The teller had a few weeks before returned from the Civil War in Spain to our little inquisitive town.

II

The last columns of the hard-pressed Loyalist militia left the city of Malaga toward noon. The advance guard of the Rebels entered the following morning. Not even a full day intervened between departure and entry. Just as there is a No-Man's-Land between the fronts, there is a No-Man's-Time between hostile armies in motion. Cities and towns that have had the misfortune of becoming the theatre of war well know this No-Man's-Time, which is never so oppressive as in a Civil War.

The Commandant of the Loyalist Garrison had not left the population in doubt as to its fate. Those who were in danger had had plenty of time to reach safety, and many of them had taken advantage of the opportunity. At the last moment a considerable number of those who had previously been unable to make up their minds joined the retreating militia with wives and children, with all their earthly goods. Upon many others good advice remained ineffective. They refused to leave the city where their entire life was rooted. The reason for their staying behind had nothing to do with stubborn heroism; it was, for the most part, carelessness and laziness—that unfortunate lack of imagination, as far as the power of evil is concerned, which so often threatens worthwhile people with danger. Time and again they and their ilk gave voice to certain stereotyped phrases that are eloquent testimony of the fact that people will not learn:

"It will soon be over." "It can't be as bad as all that." "Nothing can happen to me personally." "Why should they do anything to me? I have never been politically active nor have I ever done harm to anyone."

It was not over quickly. It is not even over today. It was worse than the most anxious forebodings could have anticipated. Things happened to the very people to whom "nothing could happen." Precisely they were harmed who had never harmed anyone.

The new penal institution lay on the outskirts of the city. It consisted of several well-equipped buildings and tree-shaded courts—the latter the object of much pride by humanitarians as evidence of progressive tendencies. This sad, yet, in its way, estimable institution now became the center of events. During the very first hours after the Rebel troops had marched in, the above-mentioned harmless idealists were pulled in from all sides and assembled at the prison. With incredible speed the denizens of the lovely city had changed from unquestioning partisans of the Government into equally fanatical partisans of the Rebellion. It was far more than a mere artificial show of enthusiasm that flooded the streets, even though this species had not heretofore been much in evidence. Engendered by the Civil War, hatched during No-Man's-Time, it had not come out into the open until the pause was ended. Still, it was not only the victims who marveled how many well-known and old familiar faces stood revealed as traitors, informers, conspirators, denouncers, vengeful pace-makers of the victor; how many openly boasted of their unexceptionable sentiments, of how they had long been in Rebel pay.

In front of the high iron prison gates there had been a large crowd which in chorus demanded the liberation of the political prisoners the Government had left behind. The prisoners had been led out in triumph even before the noon bell was rung. In their place ten times the number of new prisoners were now quartered in the recently vacated cells. The very first day there were more than a thousand, the first batch consisting of the harmless idealists as well as of a large number of marauders and stragglers who had been picked up during the advance in the vineyards, fields, farms and barns. The space was wholly insufficient. Twelve and fifteen men were herded into cells meant for three prisoners. Solitary confinement was restricted to a few of the most important prizes. There was no more distinction between political and criminal prisoners. But the crowding was soon to be reduced. Toward eleven o'clock in the evening several trucks lumbered up to the other prison court. They accommodated about ninety men.

The terror began. . . .

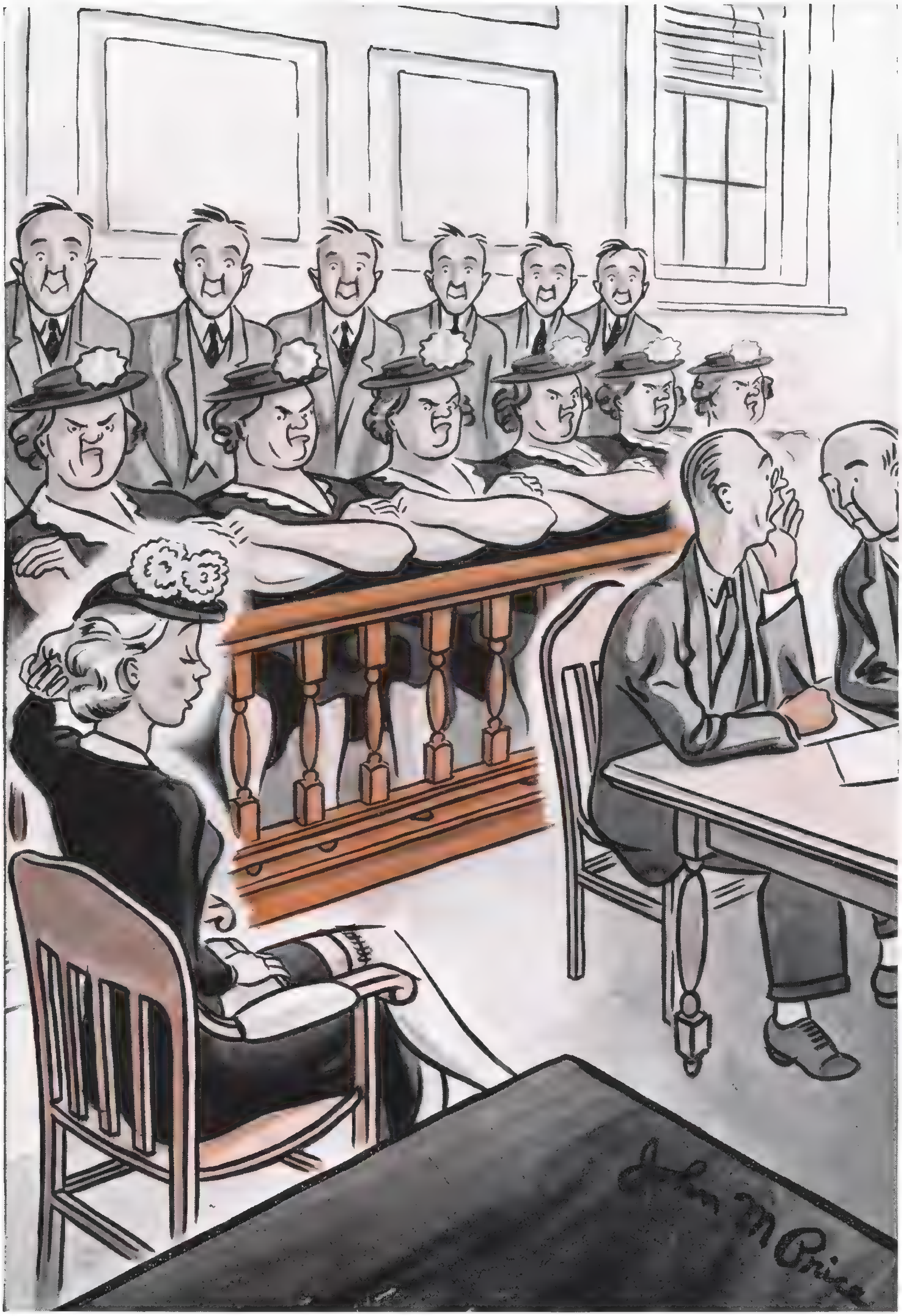
III

Among the criminal inmates of the model prison—there had been hardly two dozen

Continued on page 151

Olivia Henri

"He's a college man and he's making passes at me in Latin"


John M Price

"Somehow I have a feeling it's going to be a hung jury"

The Screen Test

She was a swell looker, and on twenty-three fifty a week, he couldn't give her much but love

by HUGH BRADLEY

• SATIRE •

“OH, FRED.” The girl's fingers were tight on his blue serge sleeve. “I just can't do it. S'pose I'm eliminated now with everybody watching. I'd just die of shame. I—maybe we—.”

Cloths slapped against shoes and the boss barber said “next” in the shop two doors away. A myriad succession of other Saturday night sounds helped separate the weeks for the 50,000 inhabitants of Utopolis, Ohio. The boy quit looking across the street at Fineman's windows.

“Shucks, Beautiful,” he said. “That's no way to act.” He watched a small, warm hand busy now with a stray lock of honey-colored hair. “It's a cinch, honest it is. All you got to do is flash them that smile.”

“Oh, Fred, do you real-lee mean it, real-lee! Me, Miss Utopolis! Think of it, a screen test in Hollywood with all expenses paid! Wouldn't it be just too wonderful! Me—I—.” The tip of the girl's tongue renewed the task of moistening her full red lips. The boy tried not to notice that she was a full two steps ahead of him when they joined the others backstage.

They sat there listening to the tinny echoes of the loudspeaker while a plump, shiny-haired, dinner-coated man bustled about, taking notes and issuing countless directions.

“OooOOh, Fred. I'm so glad you came.” Bright lacquered nails sought haven in blue serge pocket. “I'm sooOO scared. All these strange people. There's so many it's—.”

Out in front the Mayor, the Utopolis Cornet Corps and the feature starring Deborah DeLisle had received their due rewards. Now the loudspeaker was challenging shuffling feet and rustling voices with news of the main event of the evening.

“—It's terrible,” continued the girl. “Worse than the other nights. I wish I'd never even gotten into the finals.”

“Take it easy, Beautiful, take it easy,” said the boy. He looked at his watch. He wished there was something really worthwhile he could say or do. He remembered the track meet the year before he had to quit high school. This must be something like waiting for the starter's gun in the hundred-yard dash, only tougher, he thought. He remembered a motto that had hung in the shop where he had worked one summer. “Why worry,” he said. “That's the other fellow's job.”

“OoOh, Fred, if I only could believe it.” The girl sighed but her hand no longer trembled.

The loudspeaker seemed determined to go on forever repeating Hollywood, Superex Film Company, Paragon Palace Theatre, fairest of femininity and courtesy of the Utopolis *Daily Argus*. The boy looked around the dingy space crowded with the three other finalists, their friends and relatives.

He saw the redhead take another cigarette from a small beaded bag. Without looking he knew that the imitation Mae West was giggling and recrossing silk clad legs for the fiftieth time

He wondered how many weeks of his shipping clerk's wages it would have taken to buy those silver foxes for the one who chewed gum so loudly.

He looked again at the girl and his vest strained at the seams. It was just like Fineman had said after Fineman had seen her that day. “You got a right to be proud of that little lady and want only the best for her,” Fineman had said. He wondered what Fineman would have said if, instead of going in the stage door a while ago, they had crossed the street to his place. He cleared his throat.

“Some people,” said the girl, “don't care what they do just so they get what they want.”

She was eyeing the silver fox furred one who stood in the wings patting the shiny-haired man's arm. The boy cleared his throat again. He thought about the twenty-three fifty a week that never got you far even in Utopolis. He tried to imagine himself winning a football pool and meeting her at the corner with his arms loaded with things that would make her clap her hands and laugh like she did when some unexpected thing pleased her. He looked at his watch.

“Shucks,” he said. “Don't mind her. they're wise to her. She'll never get any place with this outfit.”

“No?”

The girl's tongue again was busy with red lips. The boy remembered when she had learned that trick. It had been at the photographer's last winter when they had known one another only four months. Moist lips, the photographer had said, always looked fresher and brighter than those with rouge on them. All the big picture stars were wise to it, he had said.

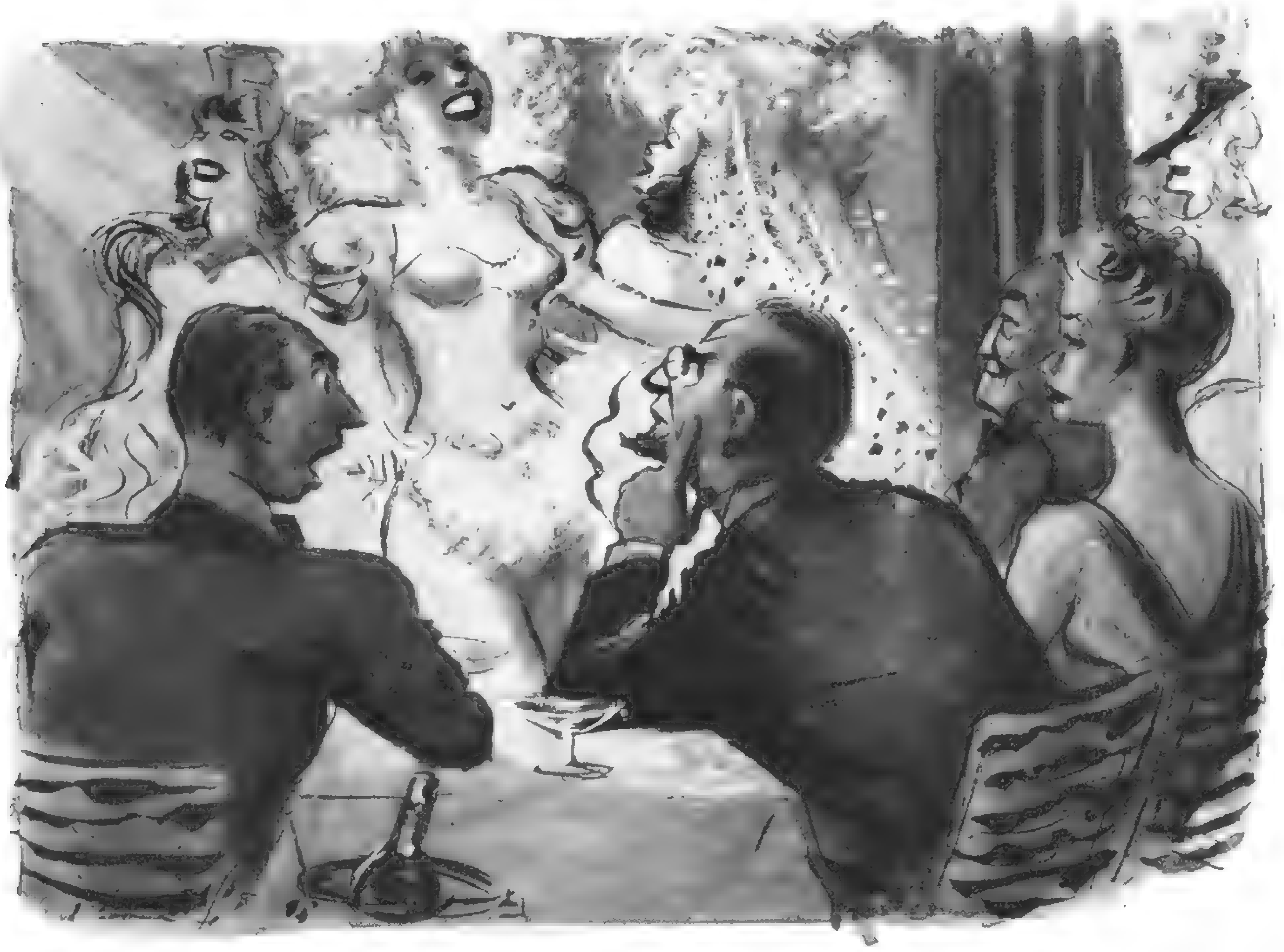
“No.”

The girl's voice was so low the boy was not sure she had spoken. He looked at her. For a moment he could have sworn that they were back in the studio hearing the photographer say that such a pretty girl ought not to waste herself upon a small town five and ten but ought to have a career. The vest tightened once more.

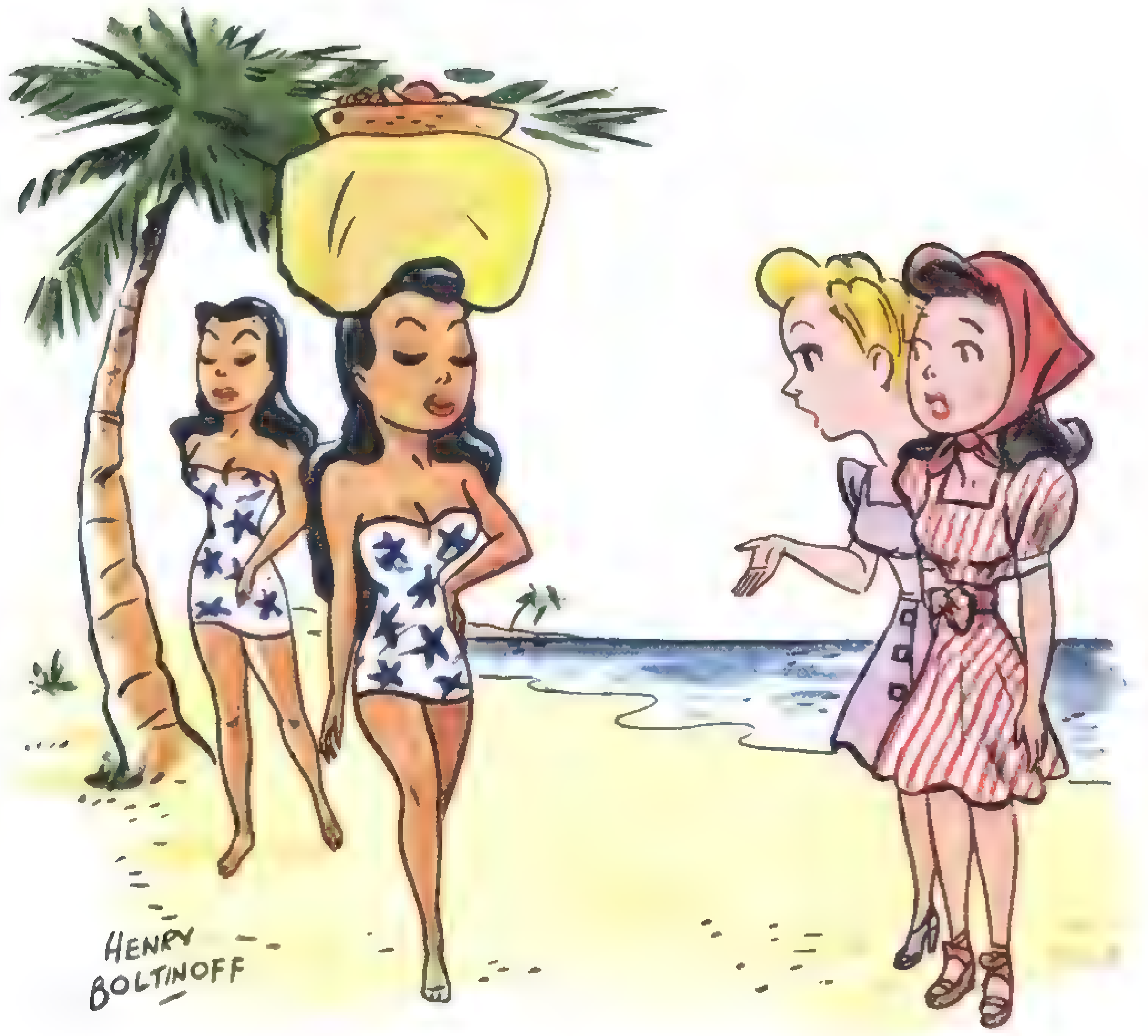
“Stay just as you are,” he whispered. “When you're like that, Beautiful, you can't miss. You've got those others lashed to the mast. You—Honest, when you're like that with your mouth barely open over those little white teeth and those big eyes kind of glowing out of a kind of mist you—.”

He felt the small warm hand slip from his grasp while the girl arose to smile brightly

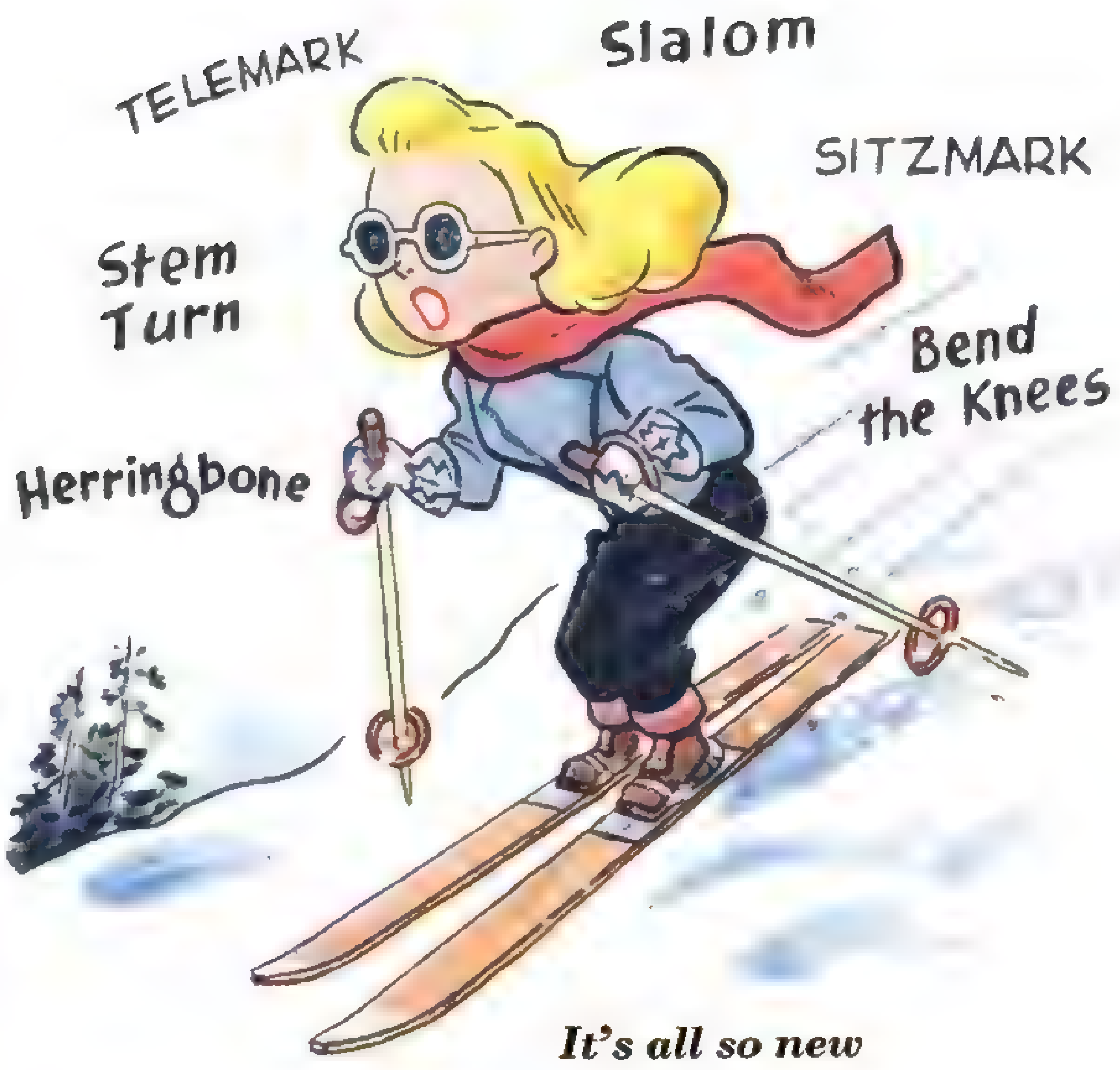
Continued in center of page 115



“But, doctor, the girls are to be admired, not diagnosed”


HENRY BOLTINOFF

Look—they're all dressed like Dorothy Lamour!

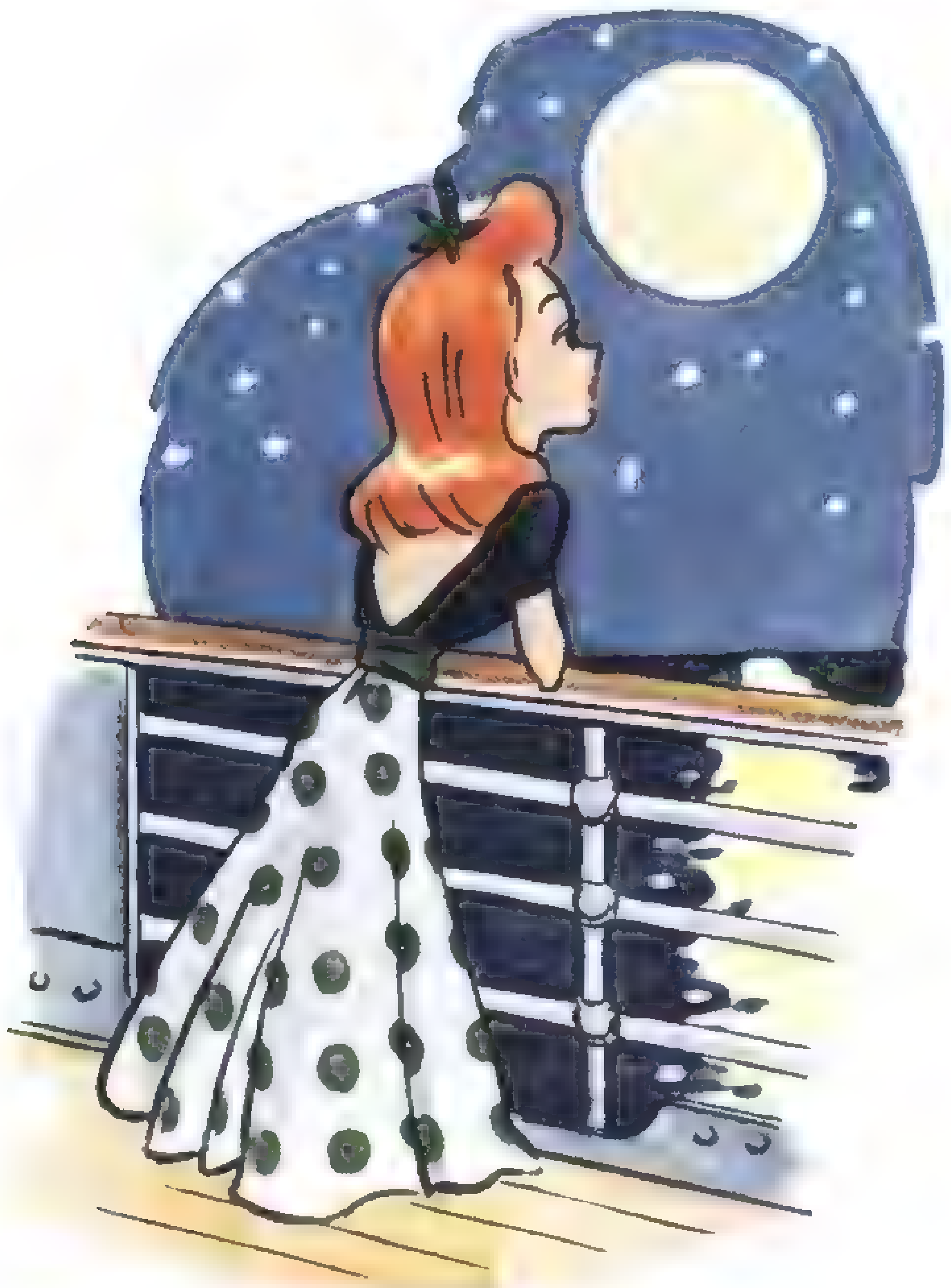

TELEMARK
Slalom
SITZMARK
Stem Turn
Bend the Knees
Herringbone

It's all so new

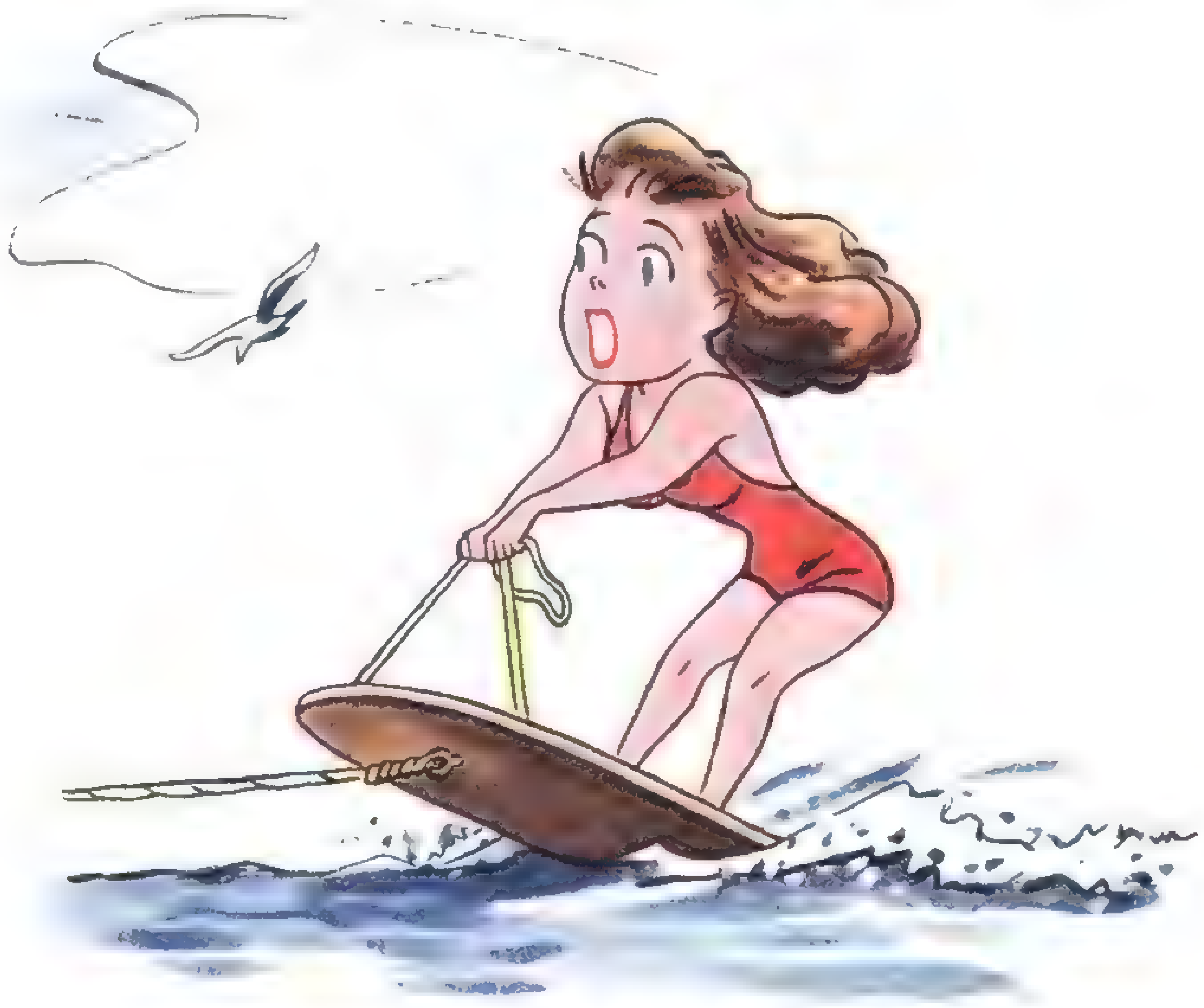
Bon Trip . . .

Herewith pictured a few gems, a few incidents that crop up in the months of January and February

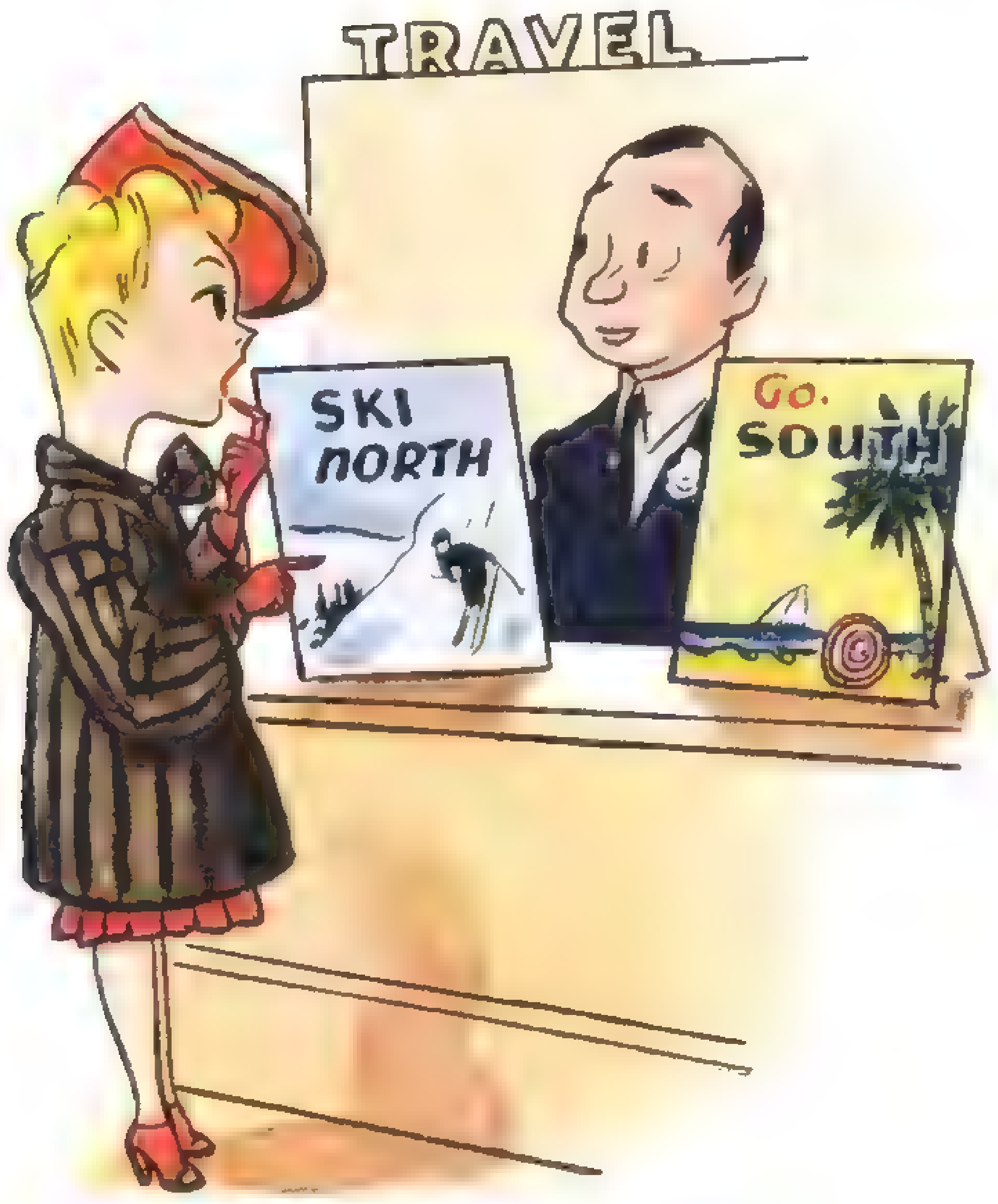
DRAWINGS *by* HENRY BOLTINOFF



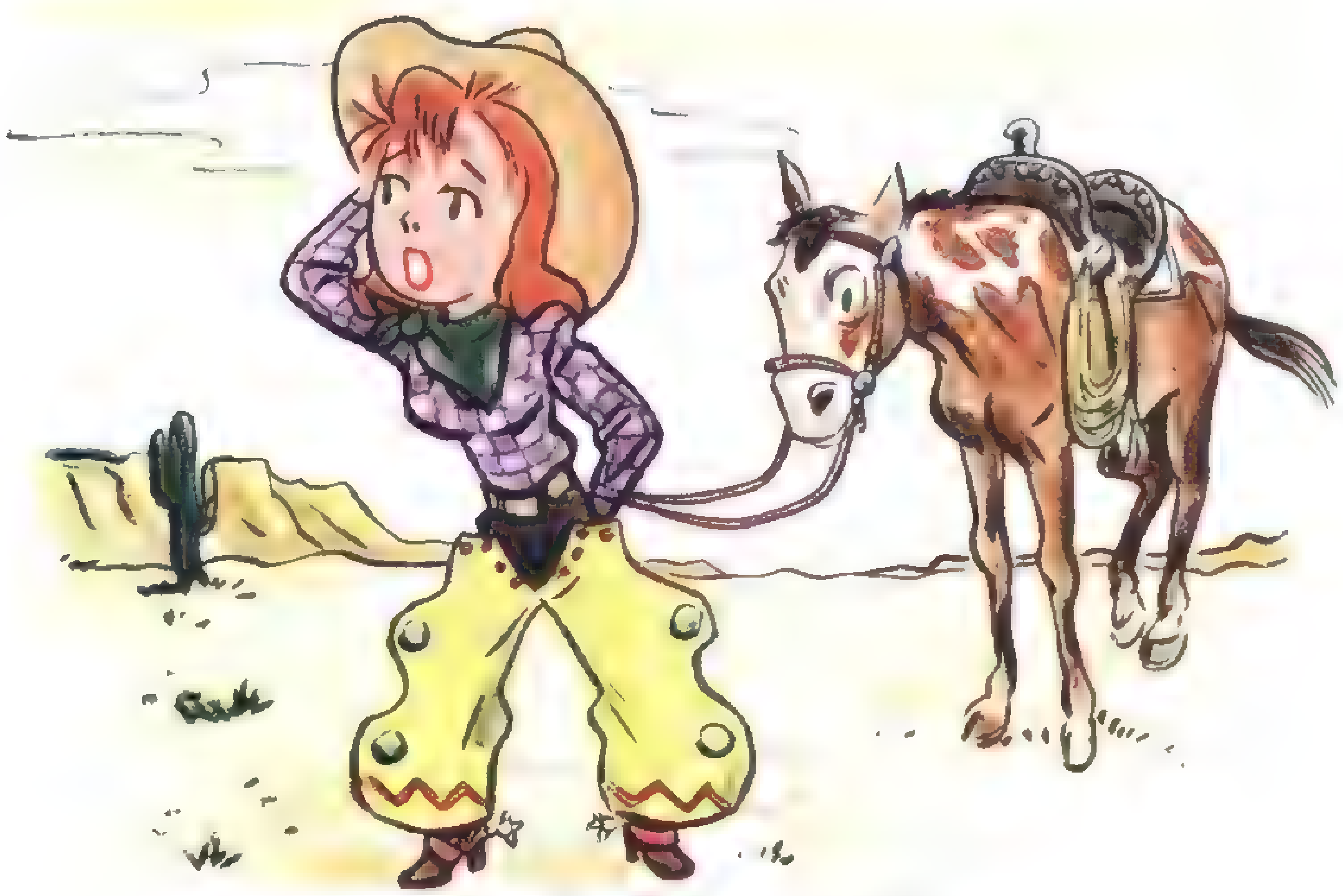
Too bad Leap Year is over



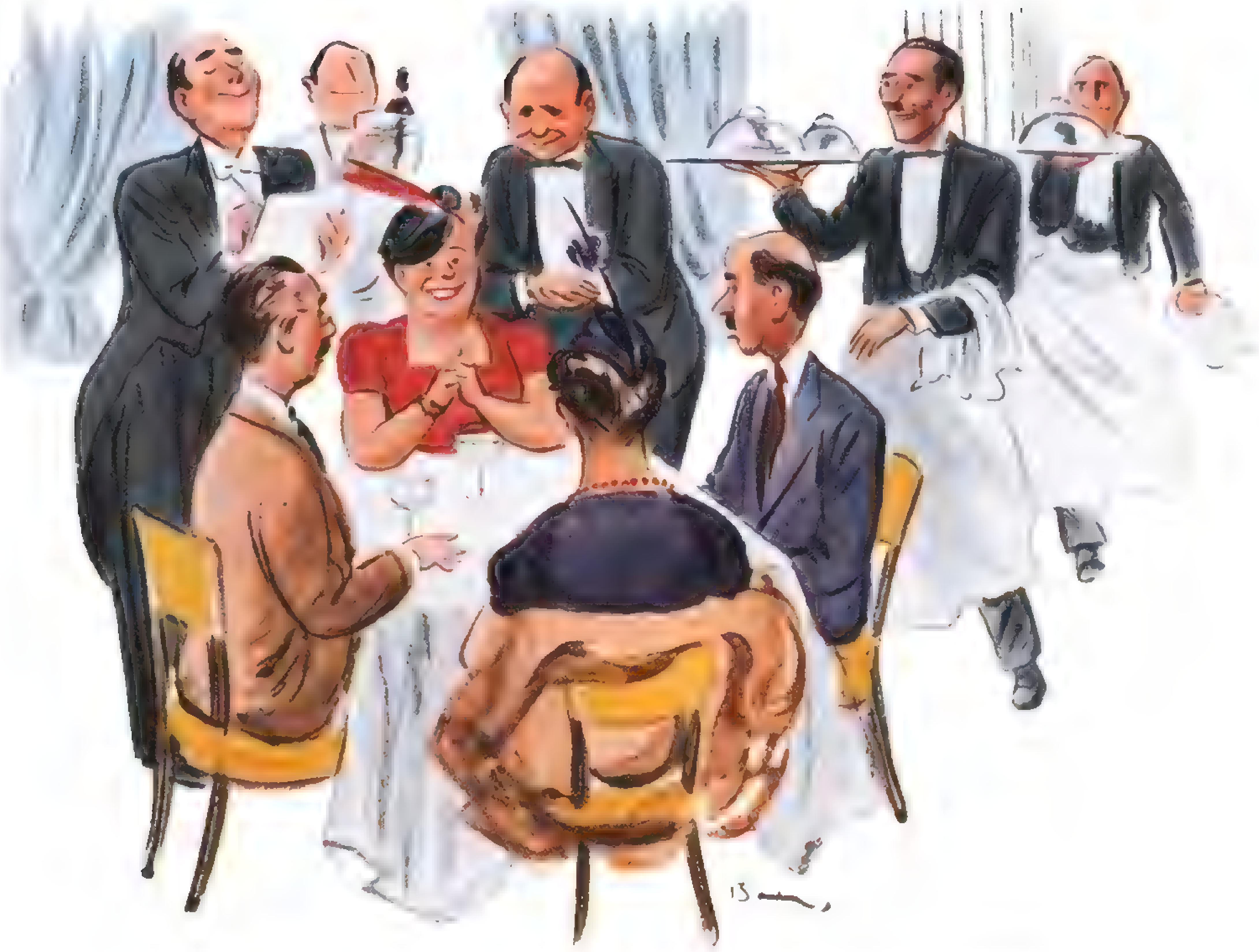
It looked so easy in the newsreels—Help!


TRAVEL
SKI NORTH
GO SOUTH

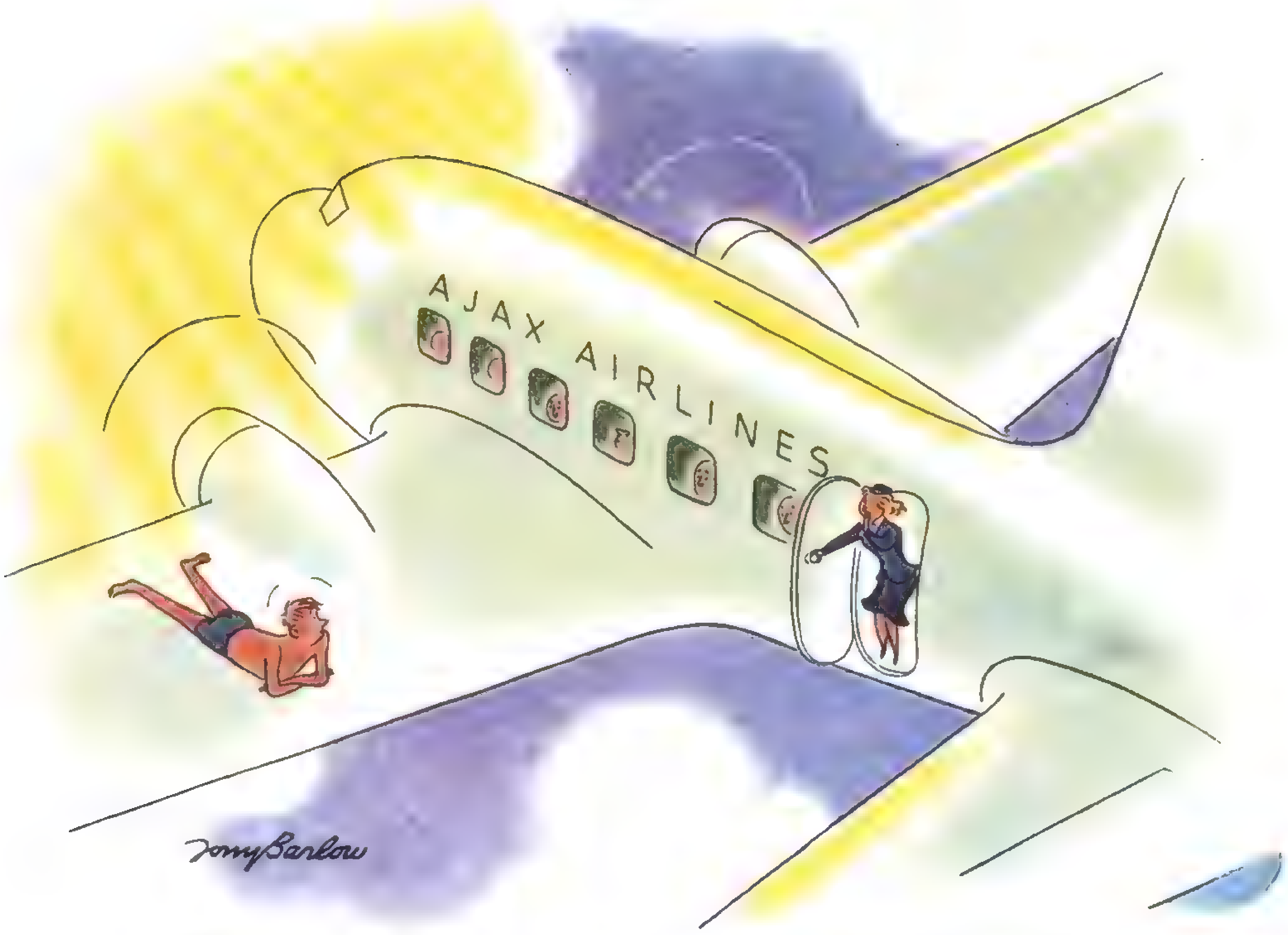
Eeny—meeny—miny—mo—



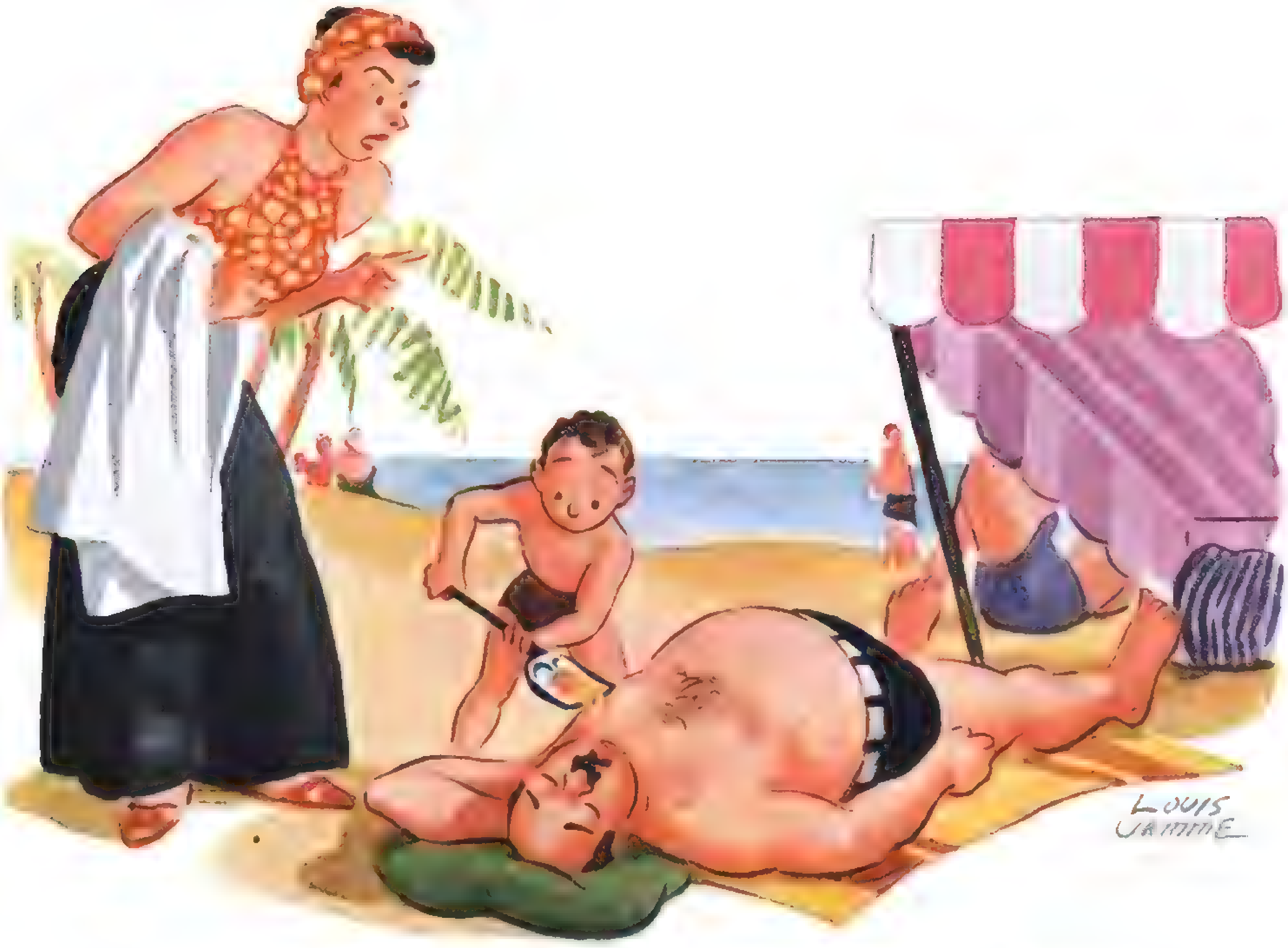
The Call of the Wild



"The food's terrible, but the service is marvelous"

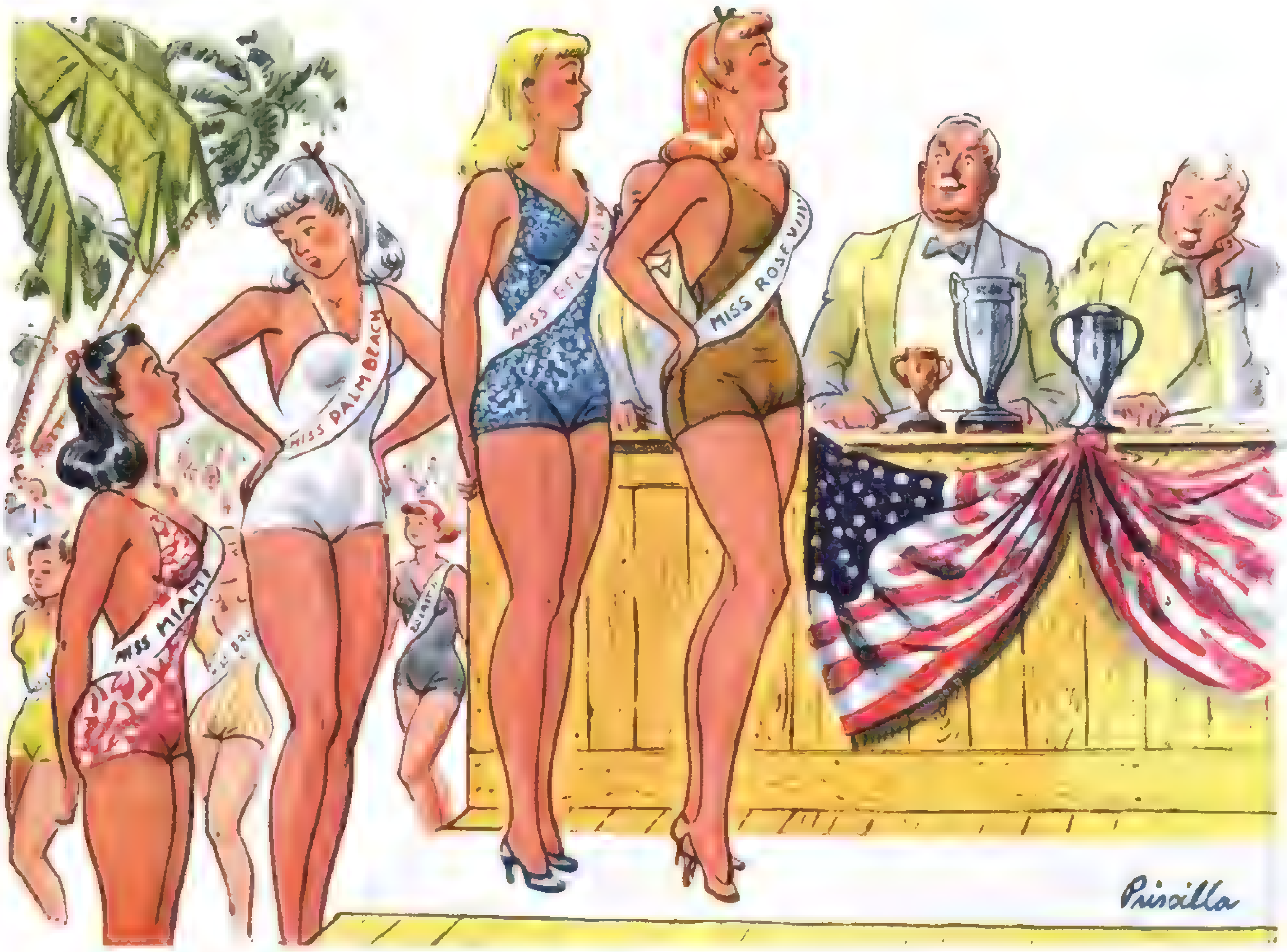

AJAX AIRLINES
Tony Barlow

"The Ajax Airlines does not encourage sun bathing, sir"



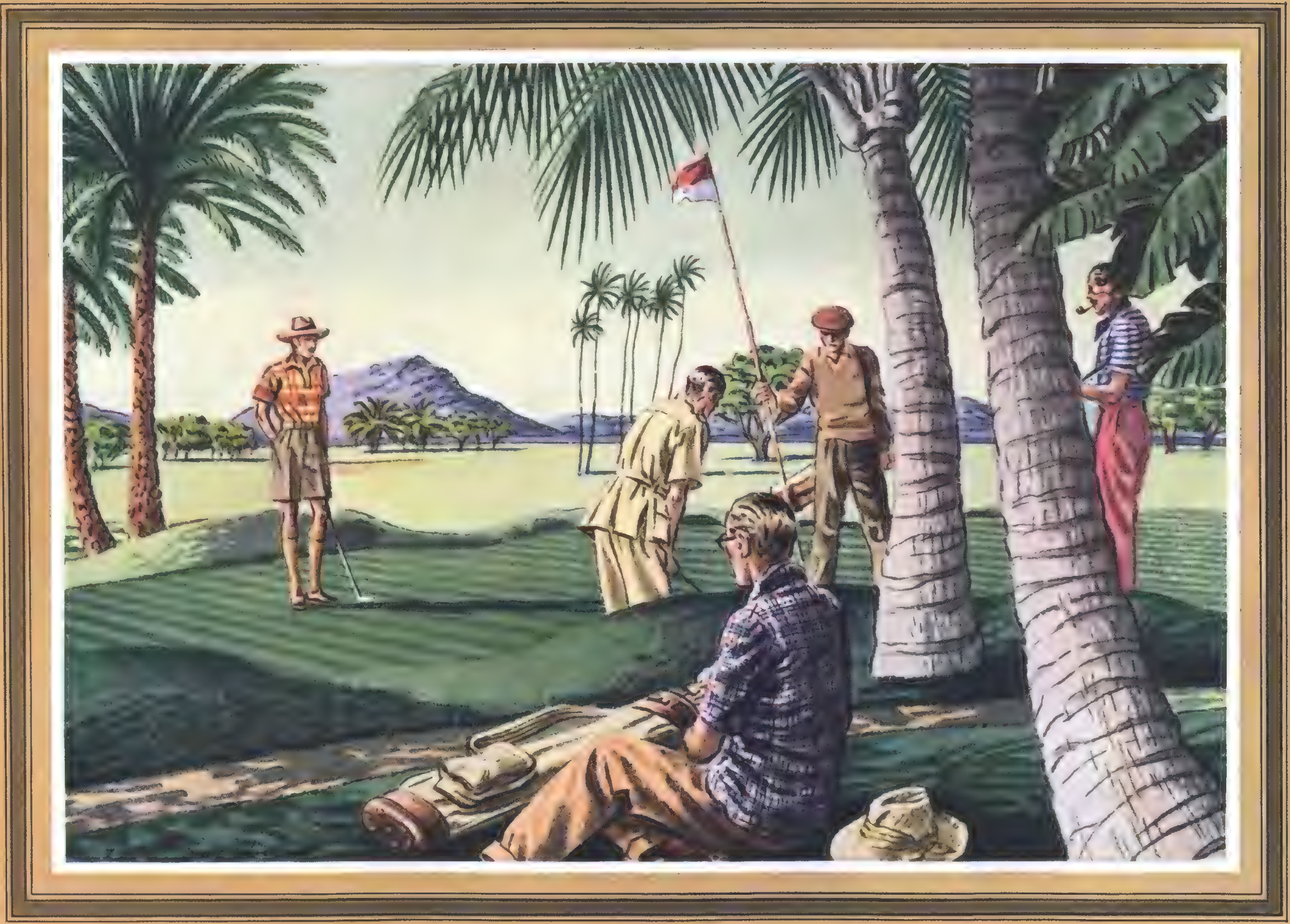
LOUIS JAMME

"Maybe the man doesn't like sand in his mouth, Wilbur!"



MISS MIAMI
MISS PALM BEACH
MISS ROSEVILL
Priscilla

"I hope this isn't one of those contests where the rules say, 'All winning entries become the property of the sponsors'"



Golfing in Hawaii... Waialai Golf Club

AS OBSERVED IN THE LAND OF POI & PINEAPPLES
BY LESLIE SAALBURG, ARTIST & TRAVELER

The Un-Promoter

For the last forty years, George P. Clements has represented the conscience of Southern California

by GEORGE WELLER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If you haven't been in California lately, you have never seen a Welcomette. You missed something. A Welcomette is a tall beach-bred goddess in the seductive age, well-educated and cute-spoken, who meets tourists at railroad stations, airports, steamship docks, in fact every place where they turn up in a raw condition. The Welcomette is the reception girl of the great playground that runs from the Yosemite to the Mexican border and from Arizona to Catalina Island. Los Angeles is her main switchboard. She draws her salary from the All Year Club of Southern California, and who is calling and what is your home town address, please?

Having admired the Welcomette, her comely curves and her hospitable manners, turn your attention to another kind of California receptionist. It is not a goddess or even a god; it is simply a man. He lives in Los Angeles, like the Welcomette, but he will not meet you at the station. He is a physician. His name is Dr. George P. Clements. There are not dozens of well-matched Clementses, like Welcomettes; there is only one. He is an elderly gentleman who looks like a prairie family doctor and has a tendency to deafness. To aid him in the latter infirmity, he wears a small acoustical machine slung across his vest. Place him beside a Welcomette, and you have a contrast that suggests at best not Venus and Adonis, but Venus and Vulcan.

This contrast is worth making because it is roughly the one to which Dr. Clements has been submitting himself for about forty of the seventy-two years of his life. The Welcomette, all soft eyes and laughing dimples, represents Southern California in her role as land of promise. Dr. Clements, whose face frequently wears an expression of rueful meditation, represents the conscience of Southern California. Nearly ten years ago, when Americans were busy at their characteristic preoccupation of worrying about Europe, he was sending out—under, of all things, the seal of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce — thunderbolts like this: "Wherever the farmer's plow, directed through ignorance, has broken the sod, nature's protection against erosion, destruction has kept step with development. In less than 300 years the whole nation's agricultural area has been seriously depleted, and in the last century this destruction has been accentuated through our total disregard of those natural resources which were our earlier safeguards."

Los Angeles is one of the three or four big cities in the United States whose Chambers of Commerce think enough about their three square meals a day to install a Department of Agriculture in their downtown office building. Neither New York's Chamber of Commerce, nor Chicago's nor San Francisco's possesses such a department, New York and Chicago because they apparently think fruits and vegetables come into the world in freight cars, and San Francisco because the bay city is, though Californian, to quote Dr. Clements, "too urban-minded."

Having in mind the feud between the two cities, let's not enflame San Franciscans by even a single comparison that favors Los Angeles. Say simply that Los Angeles is spiritually nearer the land as its northern counterpart is nearer the sea. Los Angeles is in an agricultural county. It is the only metropolis in the United States that has retained realization that its food depends on farmers. The fact that it remains as close to the reality of seed and spade as of fork and knife is largely due to Dr. Clements. Imagine any swivel chair executive in a Chamber of Commerce elsewhere giving all comers lessons in "the pocket handkerchief farm." That's what Doctor Clements has done.

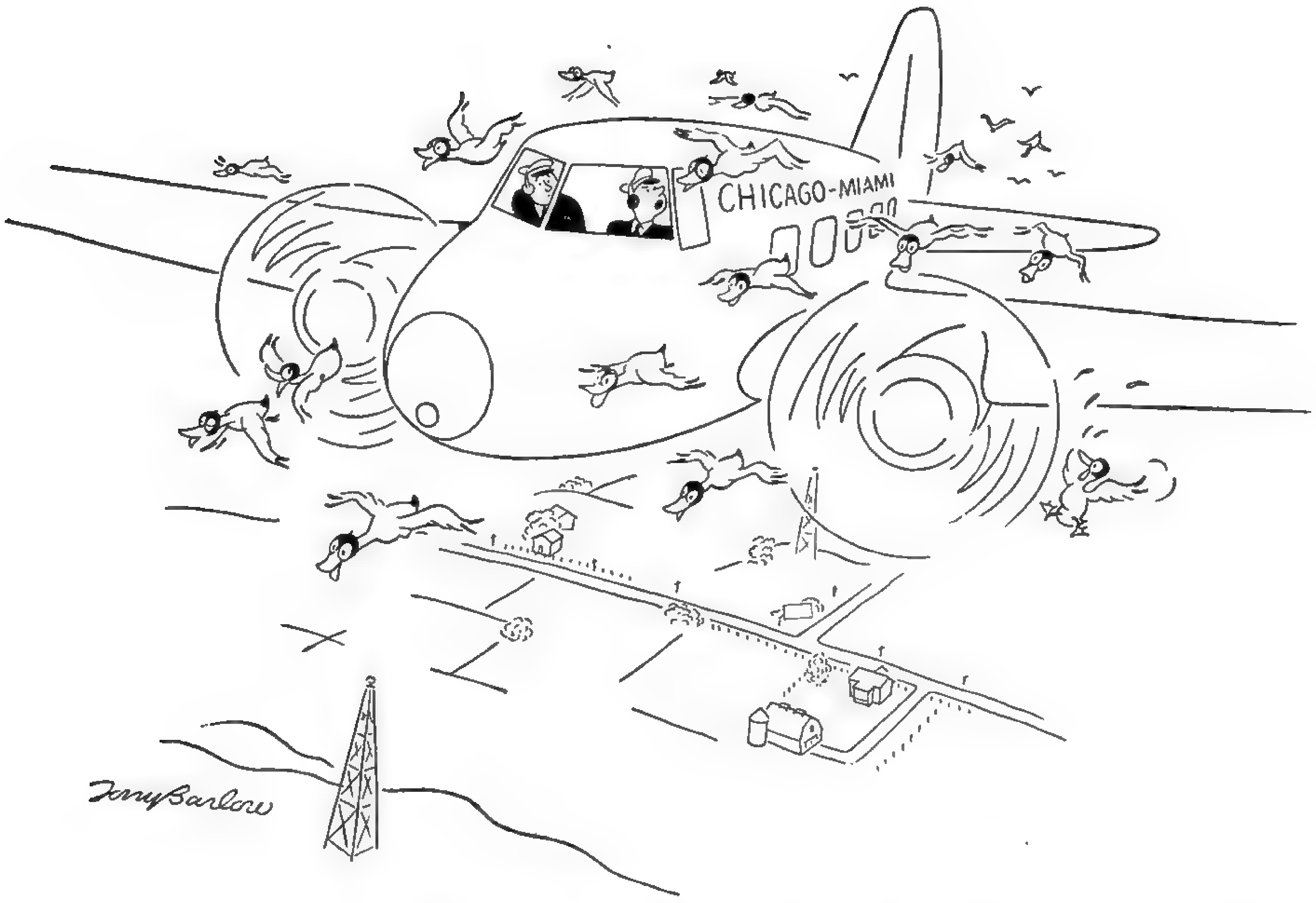
Although he has persistently forced the citizens of Los Angeles to look landward and learn, Dr. Clements has never been the best-loved citizen of Southern California. At times, particularly during the 1920's, his name would have headed a list of best-hated men west of the Mohave. He took up where the Kaiser left off. If a convention of the real estate men of Los Angeles were shown an effigy of Clements, the figure would have emerged full of pins. Why? For a simple reason. Because whenever a land-hungry tourist was sighted from afar by a Welcomette of the Mack Sennett days, or by one of the dear little old ladies from Kansas who even today stand around Los Angeles street corners selling a lot of land with a bus trip to see Hollywood mansions, Clements was the kibitzer who took the eastern rube off in a corner and told him a few acid truths about land speculation. To the realtors of Southern California this behavior was more than unsportsmanlike; it was anti-social.

Clements' story is the almost unique one of a man who bucked, fought, and finally out-argued the most powerful land promotional organization in the United States. For forty years he stood at the front door of the great main tent of Los Angeles with all around him the rasping voices of the brokers exhorting customers to lay their money on the line. "Step up and buy yourself a little fruit farm!" "Only fifty dollars down and you'll be independent for life!" "Anybody can be a farmer in Los Angeles County!" By using logic and forethought to meet this barrage the physician became known as the Carrie Nation of real estate on the Pacific.

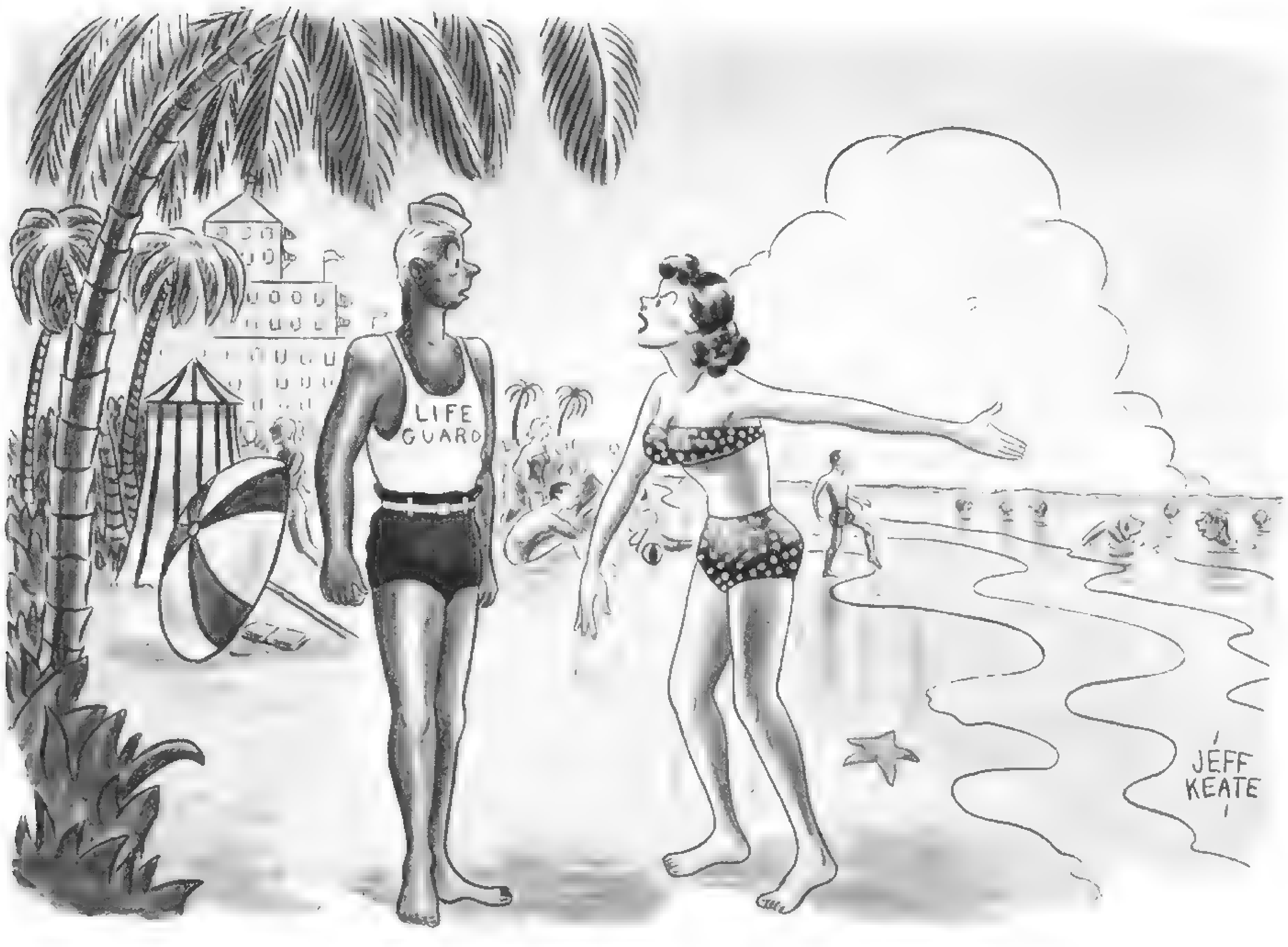
For his small office in the Chamber of Commerce, Clements tried to buttonhole as many suckers as possible, or at least shout a doubt into the ears of the seething herd as they passed him. His message was: "Don't do

Continued on page 109

"Do not step back, dear, or you will be out of focus"


CHICAGO-MIAMI
Tony Barlow

"They're on our beam again—why can't they stay where they belong?"


LIFE GUARD
JEFF KEATE

"What's the idea—didn't you hear me drowning out there a couple of minutes ago?"

Parallel: A Revolution in Skiing

Discarding Plows and Stemms, Fritzie Loosli has beginners turn Parallel Christianias on their first day out

by W. C. HEINZ

• SPORTS •

THE rumblings of a revolution may be heard again these days above the old French city of Quebec. Up in the Château Frontenac, which rises like a mediaeval fortress in protective surveillance atop the towers and the steeples of the old walled town below, a jolly little man with a twinkle in his eye is rallying around him a small army of disciples who are about to storm the accepted citadels of controlled skiing. The jolly little general is Fritzie Loosli, his war cry is "Parallel!"

This "Parallel" is brief for Parallel Skiing, the most recent and radical departure in skiing instruction to appear since the inception of the first ski school. So radical is it that those who have not seen have scoffed, but so sound is it, too, that it is destined, as its spread becomes general, to rock the foundations of every other ski school in existence.

Imagine, if you will, the effect upon the golfing world if a golf instructor, until now relatively unknown, should suddenly claim himself to be the possessor of a system of instruction whereby he could teach a normal beginner to break 100 the first day out and 90 after the first week of lessons. Imagine, too, the effect if this pro should as suddenly prove his claim.

That, you see, in analogy, is what Loosli has announced to the ski world. He has stated that he has cut the instruction period necessary to learn how to ski to one-third. He has explained that he has discarded the Snowplow and the Stemm turns as obsolete and he has announced that, consequently, he can teach a beginner to turn with a Parallel Christiania, that goal of all skiers, on the first day out.

Those were all the claims that Loosli made last winter, and as they sifted down on the wings of the winds that blew from the Dominion, they fell like manna in the midst of the American ski army. Skiers, oppressed everywhere by the supposedly indispensable but equally intricate maneuvers this man had succeeded in eliminating, clamored to know more. Other ski schools dispatched emissaries to Quebec to sound out Loosli and his sytem, and still other instructors, stunned, but bent on protecting their own prestige while unacquainted with the proof, parried meanwhile by attempting to laugh into derision this earnest little fellow who was holding out salvation to thousands of bashers, the dubs of this downhill sport.

Fritzie Loosli, however, will not be laughed off, nor will Parallel Skiing be denied. Skiers only want to know more and more. But how, they ask, does one stop without Snowplowing? And does one really learn to turn in one day? And to ski well in but two weeks?

To answer these, then, and other questions, this writer went but recently to Quebec to find Loosli, to have him tell about his system and to see him demonstrate its wonders on Beauport's snowy slopes. As last year it was still only in the experimental stage, Loosli would allow only mere intimations of it to appear in print. Now, however, he has tested it to his satisfaction and found it true and he has consented that this be the first comprehensive explanation of it to be offered at large.

Arriving at the Château in the evening, the writer found Loosli with a group enjoying the log fire in the circular Ski Hawk Room.

He is a happy looking little man, about five feet four, with pale blue eyes, a high forehead, a barrel chest and the semblance of a bow in his legs. Picking up his beaker of porter and carrying it over to a table at one side he sat down to talk with the visitor and to try to tell him about Parallel.

"I call my system Parallel Skiing," he began as the light from the fire played on his tanned countenance, "because the pupil is taught to keep his skis parallel all the time. I therefore compare skiing to riding a bicycle, because most important of all is the sense of balance."

"Now," he went on, "you can never learn to ride a two-wheel bicycle by riding a three-wheel tricycle, so I start people out on two wheels, so to speak. Because I have succeeded in teaching them that way, I contend that all the tricycles in the world have become outmoded and that they are a waste of time and money. You see?"

With such an apt analogy so well expressed, how could one help but see? Here was not only a ski instructor but a psychologist as well.

"All good skiers ski parallel," he continued, "and my system is the most direct approach to this goal. It is based upon the contention that for the type of skier and the type of terrain found on this side of the ocean, the other methods of instruction, which can best be classified under the head of Snowplow systems, have proved impractical. Their maneuvers are too numerous and complicated and instruction for the mass of skiers consequently is too slow.

"You must understand that the Snowplow was meant to be only a preliminary exercise and leg conditioner, nothing more. Once the skier has been taught the Snowplow, however, he then knows a position which will come to his rescue every time he feels out of balance and he constantly reverts to it. It is exceedingly difficult, then, to break him of this habit and consequently he does not acquire the sense of stability necessary for good skiing. As a result of this, many skiers never get beyond the Snowplow stage. So I have eliminated the Snowplow. As I say, I

Continued on page 114

INSTRUC
Louie Jammé

"How many more lessons before this is fun?"

Winter Sports and the Forest Service

Skiing in national forests and parks is kept simple, with everyone taking part, not just watching a few experts

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• ARTICLE •

EARLY skiers were tough skiers. They roughed it. Packs on their backs, they used logging roads for downhill runs and camped out for the night wherever they happened to be. They could take care of themselves. And did.

Gradually skiing was sold to that part of the American public which participates in sports. The tremendous publicity for this new athletic pastime outdoors slowly had an effect. Today the world and his aunt are on skis. But Auntie works in a city office all week, she paints her fingernails and isn't used to roughing it. She can't be allowed to freeze, to go hungry, or break her pretty neck. So accommodations must be provided, trails built, and slippery roads cleared and sanded in order that Auntie's car can make a skiing center with some degree of safety. All this is an administrative problem of the first magnitude. Who was to do it?

In the East it was largely done with private capital. Summer resort owners were only too pleased to keep their inns open in winter to shelter hordes of winter sports enthusiasts. A thousand skiing resorts, large and small, sprang up or were developed throughout eastern Canada and the northern section of the New England states. But the great skiing areas of the nation are not in the East but the West. There distances are enormous and facilities for skiers few and far between. Mostly these areas lie in the states of Colorado, Washington, Oregon, California and Utah. Who was to supervise and help in the growth of winter sports in these vast regions?

Fortunately an agency of the public was ready. The chief skiing centers in the West are located on the public domain, in the national forests of the five states mentioned. Now these are all supervised by the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Under their care the finest skiing centers on earth have been developed in the western part of the United States. According to Otto Steiner, German ski expert now in this country, California alone has fifty per cent more good ski mountaineering country than the Austrian, Bavarian and Swiss Alps combined!

Luckily winter sports are an old story to officers of the Forest Service. For years they had used skis and snowshoes for timber cruising and snow surveys. Accordingly when the onrush of visitors started to invade our national parks and forests, they were not entirely unprepared. Their life and work outdoors had trained them to meet just such a situation. And the philosophy under which these areas have grown has been to promote the good of the many, not the fun of the few.

"To keep things simple, and as safe as possible; to give people a chance to slide, leap and exercise themselves, rather than to stamp, hover around fires and watch experts do so." That's their policy. Thus, in recent years they have paid little attention to ski jumping and races and tournaments of various kinds. These, they believe, interest too few people and cost too much money. No hippodroming, no athletic exhibitionism enters into their program.

Some private skiing resorts have managed to surround skiing with an atmosphere of snob appeal and a touch of the phony, best illustrated by photographs of a girl in a pair of pants and a brassiere skiing on a snow-covered hillside. The Forest Service never allowed its policy to be confused by an attitude of this kind, because the forests belong to the people, and are operated for them by the government. It so happens that many of the growing centers for winter sports are located on the mountains in or near our national forests. The best places for skiing are in these high mountain areas of the West where snow comes earliest, stays latest, and the slopes are unencumbered. Helped by the WPA, the CCC, the NYA and other federal agencies, the Forest Service has slowly built up these regions, making a chain of winter resorts and sports grounds that are a paradise for skiers not to be surpassed anywhere in the world.

As, for instance, in that ski-mad state, Colorado. Last year approximately 150,000 skiers visited the national forests in search of winter sports in that state alone. One of the most popular centers is the great 6,400 acre recreation area from West Portal in Grand County to the Berthoud Pass, a region where you can ski from your car, in many places at a height of over 11,000 feet. Here are ski trails, good snow, and comfortable lodges which have been built with government aid. It is the policy of the Forest Service to permit local ski clubs, Chambers of Commerce in the vicinity, or even private operators to install simple tow rigs in the national forests. The only conditions are that they must be built in places where they can do no damage to terrain or trees, and where they can if necessary be removed in summer.

Perhaps the most exciting skiing in the Rockies is in the Holy Cross National Forest in the center of the state. Here are a million acres of fine skiing country, consistently good powder snow, and many crisp days of clear sunshine for the visitor. Good skiers will try Roch Run, a thrilling twisting trail starting 10,000 feet up and leading through pines and evergreens to the village of Aspen several

thousand feet below. In this region the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad runs up to Aspen (population 1,000). Six miles back in the forest is the Highland Bavarian Lodge, remembered by all skiers in Colorado for its solitude as well as its fine food. A few miles still farther back is Ashcroft, one of those ghost mining towns of another era. Plans are under way here to build a well-equipped ski town, with a three and a half mile aerial tramway to the top of Mt. Hayden.

Utah has done much the same thing at Alta, less than thirty miles from Salt Lake City. This old-time mining village with a population of 5,000 gave 1,800 acres of land surrounding the old Alta camp to the government for recreational purposes in winter and summer. Co-operative efforts of various authorities have been a big factor in the development of skiing in the region, for a Winter Sports Committee in Salt Lake City has coordinated the work of the Forest Service, the CCC, WPA, state, county and local activity clubs. All of them are working toward the same end: to make mountain territory a better place for winter sports. Here is what they have accomplished.

At elevations of from 8,000 to 11,000 feet in the heart of the Wasatch Mountains, large skiing centers have sprung up. They have been connected with the city by a broad highway up Little Cottonwood Canyon to the town of Alta itself. This former mining village has received a shot in the arm with the advent of skiers on winter weekends. A lodge has been built by the Forest Service and a 2,700-foot chair lift with a rise of 700 feet has been constructed with local money by Salt Lake skiers. The snow averages 11 feet in the mountains around Alta, and as the road is cleared all winter the skiers of Salt Lake City have first class skiing at the end of a forty minute drive.

Just a few miles beyond Alta is Brighton at the head of the Big Cottonwood Canyon. Formerly a summer resort, it has become a year-round recreation center. There was a time before the Forest Service started helping skiing in the vicinity when only daring skiers with bedding and food packs strapped to their backs took a chance in winter on the six-mile trek over mountains of 10,000 to 12,000 feet to Brighton. With new roads that has all been changed. The Wasatch Mountains are now filled with skiers all winter long.

Skiing shelters in the skiing regions of the west are sometimes extremely primitive; often mere lean-to's or windbreaks. On the other hand there are some luxurious hotels, built by the Forest Service, run for the use of the public, and incidentally showing a profit on the investment and turning money back to Uncle Sam. Probably one of the finest layouts owned by the Forest Service for the skiers of the nation is on the slopes of Mount Hood, sixty-three miles from Portland, Oregon. Until 1926 the Mt. Hood Highway was seldom open during winter. Nowadays as soon as fall rolls round, forest guards set out border markers, stakes about twenty to twenty-five feet high to mark the twisting roadside as it winds up the mountain. These stakes will later on show snow plows and tractors where the road lies, although occasionally in a heavy fall even the markers are buried in snow. But by this means the Mount Hood Highway is kept open the year round to the delight of myriads of winter sports enthusiasts in the Northwest.

Today buses travel daily in the heaviest weather from Portland up the mountain, driving the final miles between solid walls of snow. At 6,000 feet they come upon Timberline Lodge, often completely buried during the winter blizzards. This structure, designed by U. S. Forest Service engineers and built as a WPA project under their direction, is now operated under permit by a private company from Portland. It's a four-story building with a ski lounge and three big fireplaces in the center, a coffee shop, ski stores, waxing rooms and dormitories. There's a mile long chair-lift running up 1,000 feet above the Lodge, with untimbered slopes that give runs two and a half miles in length, as well as trails blazed by the Forest Service for visiting skiers. Prices are not exorbitant, and you can even get a two-day, all-expense tour from Portland for as little as ten bucks per person.

More people ski in California than most states of the Union, and it's easy to understand why. With several million acres of national forests, half a dozen national parks, and the Sierra Nevada range extending almost the whole length of the state from north to south, skiing is accessible everywhere to everyone. From Mount Lassen to the San Bernardino Mountains below Los Angeles, there are regions with deep snow for a season four or five months long. The athletic-minded natives have not been slow to make use of this.

Among the ski resorts in California are those at Lake Tahoe in the north; Norden, near Donner Pass, only 350 miles from San Francisco; and the magnificent ski fields of the Yosemite, farther south. Still more to the south, in a climate like that of the Maritime Alps, you can ski just fifty miles from L.A. on Mount San Antonio, getting views of the Pacific from snowfields at 10,000 feet. There are ski tows, instructors and first-class accommodations all over the state. Except for the fashionable resorts in the south, skiing in California can be had at reasonable prices, too.

One of the basic principles of the Forest Service in the development of winter sports throughout the country has been the importance of having people take part. "Preference will be given to recreational developments which emphasize opportunities for participant rather than spectator enjoyment of forest recreation activities." It also acts upon the principle that "Attention will be given to facilities for the use of those in the lower income groups." With limited federal funds at their disposal, they are obligated to develop those regions where the greatest number of visitors can be taken care of for a given unit of expenditure.

There are National Forests in the East: the Green Mountain Forest in Vermont, and the White Mountain Forest in New Hampshire. But the mountain slopes of the West, with naturally open country, furnish more suitable ski terrain. Downhill runs and artificial improvements are less necessary than on the forest-covered slopes of New England. Money spent throughout the high mountains of the West can take care of more visitors per unit of expenditure, although both the above named eastern forests are opened for winter sports of all kinds.

The Forest Service has a hundred duties for their 165 national forests and no two of them present the same problems. The 5,000 men of the Service, of whom 4,600 work in the field, are first of all administrators of a vast public domain of some 175,000,000 acres. They are active foresters and conservationists of river, soil and wildlife. They are engineers and surveyors. They are rangers, protecting the woods which belong to the people and are the people's playground, from fire and destruction. Strange to say they are executives, for there is a lot of office work connected with their job; papers to write and reports to make. Then today, in winter as well as in summer, they are indirectly in the recreational business.

"Recreation in the national forests," they say, "is no mere adjunct to timber, water and soil conservation; it is in itself designed to preserve and strengthen the American spirit." ⫵

Paradise for a Dollar a Day

Mexican homes are yours for the leasing, and the water in the swimming pool's fine

by MARTIN TORRENCE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

If you enjoy an assured income of $800 a year, $66.67 a month, the world is yours, though you may not realize it. I am putting the figure high, to be on the safe side. Fifty dollars a month, even forty, will make it.

For $800 a year my wife and I are living luxuriously in a big house in a big garden on a big hill overlooking the town of Cuernavaca, Mexico—the oldest vacation resort on the American continents. We have four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a living room, a wide porch with a view of mountains, valley, and town so beautiful that we can't get used to it, a kitchen with a tiled charcoal stove, four rooms for servants downstairs (we use them for storerooms and pet sanctuaries), a two-car garage, a gardener with his own love-cottage by the gate. We haven't had to supply so much as a spoon—it was completely furnished.

Our garden is a long grassy slope with a thatch-roofed *mirador* (literally, "lookout") at the top, where we read, smoke, talk, or do a little mild work. From it we look down to our small blue swimming pool, twenty-eight by fifteen feet. Beyond the pool is a ravine which separates us from the town, and between pool and ravine grow banana trees, lime trees, papaya trees, bamboo, and a welter of flowers. A gurgling brook runs down the slope, cluttered with calla lilies. Roses as big as cabbages grow on bushes all over the place.

For years I toiled away at uninspiring chores in such unlovely habitations of man as Chicago, Detroit, Lansing, Philadelphia, and Boston. I was doing well, sometimes earning as much as $200 a week. But we managed to save very little. We had to keep our end up. The rent of an attractive but crowded system of cells in an apartment hotel in one of the less frowsy suburbs cost us $125 a month—almost twice the total monthly cost of living in our $800-a-year paradise. We worked so hard to make money to save against a day when we could retire and do what we pleased, that we got insomnia, querulousness, and jitters. Our rundown systems also went in for an ever-recurring crop of colds, sinus trouble, and headaches.

One day I came back from a business trip to Mexico a new man. It was rather late in the day for me to become a New Man, but still I made it. Quite by accident I had met a German down there who was managing estates, and he told me things that added up to our Emancipation Proclamation.

That night my wife and I again sat up late, and we had insomnia afterwards. But we transacted important business. With the bankbook at one elbow and the $2.98 strongbox at the other, we made an audit. We discovered that we were saving a few hundred dollars a year—but too few, considering the terrific pace. The money came in easily, but how it went! We discovered that by working half as hard in a cheap-money country we could save just as much. But what we saved wasn't the important thing. What was important was our realization that we needn't longer put off the day of our beginning to "live."

We checked and re-checked the figures, hardly daring to admit that this could be true. We found we had enough to live on for two years even if we didn't earn a cent during that time. To live decently in our 14th-story cave we had to earn $5,000 a year. We could live better in Mexico on one-fifth of that.

We packed and hit for the border. We looked up the German estate manager. He found us the Quinta Gertrudis on the Calle de los Sabinos, on a three-months' lease. We lived the life of Señor Reilly there, and when the lease expired we traveled around the country, coming back to another beautiful place a few hundred yards further along the same hill. During that second period we met at the sports club a young married pair with whom we hit it off well. They moved in, sharing expenses.

Here is the outgo for an average month:

Rent	$17.00
Food	30.00
Cook (high)	7.50
Laundry	2.00
Electricity	.75
	57.25, or $687 a year

Add to these basic expenses three dollars a month for cigars, cigarettes, and pipe tobacco (two heavy smokers, two light), and seven dollars a month for sports and drinks (we are inveterate tennis players and we like to drink a daily Cuba Libre at the courts), and the total becomes $67.25 for the month, $807 for the year. You can go whatever limit you have for newspapers, books, and magazines, and trips to Mexico City with its theaters, concerts, and night clubs.

Such furnished houses are obtainable in many parts of Mexico, in locations like ours where the weather is ideal the year round. Our *quinta* happens to be in one of the most expensive towns—for Cuernavaca is the vacation and week-end resort of the Big City's upper middle class. In other parts of Mexico, in Guadalajara for instance, Mexico's second largest city—clean, tiled, Spanish colonial—expenses are almost halved.

Even if this discovery of ours were unique, and even if it were limited to Mexico, it would still be of some importance to many people who have not imagined that the Good Life could be lived so cheaply right next door. But it isn't unique. There are in Mexico dozens, and perhaps hundreds, of Americans and other nationals who have discovered it for themselves. And far from being limited to Mexico, its possibilities are—the war apart—practically world-wide.

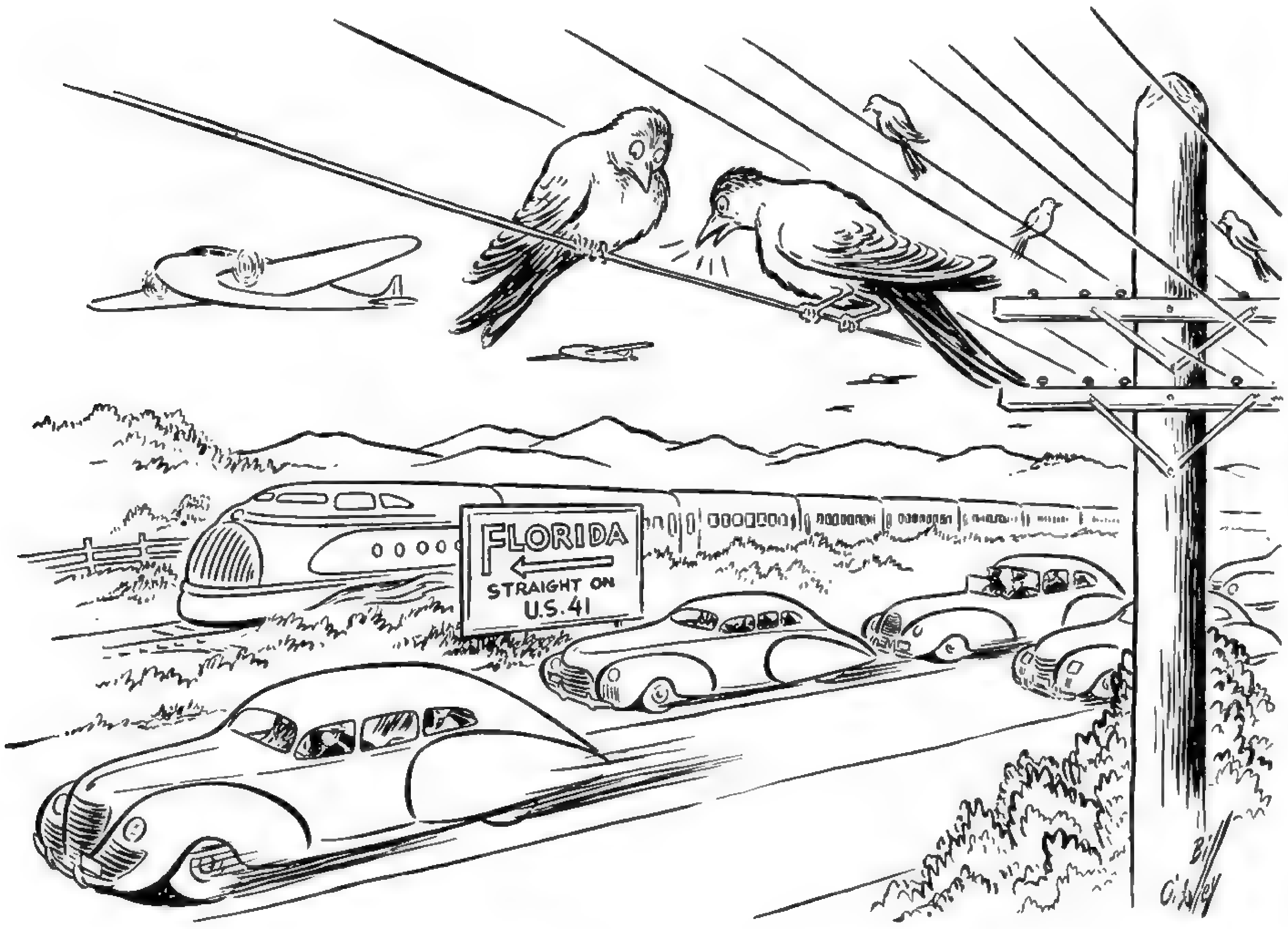
Since coming to Mexico we have begun to collect data on those other countries.

Loafing in the tropical seaside town of

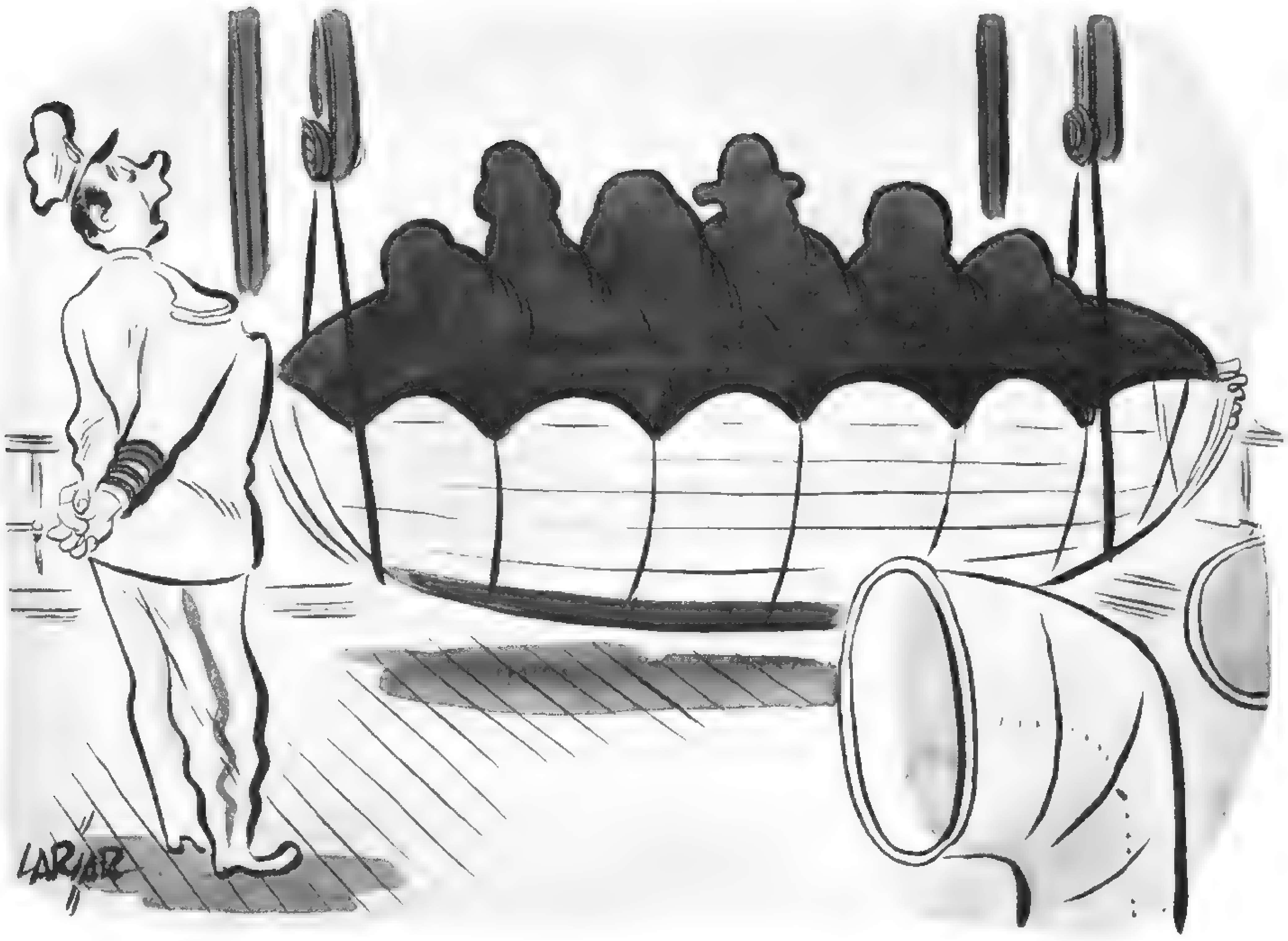
Continued in center of page 142

JOIN THE NAVY
AND WORK LIKE HELL
Louis Jammé

"We've decided to just be frank about it"


FLORIDA
STRAIGHT ON
U.S.41

"Winter must be coming—have you noticed how the people are flocking south these days?"



"All ashore that's going ashore!"

Faster Than the Wind

Given a good freeze and a thirty-mile-an-hour blow, modern skeeters can skim along at a mile a minute

by THOMAS V. HANEY

• SPORTS •

"THANK Heavens nobody was killed!" Coming from a petite, fur-wrapped bunch of blondness who had just seen her first iceboat regatta, the words drew hearty laughs from some of the veteran skippers gathered on the clubhouse porch. But a young admirer came to the rescue of our little lady with "Honey, maybe you have something there."

It had been a rather uneventful afternoon—such as ice-boating afternoons go. Only three bad spills during the program of eight races and only one pilot and his sail-tender had to be fished from the icy waters. Of course these "minor incidents" might prove frightening to a neophyte in this sport of chills, but to the experienced Winter yachtsmen they are just a small part of the day's fun.

Iceboat racing is packed with excitement, for spectator and competitor alike, and occasional spills are to be expected. The first time out in one of these winged creations might not convince you of the thrills the sport holds, in which case try a few more runs and learn the truth about the game.

Goggled against an ugly wind that keeps slapping your face and biting at ten fingers already numb, you huddle in a narrow cockpit, legs braced against a small cross-board for support. The taut canvas high above and the sharp runners below keep singing a weird song of danger ahead, but still you rocket along inevitably onward. Waiting, waiting. Chin pops up from deep in a great muffler, but is pulled right down again for "Here she comes!" With an angry roar, a cutting blow from out the Northeast crashes into your rigging and carries you up, UP, UP, then your boat heels over, one runner high off the ice. The tiller quivers and wriggles like something alive in your hand, but somehow you manage to hold on and the craft races along over the glassy surface—but on only one blade now.

After a tussle lasting a minute or two (it often seems like an hour) you slap her back down again and go skimming over a mirror at fifty miles an hour or better, the blurred surface flying by only inches beneath you.

That's really iceboat racing, an ancient sport replete with thrills, spills and chills. A sport for red-blooded sailors who like their weather stinging cold and their drinks piping hot. For its origin one must go back more than a century to the Netherlands, where crude craft first were built by the Dutch as a means of winter travel on the many frozen canals of the country. Soon after its start in Holland, iceboating caught the fancy of the hardy ones of Norway and Sweden and quickly gained in popularity. To this day these countries maintain rank as leaders in this winter racing game, the Stockholm Ice Yacht Club possessing the largest active fleet in the world.

Those virile Americans who made their homes along the cold banks of the North Shrewsbury River in New Jersey were the first ice sailors in the United States. The craft they tried were quite rough, merely long runners affixed to a box on which was mounted a mast and sail. And when these contraptions actually moved no one was more surprised than the builders themselves. But how they moved! It soon became a competition among owners to see who could create the fastest boat and it was not long before week-end contests became a popular pastime on the Shrewsbury.

Along about 1855, a Jerseyite with a penchant for boat building decided to try a three-cornered craft, with a runner on each of the forward corners and another for a rudder at the rear apex of the triangle, and this style remained practically standard until a comparatively few years ago. This type often was referred to as a banjo boat for, with its long center piece and cross-bar up front for runners and a small oval seat perched in the stern, it did resemble the musical instrument in appearance.

With the improved craft, greater speed was attained and other sections of the East began to hear vague rumors of great winter sport on frozen lakes and rivers of New Jersey. However the sport received no real encouragement elsewhere in these United States until one blustery January night in the early 1860's, when a little band of citizens gathered up Poughkeepsie way.

The wind was raging down along the shores of the Hudson, but a dimly-lighted cellar room in John Vassar's old brewery threw out an inviting warmth. Now any sensible person might suspect that on a night such as this any group of John's cronies would have been content to draw up close to the crackling logs, puff away on their jolly old pipes and perhaps discuss ways and means of concocting bigger and better Tom and Jerrys. But not those birds.

John's ale was reputedly good and the great fireplace cast a cozy glow, factors which must have influenced these lads (all young and said to be in complete control of their faculties) no little. Whatever the cause, they must have been oblivious to the howling storm and its cold, for, as the story goes, they talked only of what fun they might have outdoors; how they might take advantage of the "fine weather" they were enjoying.

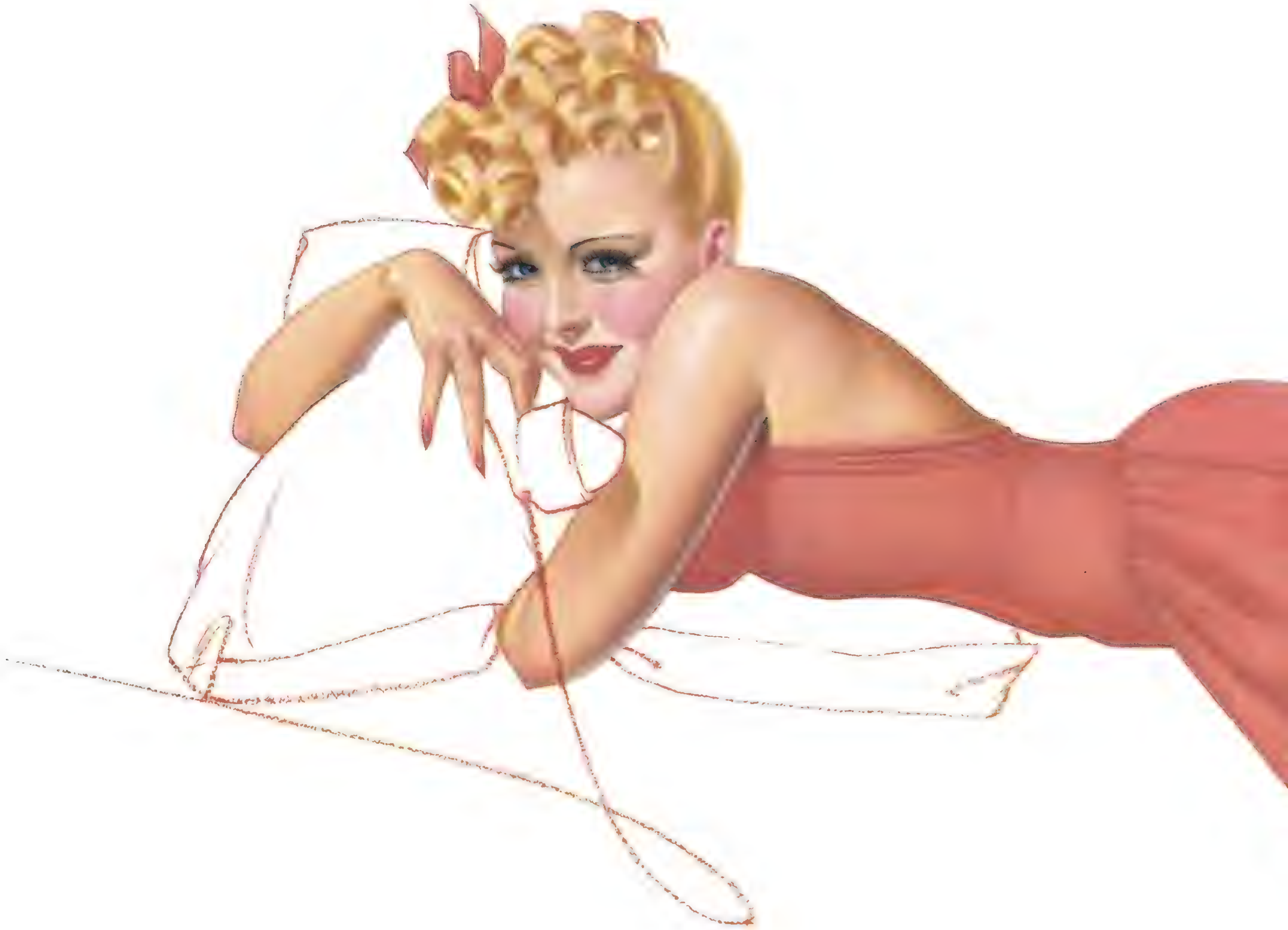
Now at that time King Winter was quite a ruffian, wont to tear about the countryside raising merrie hell from about Mid-November till late in March and spreading plenty of snow and ice in his wake. The Poughkeepsie residents evidently wanted to capitalize on the old boy's caprices for they decided right then and there to organize a winter sports club—the result being the formation of the first regular ice-yachting club ever known in

Continued on page 102

Ed Nofziger

Esquire's Winter Vacation
MT. RAINIER
MT. HOOD
SUN VALLEY
DEL MONTE
SANTA BARBARA
SANTA ANITA
ARROWHEAD SPRINGS
PALM SPRINGS
PHOENIX
TUCSON
GUAYMAS
MEXICO CITY

Map
QUEBEC
LAURENTIANS
NORTH CONWAY
LAKE PLACID
TO BERMUDA
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
HOT SPRINGS
PINEHURST
HOT SPRINGS
CAMDEN
AIKEN
SEA ISLAND
BILOXI
PALM BEACH
BOCA RATON
MIAMI BEACH
NASSAU
HAVANA
MONTEGO BAY



"*Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . (but I feel a NO coming on)*"

The Lepers in the Wilderness

The old man said for bread they had stones, for water, tears, and their blood had turned to milk

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

THE long journey to Jerusalem led Him through that wild rocky wilderness, the black and sorrowful valley between the lands of Galilee and Samaria. Here in the shadow of a great jagged rock He rested.

Toward the west He could see the gentle slopes of Mount Carmel and toward the east, far off, He could see a tiny square of green of the valley of the Jordan. But close about, the briars grew thorns, finger long, and the rocks presented weird shapes, and even the stones in the path beneath His feet were hard as flint and sharp as cinders. Some of these red lava rocks towered skyward and resembled giant warriors petrified in their march across this valley. The air was still; not an insect, not a bird and no rivulet broke the silence. The stillness seemed deep as death. And here in this quiet and in the purple shadow of a great rock, He rested.

Suddenly He heard the sharp snap of dried branches and the crunch of sandals in the graveled ground. He looked about but saw nothing.

A voice which seemed to come from above Him cried out: "Unclean!"

He looked up and there, almost directly over him on top of the great rock, stood an old man in rags. His twisted figure, supported by a staff, was silhouetted against the clear sky.

"Unclean!" he repeated. "Tarry not here. We are outcasts and this valley of rocks belongs to us."

When he had spoken these words he stepped back and was gone from sight; but as the stranger did not move, he soon returned and came to the edge of the rock over Him.

"Go!" he cried. "We will share our sorrows with no man, or beast, or devil. Go! Go! For bread we have stones. For water we have tears. The green leaves of our orchards are thorns." Then he raised his white arms and holding the staff aloft, cried: "And our blood has turned to milk. Go!"

"Praise the good Lord in Heaven. He watches over all men."

"The good Lord in Heaven," cried the old man, again raising his deathly white arms, "has brought this upon us. We are forbidden to enter any town or village. The priests have driven us out. The floor of our house is a ground of cinders and the roof is the open sky: a sky that burns by day and chills by night. A place of worship has been denied us and our voices will not join in singing praises to the one who has driven us into this wilderness. Not even toads and adders could live amongst these rocks. The one you would have us praise is not here either."

"Where man is, there is He also."

"Go!" the old man cried. "What we have here we will share with no one. The thorns, the cinders, the burning heat, the rocks, all that you see belongs to us. And our sorrows and wretchedness are also our own. Go stranger! We will divide with no one."

"I ask nothing. But I am ready to give."

"You have nothing that I can see. Or perhaps your pity will drag out a coin or two. Then leave the coins and go in peace. We are unclean."

"How many are you?"

"Four are men; two are women; two are boys and two are girls. Altogether we are ten."

"Gather them all before me and let me speak to them."

"Stranger!" called the old man in anger. "You want us to expose our shame. Is it not enough? This!" He waved his arm over the arid wilderness. "This—our orchard of wretchedness! This, our reward from the Lord you praise. Go! And may your feet never wander into this hollow again. And if you do not go at once we will gather about you as children about their teacher. And we will embrace you with an embrace of hate. And here you will remain as one of us. One more who is unclean! So go at once while you are free."

"I am not afraid."

When the old man heard this he let out a coarse laugh. "The devil himself would not dare touch us. Heroes are born for armies, not for the wilderness!" He laughed again. Then his face grew grave and he held up his staff with a threatening gesture. "What you would not do willingly you will do soon enough. We will see."

He disappeared. Soon voices and strange noises were heard. From places dug out under rocks, secret grottoes of this wilderness, the unclean outcasts emerged. Their faces, arms and legs were startling. Their parchment-white skin seemed drawn taut over weary bones. They came forward slowly. Their curious eyes gazed at the stranger. They were certain that the sheer horror of their faces would drive Him off. But He did not move.

The old man with the staff who had spoken before from the top of the great rock was now on the cinder ground, urging his outcasts forward. It was as he had said: four men, two women, two boys and two girls. All together they were ten. The boys were a shade more than boys, though less than men. But the two girls were very young. These four children had been born in the wilderness and had never seen any other orchard but this one of rocks and thorns.

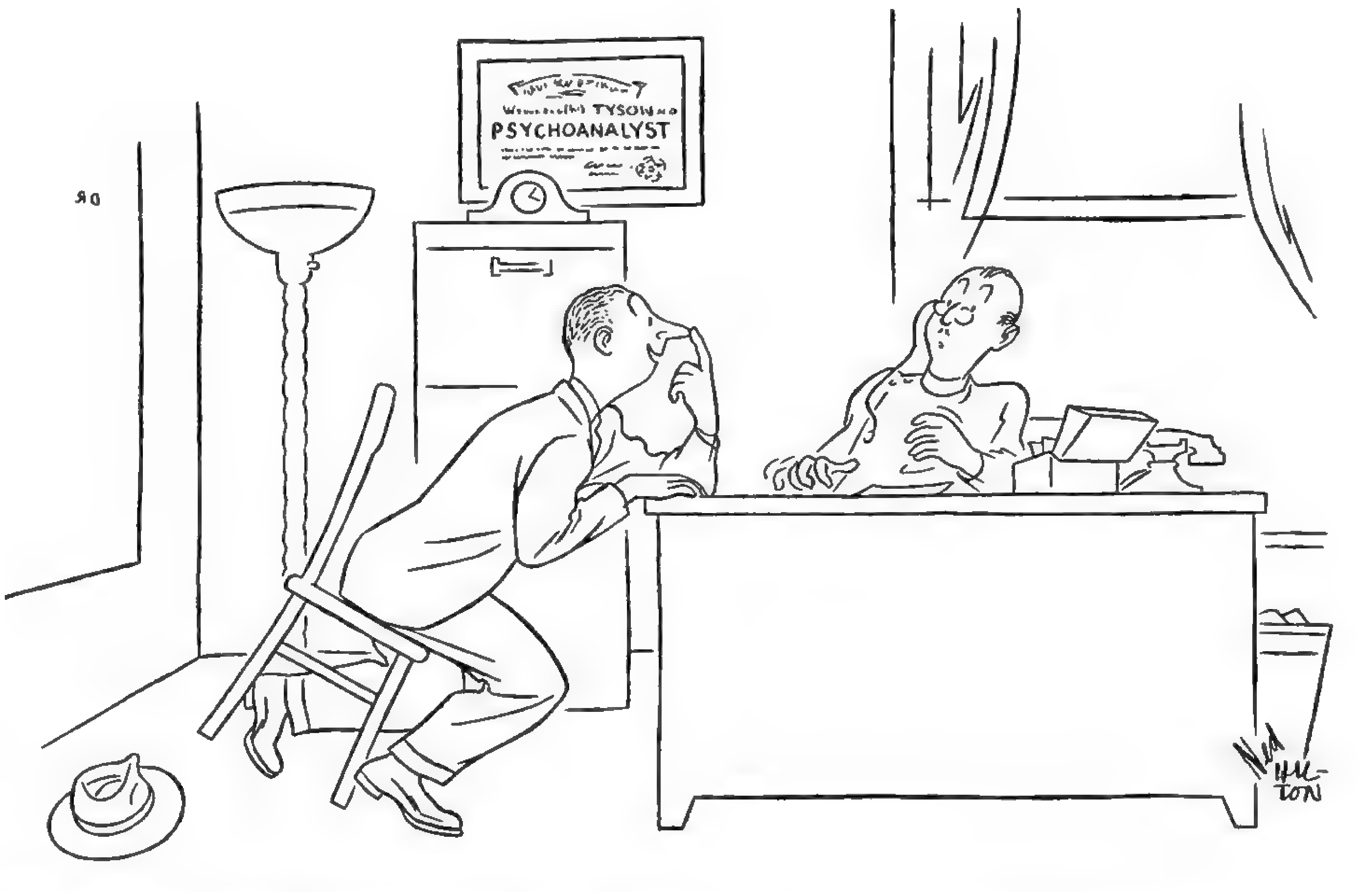
Closer and closer they came until they stood in a half-circle a few paces before Him. Again the old man urged Him to go.

But He held out His hand and said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for such is the kingdom of heaven."

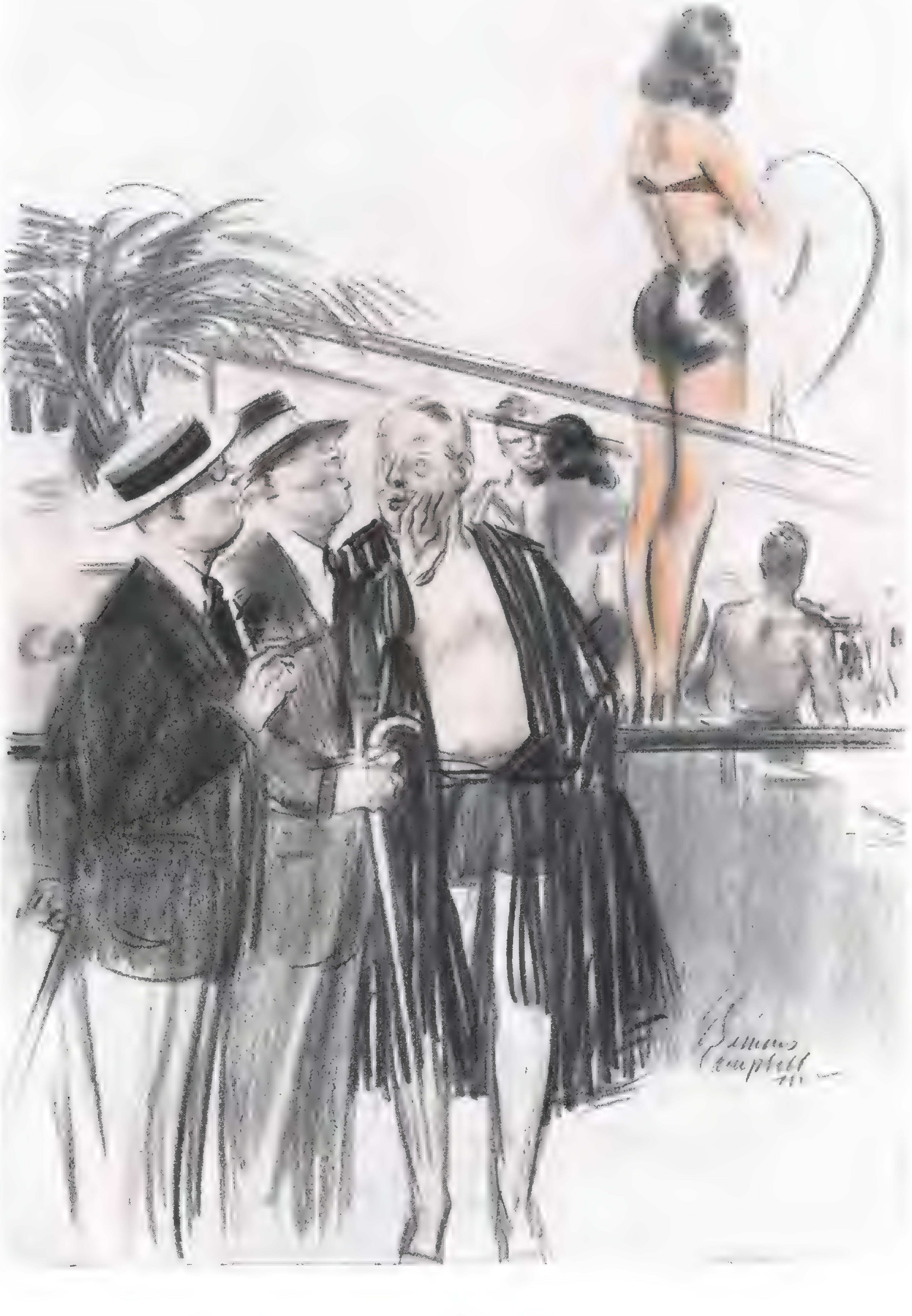
The children seemed eager to go toward the stranger, but the old man held out his staff and barred their way.

"Then you are prepared to remain here

Continued in center of page 108



"I'm all over that hallucination that I was a cat, doctor—just feel how wet and cold my nose is if you doubt I'm well"



E. Simms Campbell

"That's the one that had old J. M. juggling the company's books"

Flying Down to Rio

The Grand Tour—1941-style—circles the South American continent with winged luxury

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

It is unnecessary to tell you how hard it is to get in the average European country today, what with barbed wire and howitzer barrages separating one piece of sacred soil from another. It must be welcome news, then, that the only entrance requirement for the Republic of Chile is some evidence of the fact that you have bathed within the last thirty days.

All of which suggests that one of the most enviable jobs in the western hemisphere must be that of Chilean Immigration inspector for planes from the general vicinity of Hollywood.

But be that as it may: all South America is beckoning, this spring, with charms and delights and pleasures not to be found anywhere else in the world, today. It is the embodiment, at long last, of what the old Buddhist monks used to call "The Western Paradise to come."

It offers the greatest combination of unspoiled country, unspoiled people, variety of scenery, contrasts of cultures, glorification of the past, and promise for the future that is to be found anywhere in this shell-shocked earth. It satisfies your long pent up yearnings for the uncovering of the little-known and your long deferred hopes for the realistic sweetnesses that once were Paris.

Now in times past, a trip to South America was somehow associated with the ordeals of a trip around the Horn: or a combination of this with the topical dangers of a trek with Stanley through darkest Africa.

But those days, like the days of the covered wagon, and age of the dull-witted brontosaurus, are gone forever. Today, you dine in magnificent comfort, any evening, at the Stork Club, the Colony, or the Automat, hop the nine o'clock Eastern Air Lines bus to La Guardia Field, get in your Great Silver Liner, and go to sleep on a cloud bank. At lunch time, the next morning, after changing at Miami to a Pan-American Stratoclipper, you are in South America.

By this time, it is assumed you have made up your mind where you are going—because South America is much bigger than we North American provincials think—and it is assumed that you have taken appropriate steps, or strokes, to get there. A good procedure is to head down the East Coast, along the coast of Venezuela and the Guianas, to Brazil, Paraguay, and the Argentine; or to shoot over to the Pacific, across Colombia and Ecuador, to Peru and Chile.

Suppose, for the sake of demonstration, you point your exploratory journey down the Atlantic, cross the continent at Buenos Aires, return along the West Coast—and see what happens.

The Stratoclippers leaving Miami give you a choice of stopovers, the first day, at Barranquilla, Colombia; Maracaibo, Venezuela; San Juan, Puerto Rico; or Port of Spain, Trinidad. Suppose, for the sake of speed in the direction of Rio, you select Port of Spain—which is just off Venezuela, on the East Coast.

* * *

You are now on British soil: relax, and get yourself a gin and tonic, or a gin and bitters, or a glass of Guinness—or, for that matter, plain soda pop. The three best hotels are the Queen's Park, with inclusive rates from $4; the Hotel Sand, from $3.50; and the Hotel de Paris, from $3. Paste this information in your travel notebook; and then forget about it—you'll lose the book anyway.

An imaginative diversion, highly to be recommended, is to fill yourself with a couple of water glasses of the famous Trinidad rum, take a walk around the harbor, and picture to yourself Columbus landing here in 1498—which he did. After this, look out toward the Island of Tobago—which is one of the places Defoe is supposed to have pitched Robinson Crusoe. (The island of Juan Fernandez, off Valparaiso, is the other.) And—speaking of pitching—go on from here to Trinidad's famous Lake of Pitch, and learn at first hand where the idea of "Inferno" came from—and also how and why we have come to have asphalt highways. This is enough for one day, unless you want to look for Trinidad's Birds of Paradise. With enough Trinidad rum, you can see these even in your hotel room.

And now, with morning and a tin of aspirin ahead, you are ready for the second leg of your flight—to Belem, Brazil.

En route, your plane—now a regular Douglas DC3 twin-motor transport—will stop at Georgetown, British Guiana (which has the finest collection of palms in the world—if you happen to be interested in palms); Paramaribo, Surinam; and Cayenne, French Guiana. Of the 16,000 inhabitants of Cayenne, 8,000 are connected, in some unhappy way with Devil's Island—which is a forerunner of the Vichy government's contribution to the humanities; and since this is a pleasure trip, the less said about all this the better. Unless you happen to have leprosy, don't bother to stop over.

And now for a night in Belem. Belem, which is quite a place, is situate, as the old books have it, on the lower mouth of the Amazon—and is otherwise known as Pará. Everyone who has read Tomlinson's classic *The Sea and the Jungle*, remembers Pará, gateway to the Amazon, where multi-colored houses are set in a hypnotic veil of tropical fragrances, and where gardens bordered by mimosas fill the air with the ardent perfumes of heliotrope and jasmine and vanilla and tuberose.

The first thing to do when you clamber out of your plane in Pará is to get yourself a tall, pink glass of *refresco*, made from *assahy*, the fruit of a special date-like palm. The Paránese,

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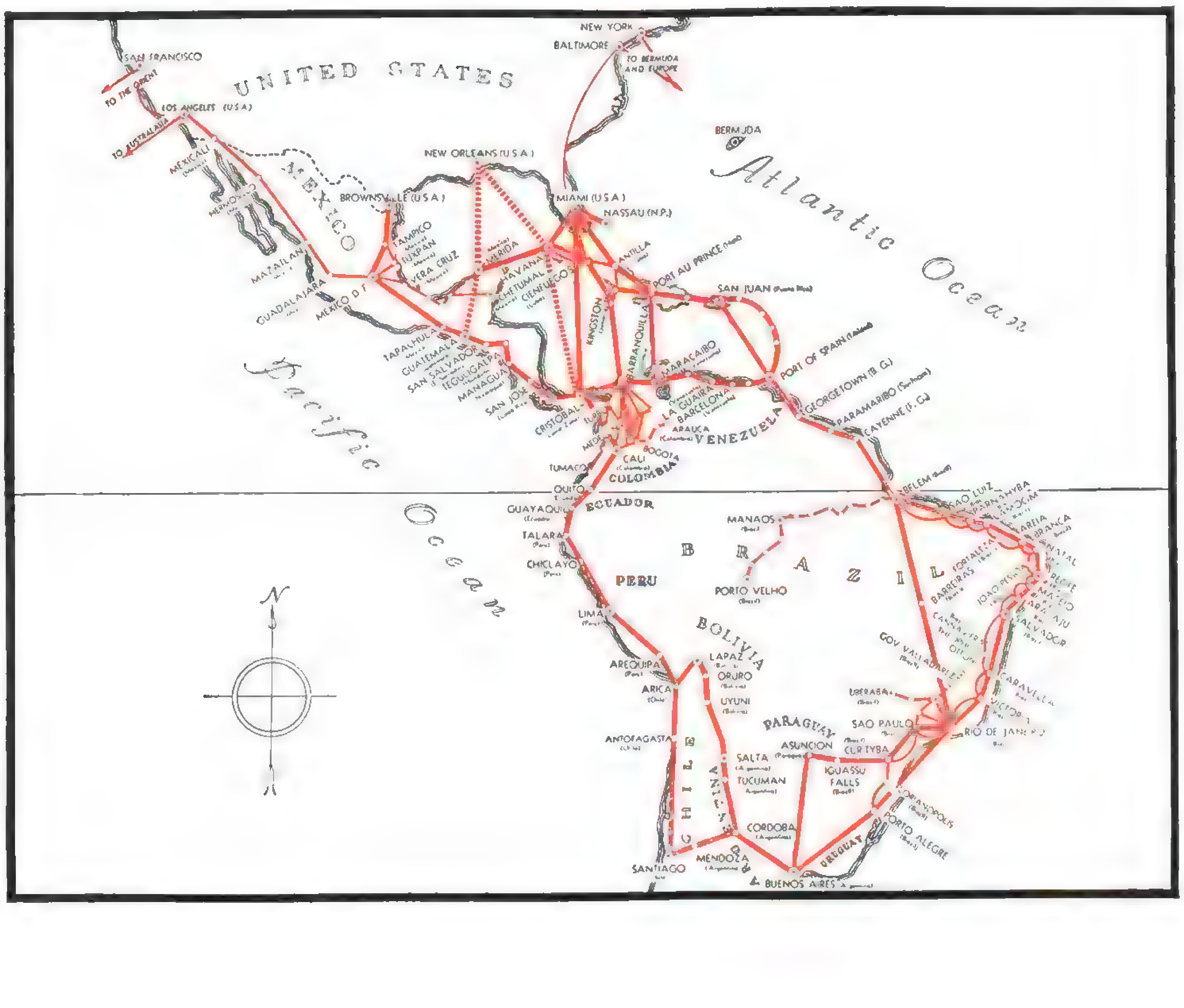
UNITED STATES
SAN FRANCISCO
TO THE ORIENT
LOS ANGELES (U.S.A.)
TO AUSTRALASIA
NEW YORK
BALTIMORE
TO BERMUDA AND EUROPE
BERMUDA
Atlantic Ocean
NEW ORLEANS (U.S.A.)
BROWNSVILLE (U.S.A.)
MIAMI (U.S.A.)
NASSAU (N.P.)
MEXICO
MEXICALI
HERMOSILLO
MAZATLAN
GUADALAJARA
MEXICO D.F.
TAMPICO
TUXPAN
VERA CRUZ
MERIDA
HAVANA
CHETUMAL
CIENFUEGOS
KINGSTON
ANTILLA
PORT AU PRINCE
SAN JUAN
BARRANQUILLA
MARACAIBO
LA GUAIRA
BARCELONA
PORT OF SPAIN
GEORGETOWN (B. G.)
PARAMARIBO
CAYENNE (F. G.)
TAPACHULA
GUATEMALA
SAN SALVADOR
TEGUCIGALPA
MANAGUA
SAN JOSE
CRISTOBAL
ARAUCA
VENEZUELA
BOGOTA
CALI
COLOMBIA
TUMACO
QUITO
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Pacific Ocean
BELEM
SAO LUIZ
MANAOS
BRAZIL
PORTO VELHO
FORTALEZA
NATAL
RECIFE
MACEIO
ARACAJU
SALVADOR
CARAVELLAS
VICTORIA
BOLIVIA
LAPAZ
ORURO
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AREQUIPA
ARICA
ANTOFAGASTA
UBERABA
SAO PAULO
RIO DE JANEIRO
PARAGUAY
ASUNCION
CURITYBA
SALTA
TUCUMAN
IGUASSU FALLS
CHILE
ARGENTINA
CORDOBA
FLORIANOPOLIS
PORTO ALEGRE
URUGUAY
SANTIAGO
MENDOZA
BUENOS AIRES
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Where Love Is a Lot of Fun

Tahitians like to have a good time, to sing, dance, laugh and love, and they don't take anything seriously

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• ARTICLE •

Punaauia, Tahiti
Society Islands

Dear Steve:

Now here you are asking about, of all things, love. Can't you think of anything but the sordid side of our paradise?

Nevertheless it's an interesting subject. Particularly out this way. By which I mean in Tahiti and the other islands of French Oceania. In the British islands, of course, it isn't a subject at all. One doesn't mention it.

Now the French (how often this has been said before!) are much more sensible. In the favored land in which I find myself, love is not a thing to be whispered about but a thing to be shouted, or at the very least, sung. Love is fun. Everybody has affairs here, and everybody else talks about them—and, what is more important, laughs about them.

The most blasé Parisians and San Franciscans are taken aback when they land here. The Londoner is flabbergasted; but he gets used to it in short order, and when he *does* let his hair down—oh, boy! The wildest hell-raisers I've met here, Steve, and this is saying a great deal, have been Englishmen.

But to get back to love. You asked whether the native gals have been spoiled by missionaries. Now Steve, that's a big question, and I'm writing you only a letter about love in Tahiti, not a book (which would be a lot easier) but the answer, nevertheless, is, and without any frills, just "no" in both of these cases.

The missionaries do their best, no doubt. Though the Tahitians are charming, you could not call them deep. You can talk them into practically anything—and the next person to come along can talk them out of it again with no more trouble. They are sincere enough at a given moment. It's only that they forget so easily.

There was a time, I'm told, many years ago, when the missionaries had this place sewed up, controlled the king and all the chiefs, and wrote the laws. That was before the French took over. I don't mean that the French are unfair to them! The missionaries are allowed all the freedom they want, but they can't dictate to the government. There are lots of churches, Catholic, Protestant, Mormon, and they are tolerably well attended. The Tahitians like to go anywhere where there's a crowd. They like to see people and talk to people. But even the missionaries can't keep them from rum or frighten them into wearing shirts or even getting married unless and until they happen to feel like it; and most certainly the missionaries can't change their attitude toward love.

The girls, Steve me boy, like to have a good time; they like to dance, sing, laugh, and love.

But, and here's the catch, they don't take *anything* seriously. And this, Steve, believe me, can be very disconcerting.

Nor is it to be denied that they are dumb. Amiable, yes. Good company on a party. Wonderful to dance with, drink with, play around with. They can be tender, too, when you're hangoverish. But the fact remains, they haven't ordinarily anything to talk about.

They gossip interminably among themselves. Each one is a unit of the miraculous "coconut wireless"—in the States we'd call it the grapevine—which transmits news to the remotest district almost before that news has been made. Oh, they talk! But they talk only about what has happened yesterday or this morning to somebody living across the road. Of general conversation they have none. Not that you would expect to go into elevating philosophical abstractions (assuming you knew any *to* go into), or discourse on the decline of the romantic spirit in English literature, when you're chatting with a dusky maiden. All the same, there are times when you would like to hear an answer at least slightly more intelligent than a snigger. But you won't. I'm very, very fond of a large number of Tahitian girls, Steve, but I've got to admit that the smartest of them, though adorable, are brainless.

Speaking of speech, if you ever do manage to get together the money to come down here and visit me, you'd better polish up your French. Very few girls here speak any English. But a certain amount of schooling—three years, I think—is now compulsory, so they all speak French. It isn't a very scholarly French, perhaps. It's not a distinctive patois like the Creole spoken in Haiti, Martinique and Guadalupe. It's rather a pidgin French, probably very similar to the way you talk yourself. But it's friendly (everybody, even total strangers, "tu" and "toi" you, and "vous" is only a plural pronoun here) and it serves. Among themselves, of course, and at home, they speak Tahitian; and they probably *think* in Tahitian, if they can be said to think at all. It is not a difficult language to learn; but it is not necessary. French will do just as well.

Incidentally, it may or may not be significant that the Tahitian word for "no" is a polysyllable, "aita" (pronounced "ah-ee-tah") whereas the word for "yes" is much less trouble to say, "e." The word for "please" you won't have to learn, Steve. It would floor them, it would cause them to think you a *beau cavalier* of the *ancien regime*, if you were so gracious as to say "please." In fact, it would probably set them to giggling so hard that you'd never get anywhere with them.

When you ask me what a Tahitian girl looks like, Steve, you ask a hard question. One thing is certain, they *are* girls. You notice that I never refer to women? The girls are a definite class, which probably makes you the more conscious of them. Our own white women, determined and clever, and being possessed of a more durable if less spectacular type of beauty, can cheat time; and if it sometimes happens that their efforts make them ridiculous, it also often is true that a white woman of thirty-eight or forty can be more attractive by any definition and to any taste than a girl of twenty. At home girlishness is an indefinite stage. Some women are in it always, some never pass through it at all. Here it's clear-cut. There is a kid, running around half naked, too young to be self-conscious; then suddenly, there is a girl, extremely conscious of men; and, in the early twenties, seldom any later, there is a fat, settled-down woman.

So when I talk about girls I talk about a specific class. You can't help being aware of it. Neither can they.

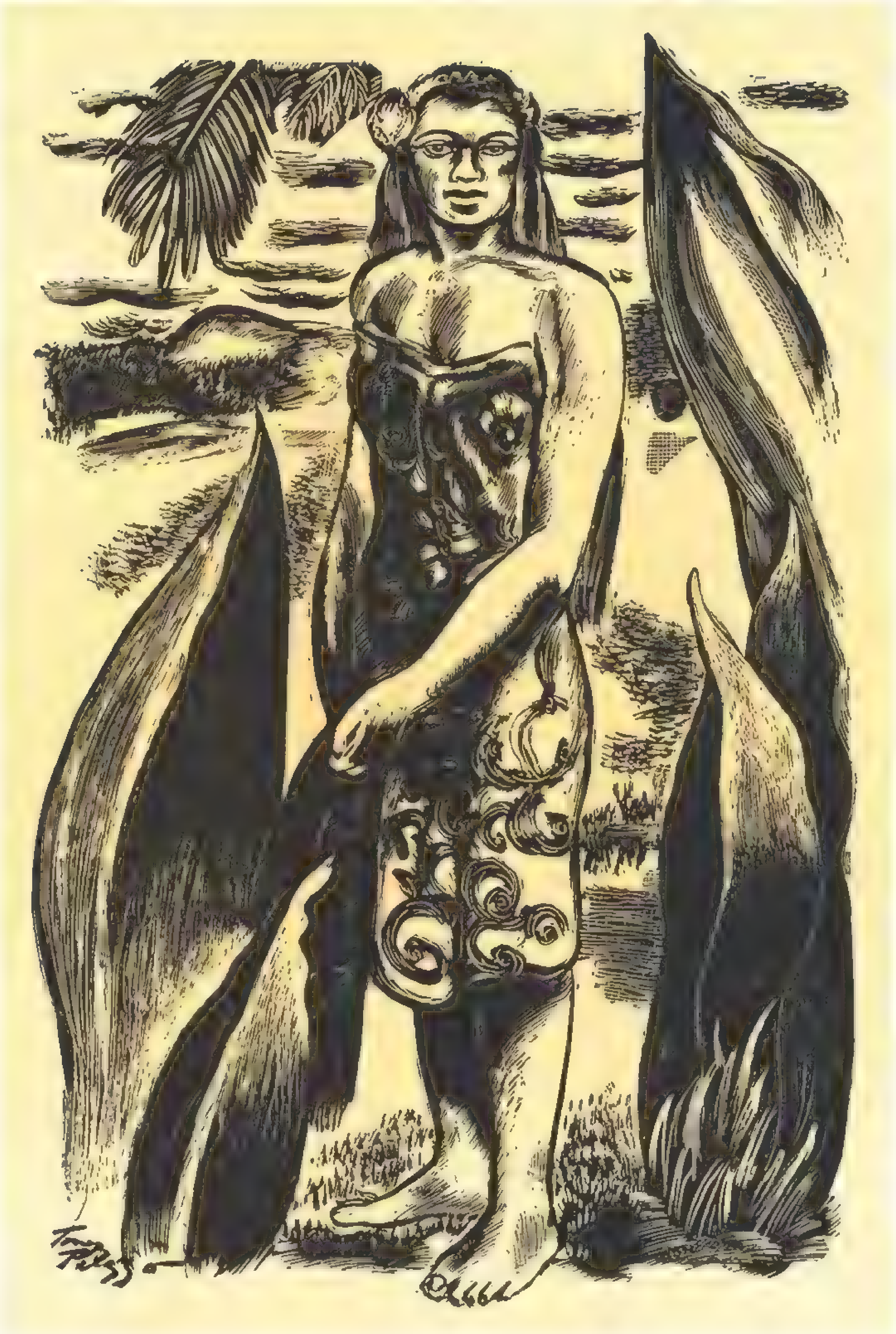
The girls themselves should be divided into two groups, town girls and the district or country girls. The country girls make better *vahines* in the long run; they are steadier, more dependable, wait on you more, and demand less. The town girls bob their hair, wear shorts and sometimes shoes, drink, carry on. They like to be taken out. A town girl may take up with a man and live with him out in the districts, but she remains, in Tahitian eyes, a town girl. That is, until she abruptly becomes a woman.

The women don't flirt, or use make-up, or try to conceal their children or their age. They get fat very fast, laughing. They are in many ways more fun than the girls.

It is hard to describe a Tahitian girl. She might be tall or short; so light that she could pass for a white woman in the States, or a good dark mahogany; plump or slim. She is clean in appearance and habits. She has naturally good taste in clothes and never gets herself up in anything grotesque or too loud. Almost invariably she has lovely shoulders and a lovely back; and firm, small, round breasts which are going to wax enormous before many years have passed.

Almost invariably too her teeth are terrible. They are either black and not all there, though the girl may be only fifteen or sixteen, or else they are gold. One of the nicest things you could do for your *vahine* is get her a new set of teeth. They dread dentists—there are two in town, both French, with somewhat primitive apparatus—but they love gold teeth so much that they will endure anything to get them.

One of the sweetest girls in town, a reigning beauty, an old-timer too, for she must be all of twenty-three or twenty-four, is Tetu. She's a stunner, Steve. Now that Hina is dead, Tetu is the most painted, sketched, photographed and sculpted wench we have. To look at her sucks the breath out of you. Everything about her is perfect—including her teeth. This being unnatural, you look closer and see that the teeth are too darned perfect to be real. Some past boy friend, it seems, insisted that she should get not gold ones but white.



The Tahitian girl does not move with that gawky uprightness notable in West Indian Negresses, for the Tahitian has never carried anything on her head—or, as I've said before, in it. She is quick, lithe, a natural dancer. She always has a few flowers in her hair and behind her ears. If she is a town girl she may be wearing shoes, some sort of sport shoes, sandals, espadrilles, something appropriate; but this is a recent affectation. Most of her life she has been barefooted. As a result, her feet are broad, long and clumsy. I know only two Tahitian girls, out of hundreds, who have pretty feet.

On the other hand, I don't know any who haven't lovely eyes and I know very few who do not have amiable dispositions.

You must understand, Steve, that there is just about no such animal, nowadays, as a full-blooded Tahitian. In remote parts of some of the outlying islands you might find, occasionally, a so-called pure Polynesian type. But there are no 100 per cent Tahitians in Tahiti, any more than there are 100 per cent Hawaiians on Oahu. The Tahitian gal may have brown hair, or dark red hair, or even muddy yellow hair, though probably her hair will be black and straight and very long. Her eyes will be large and luminous and probably very dark, though now and then you are startled by the sight of green eyes, or even light blue or grey ones. Sometimes, too, the eyes slant; for there are Chinamen in Papeete. The nose may be Roman, it may be *retroussé*, or a shade Negroid. Ireland is represented and a pug nose is seen here and there; freckles, too, struggling through the brownish complexion, are not unknown.

A man in Tahiti is not supposed to be alone. The Tahitians feel sorry for a man who lives by himself. The whole neighborhood will conspire to get him a *vahine*.

A man who takes a shack in the country may be meaning to Get Away From It All. That kind comes here, naturally. He plans to do his own simple cooking, swim in the lagoon, fish with a spear, climb the mountains. Perhaps he means to paint a masterpiece or write an imperishable book. Anyway he wants to be by himself.

He hasn't got a chance. A girl, actually too shy to talk to him, will drift into his kitchen and start washing his dishes. If he kicks her out, another appears. And at last he decides in desperation that he might as well have a servant after all, seeing as how he can get one who will not only cook but keep the house clean and do all his washing for, at the most, 400 francs, or less than ten dollars, a month. Most of them get 300 francs, and they come cheaper. Very few are any good, as cooks. They are unimaginative and inclined to be clumsy. But they're clean.

When night comes our cross bachelor learns that he has contracted for something more than a servant. She takes this for granted. And so does everybody else in the neighborhood. He has his *vahine*. The next morning she will maybe go to town where everybody, knowing all about it already, will ask for details.

There are no secrets in Tahiti. People who are not even sure how to pronounce your name have all the details of your life. Before you get over your first gasp of astonishment all your manners, appetites, and habits are being discussed by every other taxi driver, barman, stevedore, *lei* vendor and cook in Papeete, not to mention all your immediate neighbors. There is nothing vindictive about this. It is all in a spirit of good clean fun. Being intensely interested in such matters, the Tahitians don't see why they shouldn't talk about them.

Moreover they'll ask *you* about it. You may think you have sneaked away, that nobody knew where you spent the night or how; you may even feel a trifle ashamed of yourself. But every third person you encounter will ply you with questions. Men and women, they like to know both sides. You see they like to keep up on things like

Continued in center of page 128

Women Are Bad Providers

No one had the right to call Gaston a gigolo for he devoted his life to his loves without exacting payment

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

Gaston could have disconnected his telephone before he went to bed, but he didn't. It was dawn when he got home, dead tired, and his nerves registered a week's deficiency of sleep. But he was an incorrigible optimist. Subconsciously he expected to be awakened by the ringing of the telephone, bringing him some splendid news. That he had been called to Hollywood; that one of his songs had become a smash hit in Paris; that he had won in the sweepstakes; that he had been appointed musical consultant in the Ministry of Culture; that he had inherited a fortune. He fell asleep amid such sweet reveries at five o'clock. And at a quarter of nine he was frightened out of his sleep by the telephone ringing wildly like an alarm bell. He grabbed the receiver. It was an uncultured voice; that of his tailor, who was threatening not to wait an hour longer but to take the whole thing to court, since he had not even received an answer to his letters.

After ten minutes the *maître d'hôtel* called; then a lawyer; then the *croupier* from the club.

They all demanded money of Gaston, who with a clear conscience and utter conviction promised all his creditors that he would arrange everything within twenty-four hours. Whereas, all the money he had didn't amount to more than three *pengös* and forty *fillérs*. This sum was lying on the table beside half a package of de luxe cigarettes which he had bought in a café, on credit out of sheer prudence lest he decrease his capital further.

Gaston had no money at hand or in the bank, and had no money coming from anywhere that he knew of. On the contrary, he owed everybody. All his friends and even most of his enemies. In the financial sense of the word Gaston was at the mercy of everybody. But this didn't trouble him a bit. He prepared his morning bath, put a spoonful of borax and a modicum of cologne salts in the pleasant lukewarm water. Why should he worry about the future? He busied himself only with the moment, stretching sensuously in the tub. At half-past nine someone rang the doorbell. He got out of the tub and dried himself. He put on his bronze and green silk dressing gown and opened the door.

On the threshold stood the tax assessor with his usual retinue. A mere bagatelle. Gaston was used to such things. He offered peach brandy to his visitors, whom he charmed with his engaging personality. After a quarter of an hour he didn't even remember the visit. He was in a superior position with regard to the law. There was nothing to be assessed around him. His tangibles had only sentimental value. What could the tax assessor do with a chestnut lock of hair wrapped in tissue paper? As for his clothes, Gaston took good care of them. He had a splendid wardrobe which was deposited in the closet of the charwoman, in an inaccessible place as far as legal procedures are ever concerned.

"What'll I do? . . . He says if I don't marry him his nickel will be wasted"

The pleasant March sunshine played outside the windows. It filled the small furnished bachelor apartment and gleamed on the Chinese lacquer frames of the feminine photographs standing on the desk. These photographs portrayed Gaston's divorced wives and the heroines of his defunct liaisons. There were five. Two wives and three liaisons. All the five were prominent women. Three were famous demimondes, one a great singer, and one an aristocrat. In addition to the five visible pictures there were two more in the desk drawer, carefully locked away from the sight of all strange eyes. One more wife and one more liaison. These two were not very prominent. They were dark spots in the architecture of Gaston's life. Therefore, they got no lacquered frames. Unheard, they cried in the dark drawer, like downtrodden hearts under the proud faces encased by the frames.

About eleven o'clock Gaston made tea and had breakfast. He was alone and still he ate very pedantically and elegantly, like a lady when she eats for a large audience, perhaps on the stage. After breakfast he stepped up to the mirror and looked at himself for a long time. He had a splendid, lithe figure. Fifty years old. But his quite distinguished wilting, which made him resemble a late tea rose, was very becoming to him.

He lighted one of his unpaid-for cigarettes and began to think. There were three possibilities before him. To kill the telephone and go back to bed. To go out to the city to hunt up some money. Or to sit down to work and compose that little number for which he could get forty *pengös* at once upon delivery. With heroic determination he chose this third solution. He sat down at the piano. His slim fingers ran over the keyboard. He was not without talent. A little fresh vein bubbled in him like a brook of orangeade. But his character wasn't firm enough to develop his talents. He was always drawn away from his work by life. Cards, manicures, dinners, amorous telephone conversations.

At this moment the telephone began to ring. It was Paulette asking Gaston to accompany her to the dentist's.

This Paulette wasn't a liaison nor yet an amour. Perhaps she wasn't even a flirt. She was a pretty, elegant, evil woman of the world. And on Gaston's part it was business policy to appear in public with such a lady, who on account of her drastic reducing program must have been a frightening spectacle in her bathtub, but who, dressed up, looked so delectable that it was a joy to walk with her or to enter a fashionable eating place at her side.

Gaston stopped working. It took him a long time to dress; so he rushed to his rendezvous in a cab. After this he had only two *pengös* left.

They met in front of the opera. Gaston

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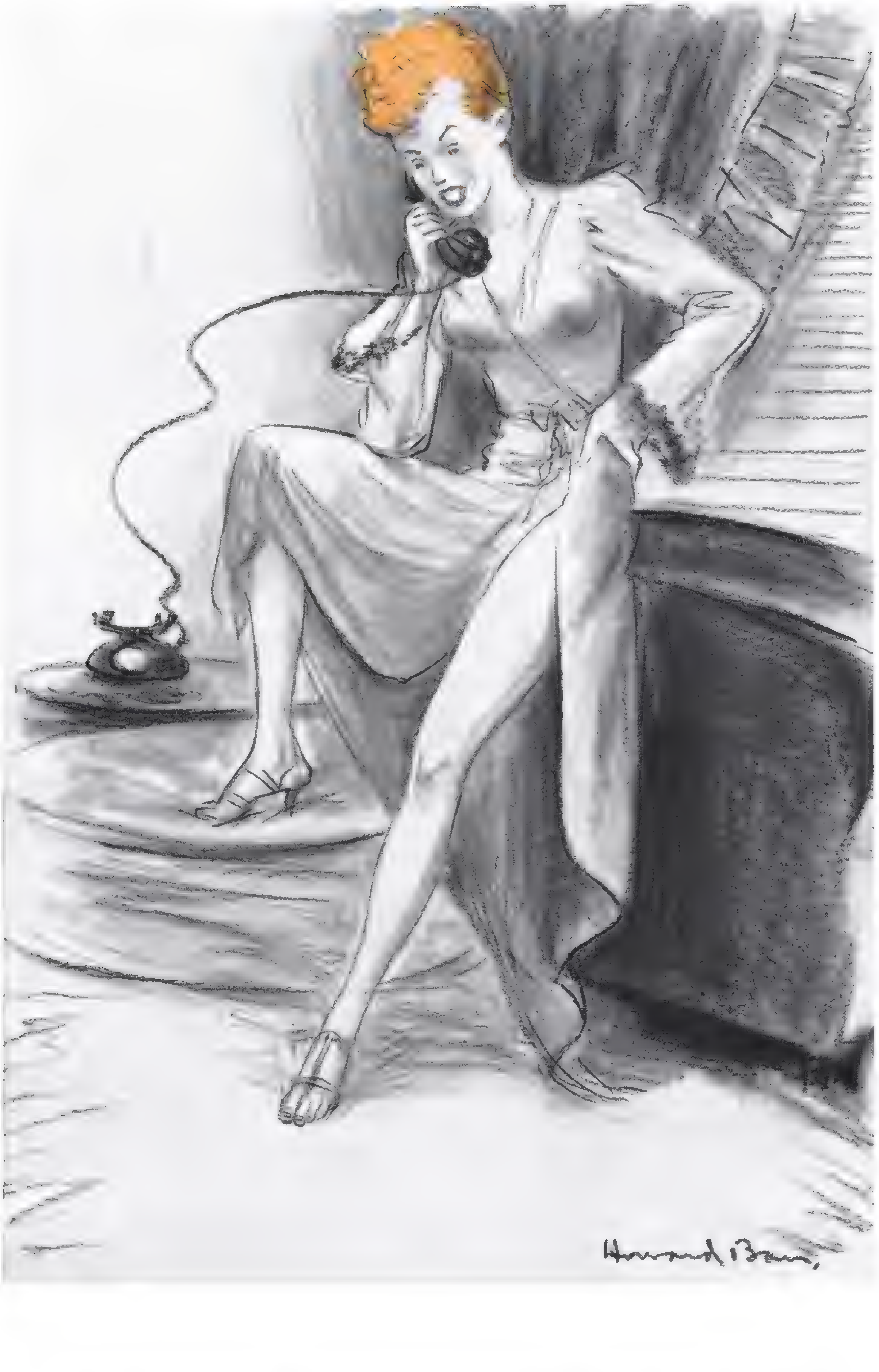
Howard Baer

"Remember me? I'm the brunette you met at that party last week"

The Cholo Caddy

The Mexican boy was the only one who knew his place in this pseudo-Italy, this California

by PETER VIERTEL

▪FICTION▪

R

The tall, greyhaired Italian dropped his bag at the starter's hut. He nodded slightly to the attendant, mentioned the fog that hung over the fairways, and asked for a caddy.

"You playing alone?" the starter asked. He had withheld the "sir" in the last minute, remembering that this was a public golf course, and that the people who played before eight o'clock in the morning did so to avoid paying a dollar. A man who paid a fifty-cent green fee was not worth a "sir," especially not Mr. Carpegna who expected one.

"Yes, I am," Mr. Carpegna answered coldly. You wouldn't have known that he was a foreigner, he spoke a slick kind of English with an accent that you couldn't quite put your finger on. "You may get me the boy I usually have. The Mexican boy."

"O.K.," the starter said. He picked up the phone at his elbow. "Will," he said to the boy in the caddy house, "send up the Cholo. Mr. Carpegna wants him."

"Thank you," the tall Italian said. "And could you tell me the meaning of the word Cholo?"

"Sure. Means Mex. We call 'em that around here, that is if they ain't listenin'."

"I see," Carpegna was slightly amused. Even these the lowest of them all, these Americans, even they try to make distinctions. "Cholo," was quite good, really. And so was the caddy. He was the only caddy that behaved properly and that spoke in the manner caddies should speak. Carpegna had tried some of the others, and they had all proved themselves to be insolent and careless. The Mexican boy was the only one who was respectful and who kept his distance. The Americans were impossible. They commented on your shots, talked about the weather, as though they were playing with you, instead of carrying the bag. In Italy they would be thrown out in a minute. Especially now that there was order and people had the proper regard for class distinction.

Carpegna felt himself becoming annoyed at the thought of the other caddies, and at the thought of the starter who always asked the same impudent question. "Playing alone?" He had been playing alone for two years every Monday and Thursday, and the young fellow still continued to ask. Perhaps he thought it was a joke. But they would learn, these Americans. Someday discipline will be established, and all of this insolence will be stamped out. At the moment they were all definitely impossible. The people in the gas stations, in the restaurants, even on the streets, why they were all like the Socialists in Rome after the war. Carpegna remembered those years rather grimly. Why it had been unsafe for decently dressed people to walk in the streets without being accosted. Thank God that had all been changed. It was only a pity that he wasn't there now. It was really dreadful to be obliged to live in this pseudo-Italy, this California, land of disrespect. But even that might be changed. Carpegna lit a cigarette and walked over to the first tee.

He hadn't been there very long before the Mexican boy came running out. Carpegna watched him pick up the clubs and follow him to the tee.

"Caddy." It was only a nod of recognition, not quite a greeting.

"Good morning, sir," the Mexican boy said.

Carpegna teed up, took a few practice swings, and then drove out into the fog that was just rising from the fairways. As he walked through the moist grass he could hear the jiggle of the irons in his bag as they knocked together with each of the caddy's steps. It was a marvelous morning, chilly and wet, and he anticipated the burning sun that would meet them later. Carpegna's second shot was a slice that landed in the rough, hole high. The Mexican boy ran ahead, found the ball, and then waited for him to arrive and give his orders.

"The eight iron, caddy." He made a fairly decent chip onto the green. The caddy gave him the putter, and then ran over and took the flag. Carpegna was in with two putts.

The sun met them with its first full blast at the seventh hole. Carpegna felt warmer. and the sockets of his arms and knees felt as if they were greased. The caddy was beginning to sweat under the weight of the bag. He hadn't uttered more than ten words throughout the whole morning. A few times he had answered Carpegna's questions about where the ball had gone, and once he had said, "Here it is, sir," when Carpegna had made a rather bad shot into the high grass. Otherwise he had kept quiet. Carpegna had been permitted to carry on his thoughts and play his game undisturbed.

On the eighth hole he had a poor drive that sliced off toward the highway, where he lost sight of the ball. Although the caddy scoured the brush, even climbed over the fence to look out on the highway, he didn't find it. Carpegna waited for a while, leaning on his club and tapping the turf with his foot.

"Caddy," he finally called, "let it go."

"I'm sorry, sir," the boy said when he had the bag on his shoulders once more.

"Watch them a little closer, caddy," Carpegna answered. He knew that his shot had been wide and that there had really been no chance of finding it at all, still he felt that he had to criticize the caddy. It would make him try harder. It was good discipline.

When he had finished the first nine, he bought the caddy a coca-cola and told him to wait. Then he walked leisurely to the club house porch, and ordered his breakfast. With

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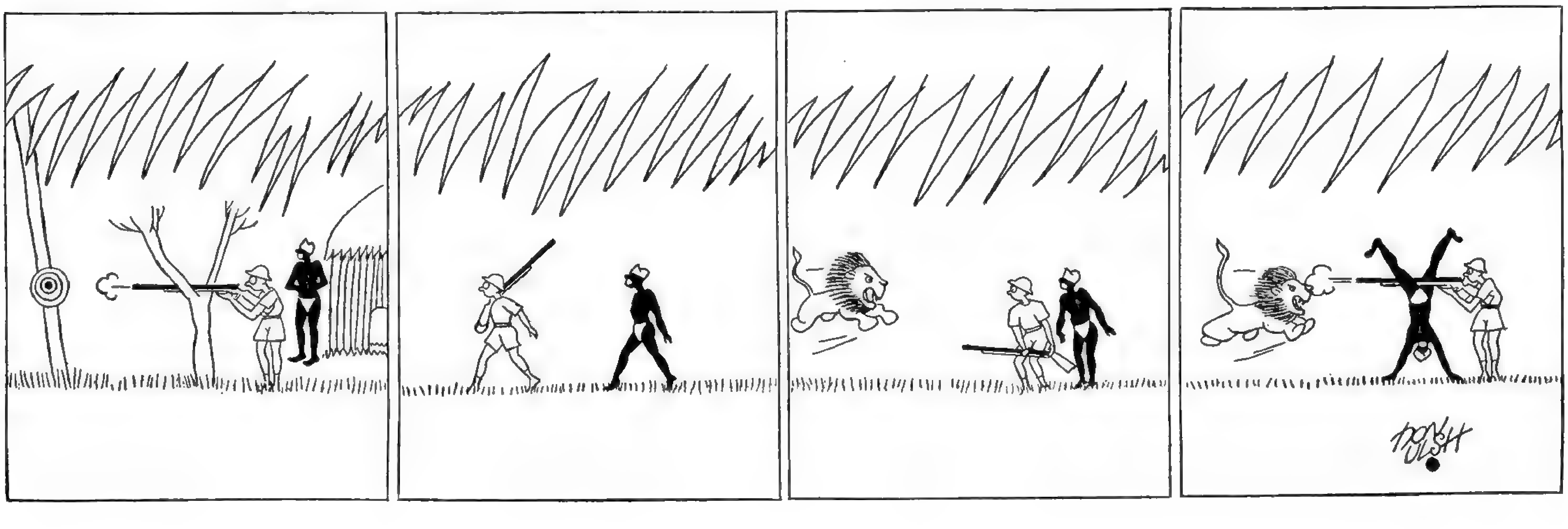
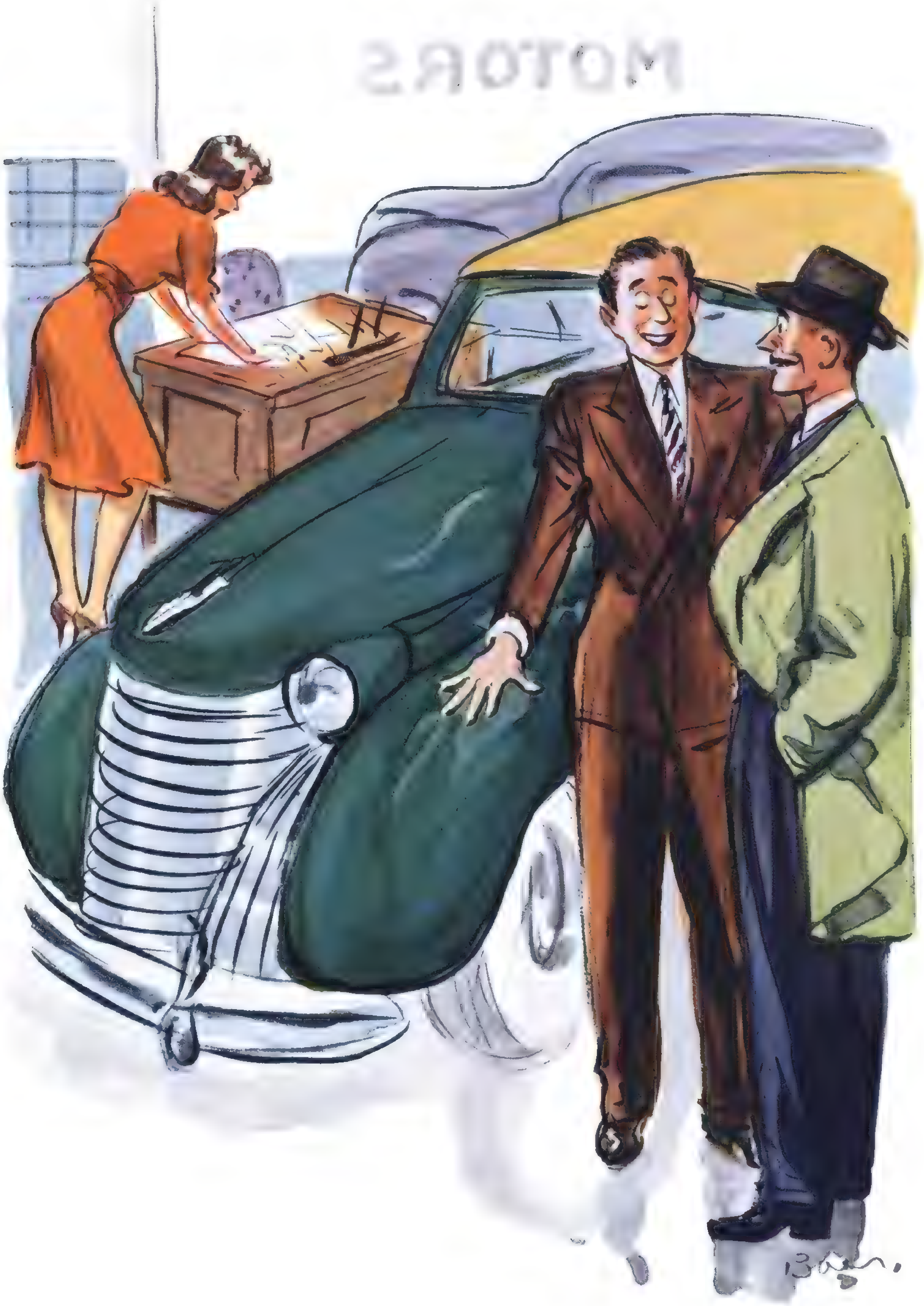
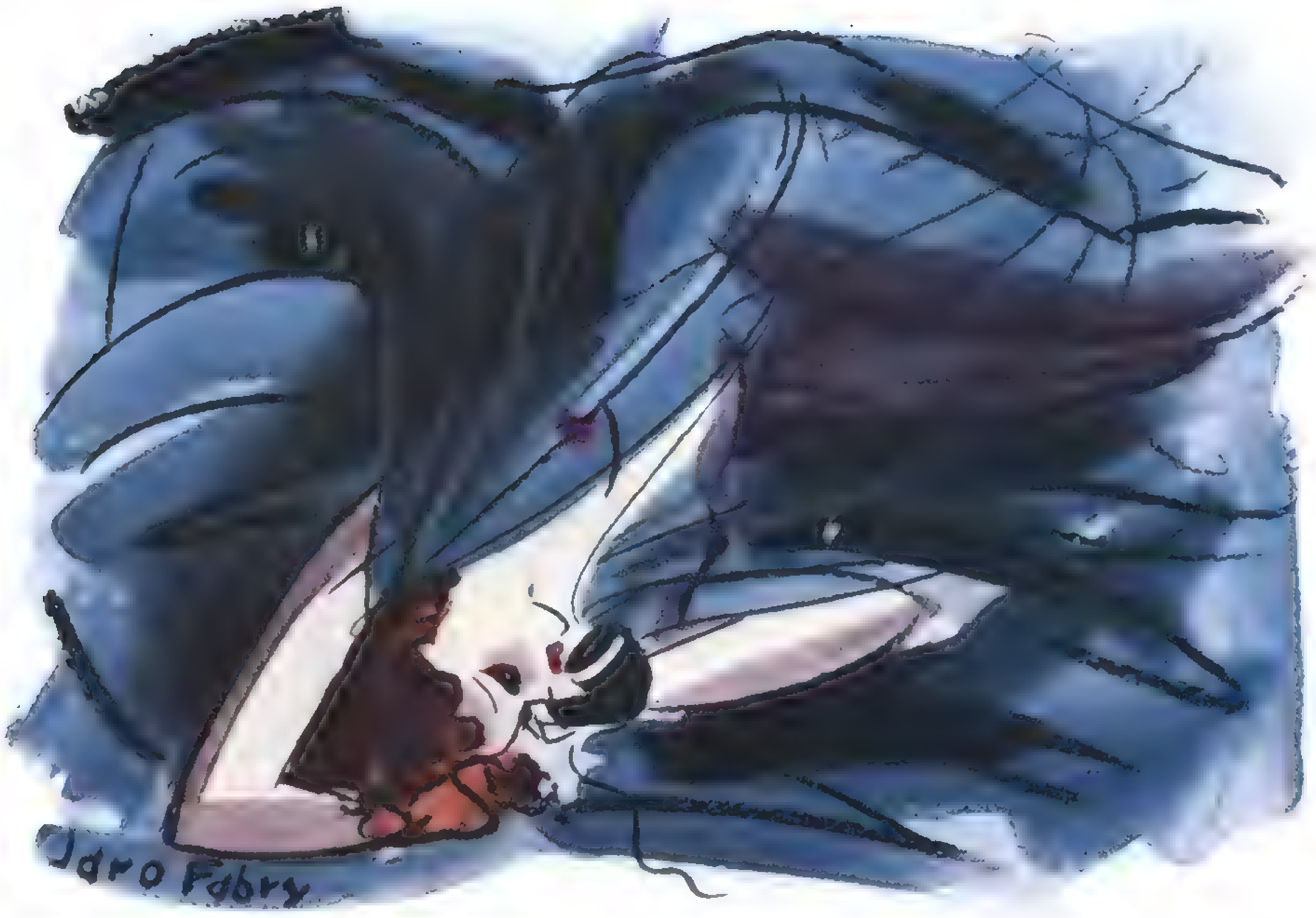
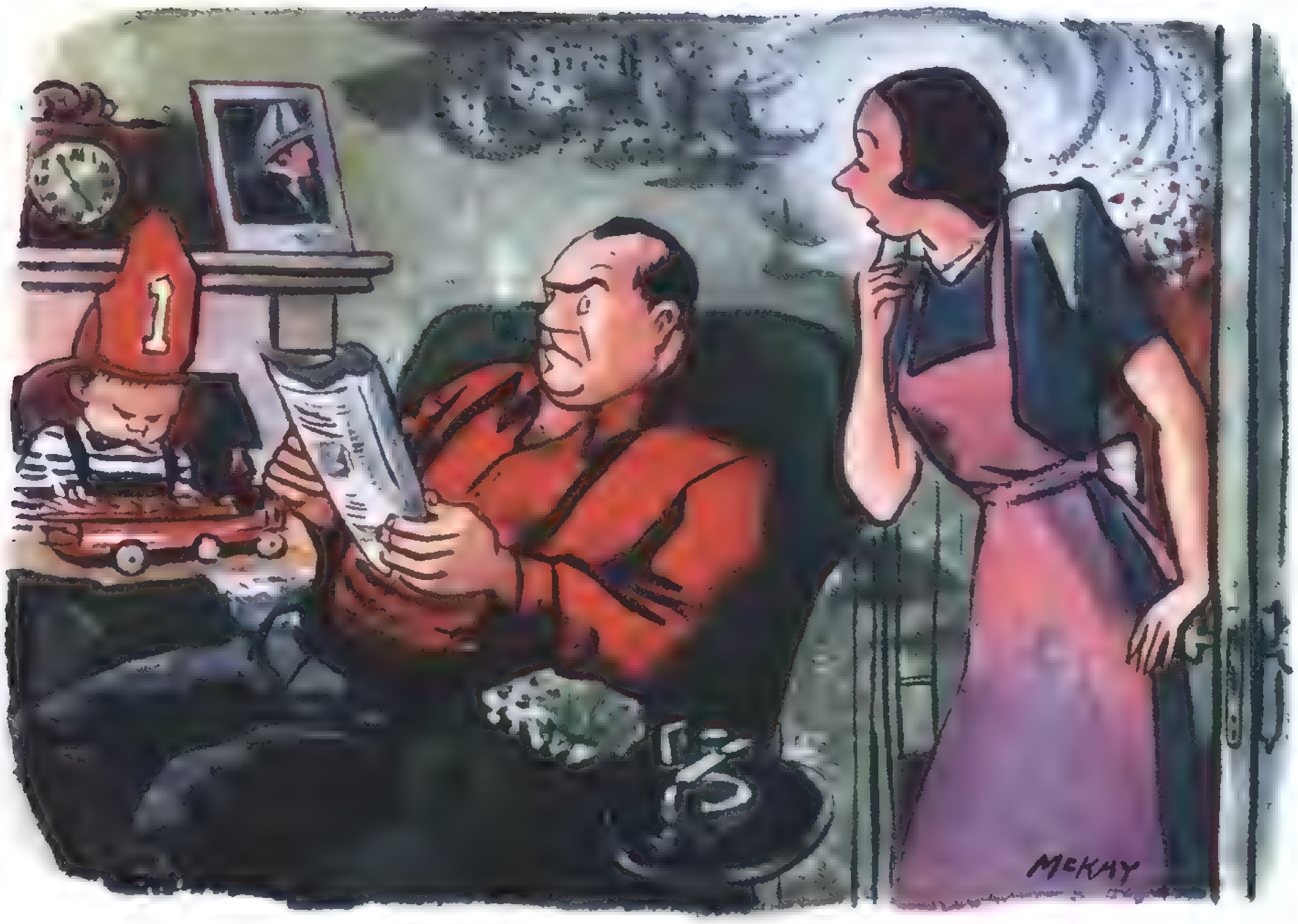




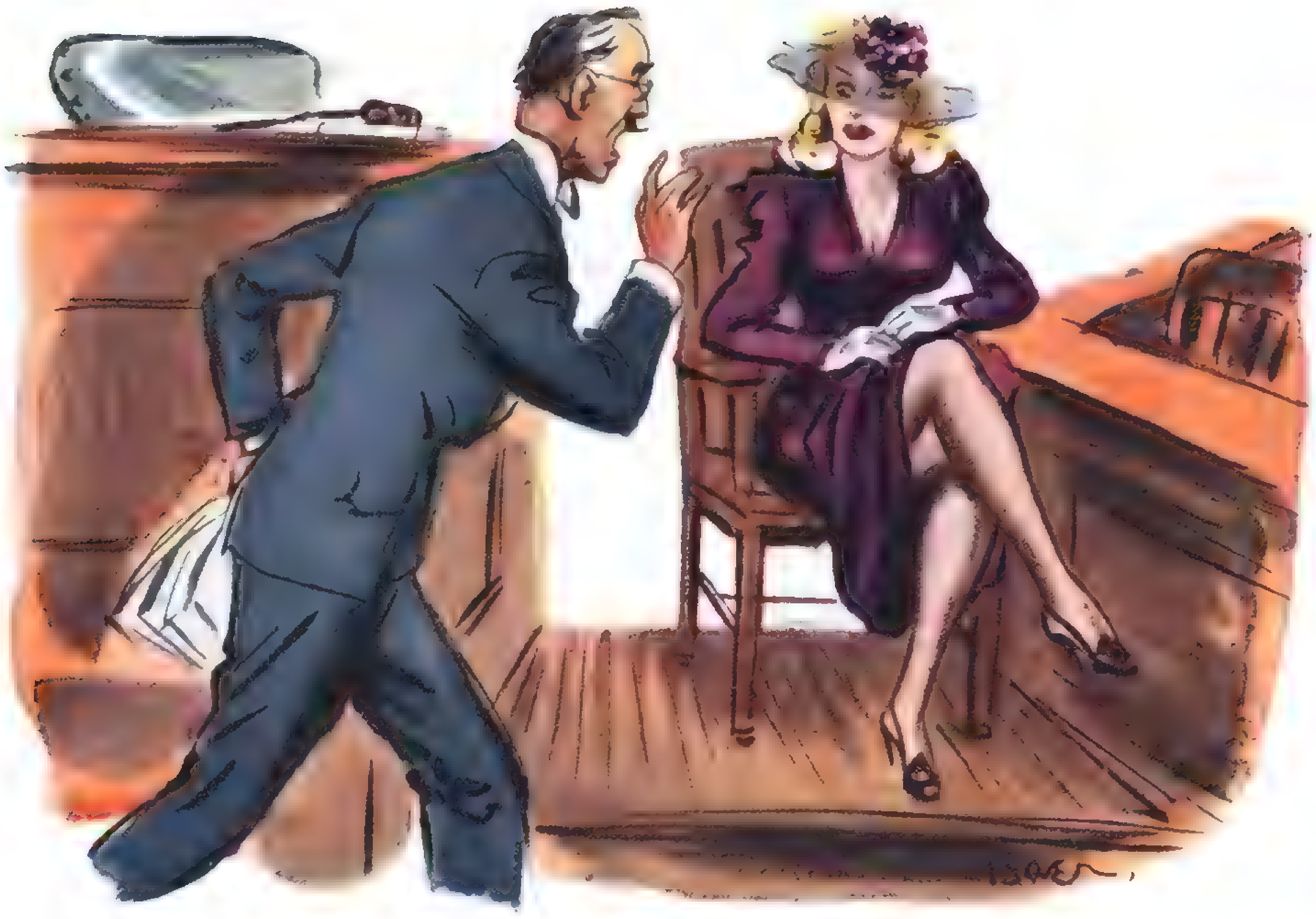
"Not only a streamlined chassis, equipped with every modern feature, but also, and this will interest you, Mr. Chazar—she's convertible"



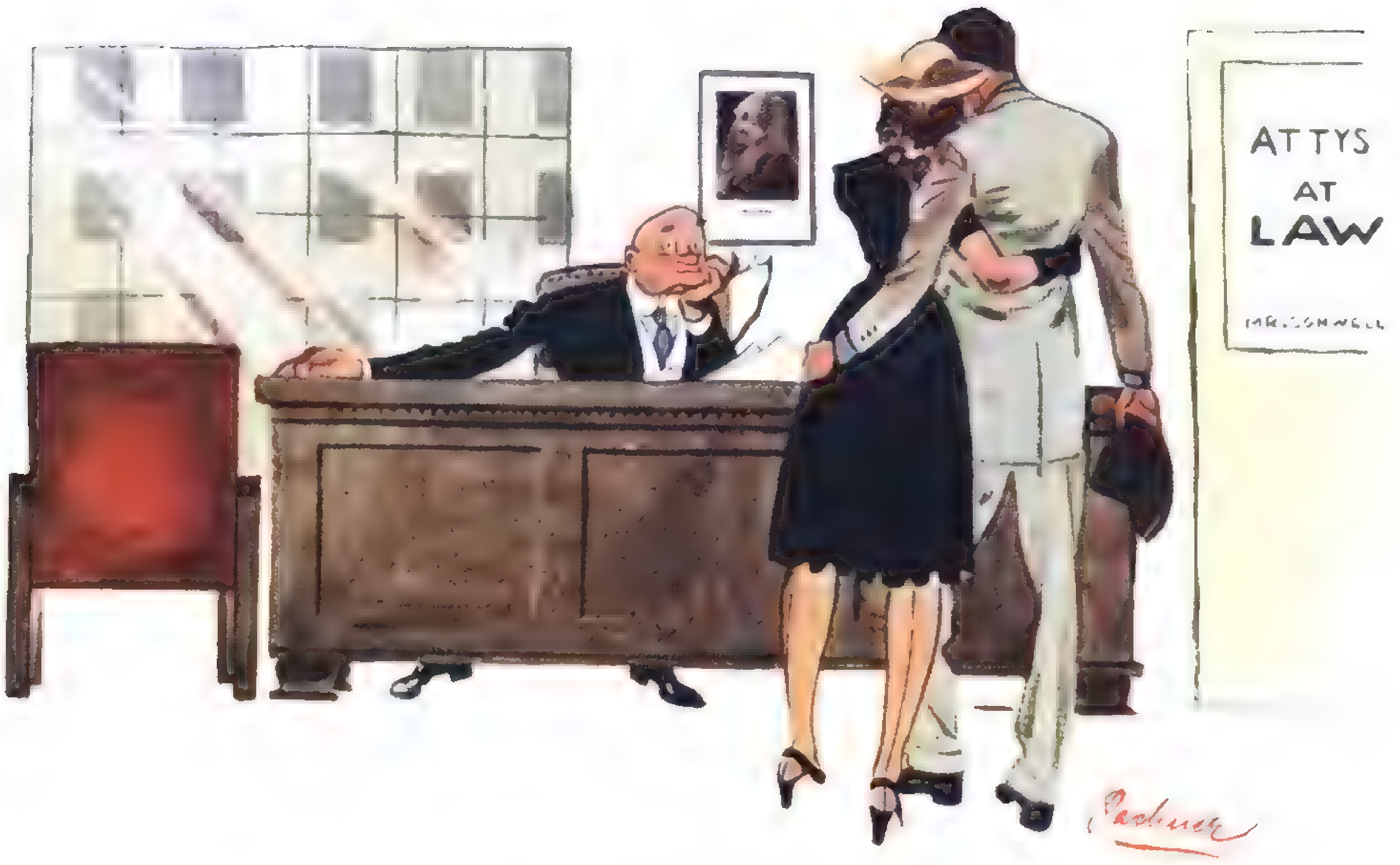
"No, Mr. McTavish, I'm not free tonight"



"I hate to bother you, dear, on your day off but the kitchen's on fire and burning like mad"



"Not yet, Miss Ram, the jury is still out to lunch"


ATTYS
AT
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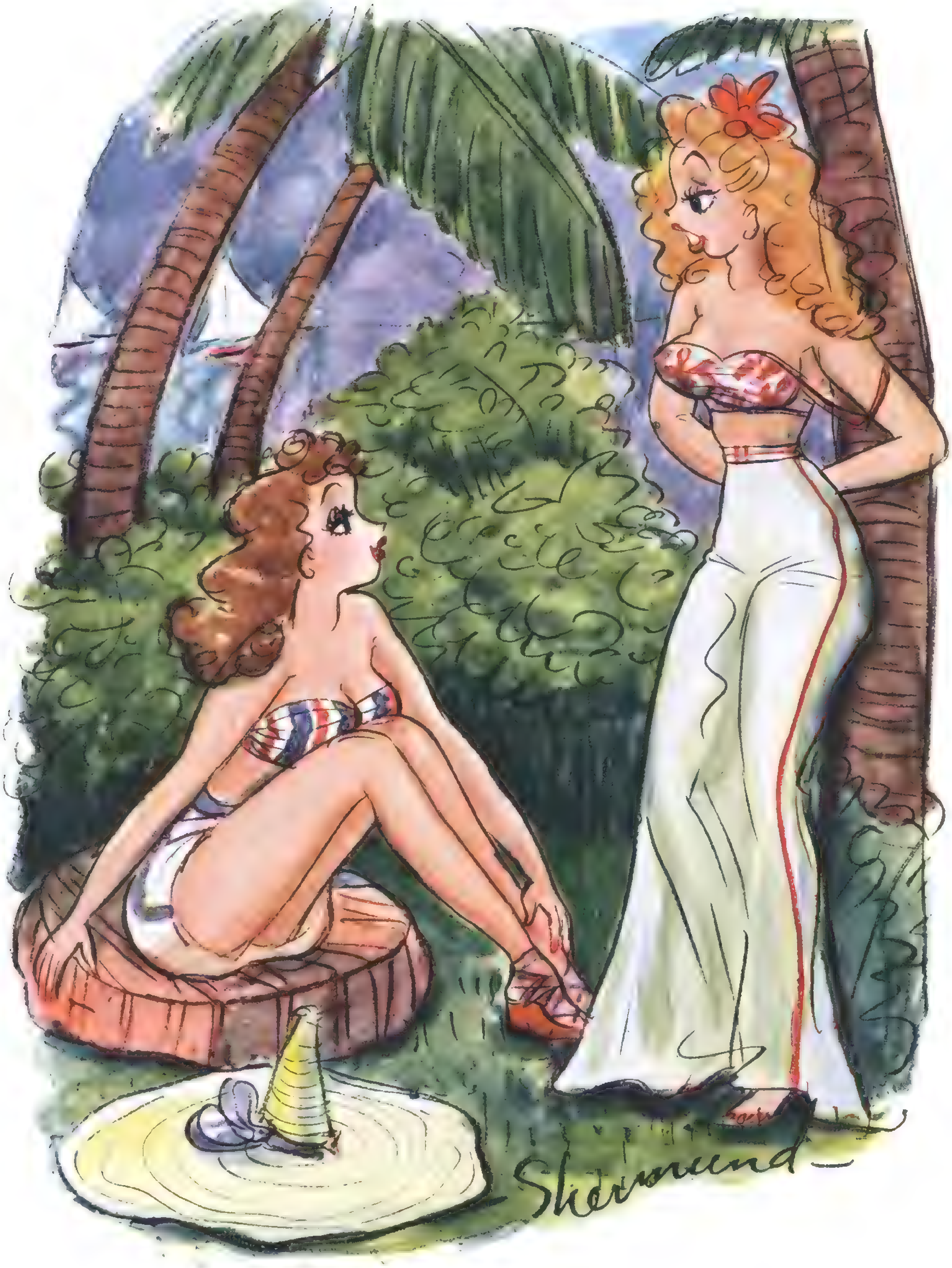
"We want a divorce"



"It was easier being true to Jack when there were no men here"

On an Ocean Wave

It was a daring arrangement, still Gaston T. Scheer was a big man and life certainly owed him two women

by PAUL ELGIN

FICTION

GASTON T. SCHEER—the man, the company, the idea—five feet eight, carrying himself with dash and pride, walking the deck of the ocean liner like a conqueror. This was when it was something to be an American—Spring of 1929.

O'Kane, his confidential secretary, met him in the morning on the open front of the promenade deck.

"See her?" Scheer asked.

"Yes—sure. She's all right."

"Why shouldn't she be all right?"

O'Kane hesitated.

"Some of her baggage is marked with her real initials—and the stewardess said—"

"Oh hell!" said Scheer, "She should have had that fixed up in New York. It's the same old story—girl's not your wife she's always sensitive, always complaining about slights and injuries. Oh, hell."

"She was all right."

"Women are small potatoes," said Scheer disgustedly, "Did you see that cable from Claud Hanson today that said he'd gladly die for me?"

"I saw it, Mr. Scheer."

"I liked it." Scheer said defiantly, "I think Claud meant it. I think he'd gladly die for me."

Claud Hanson was Mr. Scheer's other secretary. O'Kane let his natural cynicism run riot in silence.

"I think many people would, Mr. Scheer," he said without vomiting. Gosh, it was probably true. Mr. Scheer did a lot for a lot of people—kept them alive, gave them work.

"I liked the sentiment," said Scheer gazing gravely out to sea. "Anyhow Miss Denzer oughtn't to grouse—it's just four days and twelve hours. She doesn't have to stay in her cabin, just so she doesn't make herself conspicuous or talk to me—just in case."

Just in case anyone had seen them together in New York.

"Anyhow—" he concluded, "My wife's never seen her or heard of her."

Mr. O'Kane had concluded that he himself would possibly die for Mr. Scheer if Mr. Scheer kept on giving him market tips for ten years more. He would die at the end of the ten—you could cram a lot into ten years. By that time he himself might be able to bring two women abroad in the same load, in separate crates so to speak.

Alone, Gaston T. Scheer faced a strong west wind with a little spray in it. He was not afraid of the situation he had created—he had never been afraid since the day he had forced himself to lay out a foreman with a section of pitch chain.

It just felt a little strange when he walked with Minna and the children to think that Catherine Denzer might be watching them. So when he was on deck with Minna he kept his face impassive and aloof, appearing not to have a good time. This was false. He liked Minna—she said nice things.

In Europe this summer it would be easier. Minna and the children would be parked here and there, in Paris and on the Riviera, and he would make business trips with Catherine. It was a willful, daring arrangement but he was twice a man in every way. Life certainly owed him two women.

The day passed—once he saw Catherine Denzer, passing her in an empty corridor. She kept her bargain, all except for her lovely pale head which yearned toward him momentarily as they passed and made his throat warm, made him want to turn and go after her. But he kept himself in control—they would be in Cherbourg in fifty hours.

Another day passed—there was a brokerage office on board and he spent the time there, putting in a few orders, using the ship-to-shore telephone once, sending a few code wires.

That evening he left Minna talking to the college professor in the adjoining deck chair, and strolled restlessly around the ship, continually playing with the idea of going to Catherine Denzer, but only as a form of mental indulgence because it was twenty-four hours now to Paris and the situation was well in hand.

But he walked the halls of her deck, sometimes glancing casually down the little branch corridors to the staterooms. And so, entirely by accident, in one of these corridors he saw his wife Minna and the professor. They were in each other's arms embracing, with all abandon. No mistake.

II

Cautiously Scheer backed away from the corridor. His first thought was very simple: it jumped over several steps—over fury, hot jealousy and amazement—it was that his entire plan for the summer was ruined. His next thought was that Minna must sweat blood for this and then he jumped a few more steps. He was what is known medically as a "schizoid"—in his business dealings, too, he left out intermediate steps, surprising competitors by arriving quickly at an extreme position without any discoverable logic. He had arrived at one of these extreme positions now and was not even surprised to find himself there.

An hour later there was a knock on the door of Mr. O'Kane's cabin and Professor Dollard of the faculty of Weston Technical College came into the room. He was a thin quiet man of forty, wearing a loose tweed suit.

"Oh yes," said O'Kane, "Come in. Sit down."

"Thank you," said Dollard, "What do you want to see me about?"

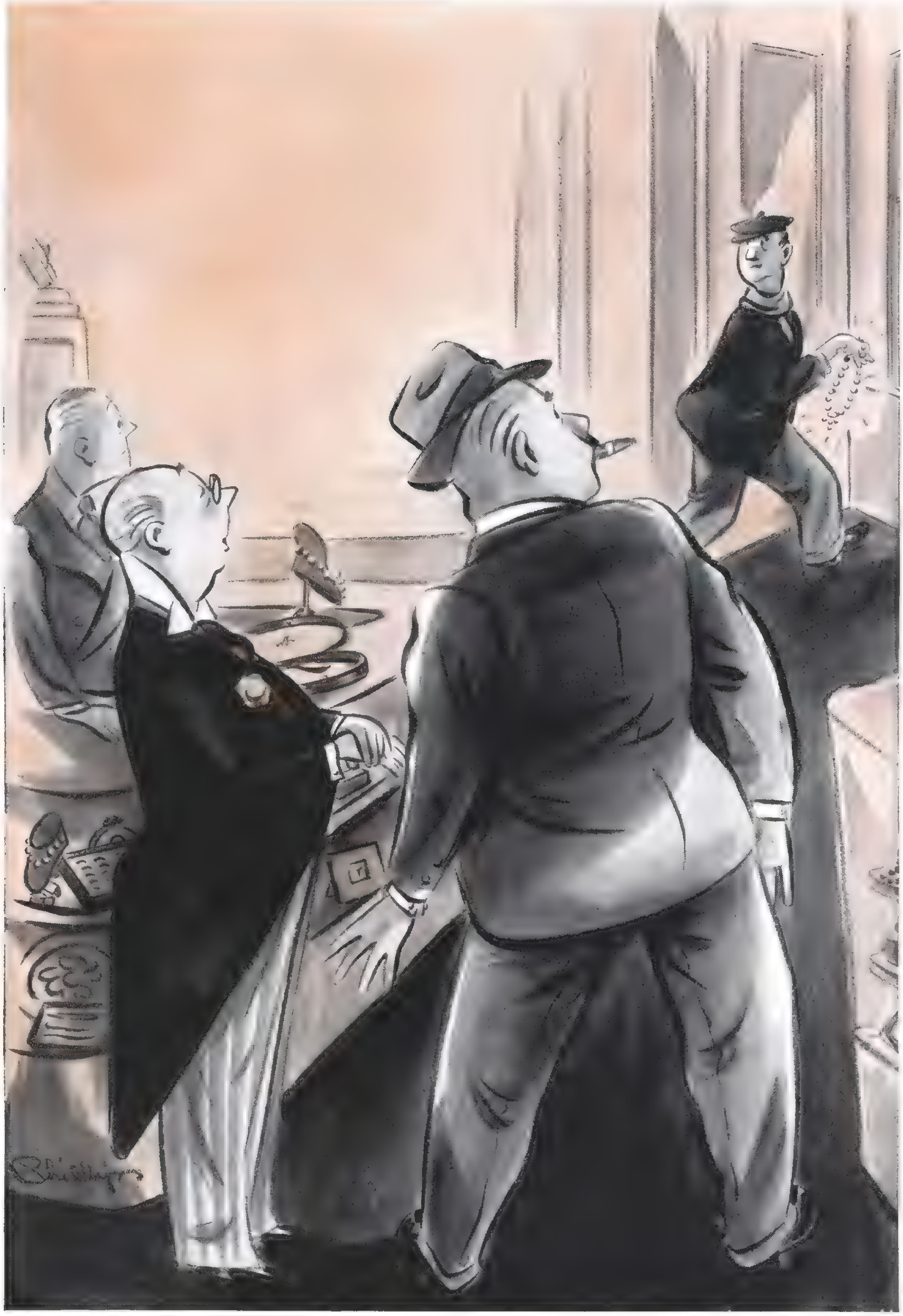
"Have a cigarette."

"No thanks. I'm on my way to bed,

Continued in center of page 141

PRESS
GEORGE WOLFE

"Never mind the cheesecake, Mrs. Van Nast!"



"It's all right, Yates—the gentleman says he merely wishes to look at it in the daylight"

Americans Can Play Hockey

Their style is more rough and tumble than Canadians', but given a chance at training, they'll steal the show

by DICK CULLUM

• SPORTS •

WHEN Canada went to war promoters of professional hockey in the United States were fit to throw a fit.

The financial structure of hockey centers in the United States but the source of player personnel lies in Canada. If Canada had called its athletic young men to the colors in a general conscription the business heads of the game on the American side of the border would have been as sorry a set of bag holders as ever looked straight down and saw nothing but the bottom of a bag.

Subsequently an understanding was reached with the Canadian government which, in the meantime, had discovered that it was not going to be a war of manpower against manpower.

Canada consented to let her hockey players come over for the league schedule if they had taken a brief period of military training before the hockey season started.

Most of the players accepted this arrangement and professional hockey was resumed in the United States more or less as usual, minus only a few players who had volunteered for air service.

During the period of uncertainty, however, the minds of professional hockey had asked themselves a few questions.

"Couldn't we develop American players in greater numbers? And, if we developed them would they be good enough for the National League?" they asked.

"And what's more," they fairly shouted at one another, "why haven't we been about this business of developing American players for a long time?"

The answer to the first question is that American hockey players, given anywhere near an equal opportunity to develop, would play as well as Canadian players, and might play better. More than that they would play a more spectacular and entertaining game.

American kids can play hockey right up to the skull-cracking limit—if they are given a fair chance at it.

The answer to the second question, "Why haven't we developed American players?" is more complicated.

The essential reason is that hockey has been passively accepted as a Canadian game, and Canadians have been in the saddle.

Hockey teams in the majors and down through the minors have been managed by Canadians.

They use Canadian players because (1) they know that style of play, and managers and coaches, each having a certain technique, stay with the technique they know, (2) they have a ready-made scouting system in Canada which produces a generous number of players and tips them off on all likely prospects and, (3) they have an understandable bias in favor of boys from their native land.

If the game were packed with American players it would be a different game. Americans skate faster, hit harder, handle their sticks less skillfully.

Consequently it is not easy to drop a few American players into a lineup that is preponderantly Canadian.

"The styles clash," say the managers, "and as long as most of our players are Canadians they must all be Canadians or play the Canadian style of hockey."

Maybe this explains why few American players rise to the big leagues.

Canadian players have one advantage. They grow into the game from childhood. This is possible because of the large number of indoor rinks in Canada.

There every little town has an indoor rink and the rinks are available for boyish shinny games leading up to junior hockey games.

Canadian rinks can be thus inexpensively operated because of the climate. Turn on the hose, open the doors and windows and nature provides a skating rink.

In the United States with our shorter, milder winters indoor rinks are expensive to operate because artificial freezing is required. Therefore, they must be operated for revenue and there is no revenue in admitting the neighborhood kids to play shinny several hours a day.

But let the time come when professional hockey in the United States offers training facilities to its young athletes and, just as surely as 32 degrees Fahrenheit is freezing, American hockey players will steal the show.

Here is a laboratory specimen.

In Minneapolis a few years ago the Arena, the city's only indoor rink, decided to permit a high school league to play a schedule of games there.

Four high school teams were organized and played a double round robin. This league continued for three years at a loss to the Arena.

Players graduating from the league played a year or two of park board hockey and drifted into the Minneapolis team of the American Hockey Association, a strong minor league in professional hockey.

Two years later this team, carrying one Canadian player and otherwise a solid lineup of recruits from the park league, won the championship playoff against teams solidly packed with Canadian professionals.

This was by no means a honky-tonk league. It contained many players who had been in the National League the year before and many others who were drafted by the National League the next season—and became stars up there.

It was of corresponding strength to a Class AA baseball league.

High-grade hockey by American players, first appeared in the Copper Country of the

Continued on page 140

PRESIDENT
JEFF KEATE

"We employees have been talkin' it over with the Union, chief, and if you really want a raise . . ."

Navajo Goes to Town

He wanted to go in the tent but the elders said a man who looked on a naked woman would go blind

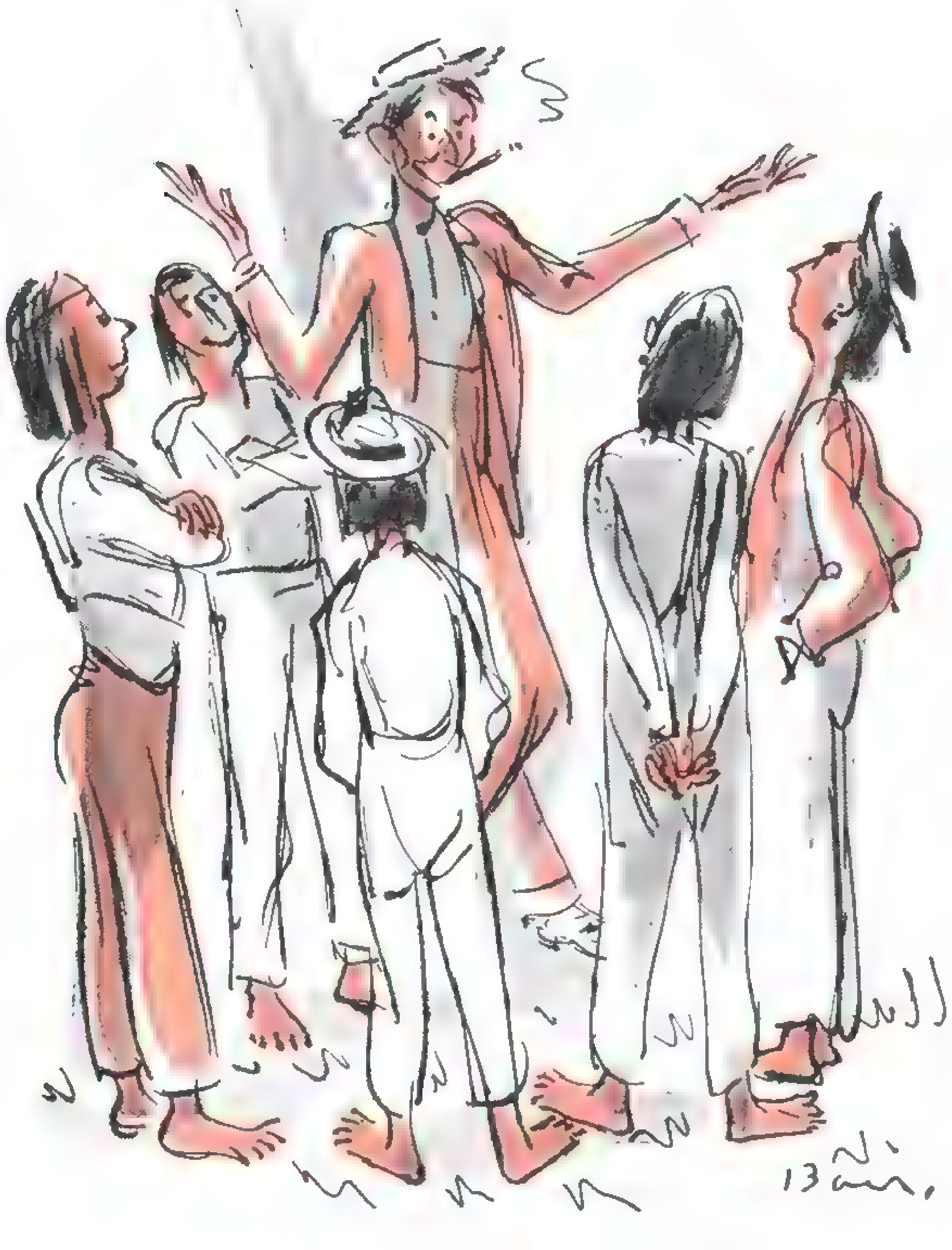
by ERIC HOWARD

▪ SATIRE ▪

JIM SLIM'S Son had been to the railroad town of Flagstaff only once. But he was surely going this year. He had determined on that. He had planned for it. He had worked hard with his horse, the fast one, because there were races at Flagstaff during the Fourth of July celebration known as the Pow-wow. He thought he had a very good chance of winning a race and prize money. Anyway, the horse gave him an excuse for going.

Jim Slim's Son gave the horse races as his reason for wanting to go. That is what he told his maternal uncles, who had more to say about his doings than anyone else. It was a long way, of course, from his hogan on Black Mesa to the town of many houses. And the older men of Black Mesa did not approve of the young going away to the white man's towns. They had seen too much of that.

Black Mesa is a long, high, remote tableland, rising abruptly from the surrounding plain. For many years it was inaccessible except by horse trail; now a road makes it possible for one to drive a car to the top. But the road is often washed out or flooded, it is steep and narrow, and the ascent is by no means easy.



The mesa is wooded, the grass is good, there are waterholes. The Navajo herds graze and grow fat. The Navajos who live there, removed from white influence, are old-fashioned, conservative, true to the old ways and to the tribe's traditions. Jim Slim's Son—tall, straight, long-haired, with eyes as flashing and brave as a mustang's, with a proud lift to his head—was one of these.

His horse was the fastest on Black Mesa. He had won every race he had entered. It was so now that they would not bet with him.

It would be pleasant to win a race at the Pow-wow. It would be very good to win a first prize. The races gave him a good reason for going.

But it was the tales of his cousin, Tony Peshlakai, that had really decided him. Tony said things about town life and about what went on at the Pow-wow that were interesting, amazing if true, decidedly worth investigating. Tony Peshlakai—that is, Tony the Silversmith—had worked in a curio store in Flagstaff for several months. He was clever at his trade and made beautiful silver rings and bracelets. When the curio store closed up for lack of patronage, Tony took a job driving the freight and mail truck from Flagstaff up into the Reservation. Tony, of course, had been to school; his hair had been cut. He spoke English and Spanish; he knew all about living in towns, American fashion; he talked much about drinking, shooting pool, gambling and women—white women and Mexicans.

Tony got into trouble while driving the truck. He had had too much to drink, one day, and he drove the truck over a cliff, wrecking it. He had been fired, and now no one would give him a job. That was why he had come home to Black Mesa. There, although the older people thought he was a smart-aleck and a know-it-all, not to say a plain liar, Tony could always find a group of younger men and boys to listen to his stories of that strange, unknown, foreign world of the white man. Boys like Jim Slim's Son, who had never been taken away to school, had never had their hair cut or been deloused, and spoke no English. Jim was always a listener when Tony talked. But he stood on the edge of the group, feigning disinterest and disbelief.

Tony, talking in bad Navajo, using American slang and Spanish words, reported these things with the air of an explorer who has been to a far country and has come home to tell of what he has seen.

"Indians from all over," he said, "dey come to the Pow-wow. Apaches, Supais, Wallapais, Hopis an' Pueblos. All kinds. An' Navajos—Jeez, you never seen so many Navajos. From all over. Thousands of 'em. Dey want us dere in town, dis time o' year, anyway. Can't too many of us come. It's a big show, see, an' Beliganos from all over come to see it. Indian dances an' stuff, horse-racin', foot-racin', tugs o' war, mud dances. Dey make lots o' money—yep, *mucho dinero*. But dat's okay. Dey pay all the Indians something for whatever dey do. An' dere's a big Indian camp in the pines right back o' the fair grounds. Plenty to eat—yep, dey give us dat. An' every night, after the show, the Indians put on a squaw dance an' sing all night. Jeez, what a crowd!

"But dat ain't nothin'! Wait till I tell you. Dere's another show dere—what dey call a carnival. You just ought to see dat. Big wheels go round an' round, way up in the air, like this. First time you ride on one, you're scared. An' merry-go-rounds. You ride round an' round, sittin' on a horse. No, not a real horse. An' gamblin'. Boy! Slot machines, everything. Dey got a rule—Indians can't go in the big gamblin' tent. But you can always get a game goin' somewhere. Indians can't buy a drink, either. But dere's always somebody around the camp, willin' to sell a bottle. Jeez, I was drunk!

"But all dat ain't nothin'. Wait till I tell you. In this carnival, like dey call it, dey got a lot o' sideshows. All kinds. Dey got mind-readers, dey got a woman with a long beard, dey got a wild boy dat tears rabbits to pieces with his hands an' eats 'em without cookin'. Honest! Jeez, he's wilder'n Jim Slim's Son over dere.

"Dey got everything. But listen, this is tops. Dey got a girl in a tent dere. She dances, see, all alone. She's got a lot o' store cloth on. She keeps takin' it off, till pretty soon she ain't got hardly anything on. You oughta see her. It only costs you a dime to get in to watch her dance. An' she gives you your money's worth, I'll say. But if you want to see more, why, stick around, stick around. When she gets through with dat dance, she still has got some clothes on. But if you stick around, she says, 'Now, boys, for fo' bits more I'll really show you somethin'. The pikers can all go out. You guys dat want to see somethin' good, get out your fo' bit pieces.'

"An' den—I ain't foolin'—she does some more dancin'. An' she takes off everything. Everything! Jeez, you ought to see dat! A Beligano girl—with nothin' on."

When Tony came to this tidbit of reporting, those who listened expressed themselves

in various ways. Some were outspokenly skeptical. Others were excited and interested.

One serious young man, who was going to be a medicine man, said earnestly, "But it is well-known that if a man looks upon a naked woman, he will go blind. That is the law. Everybody knows that. It would be dangerous."

Tony spat. "Nuts!" he said. "I ain't blind, am I?"

The believer gravely considered his argument.

"Not yet," he granted. "But who knows what will happen? Who knows when the gods will make you blind? It is a law of the people—a man who looks upon a naked woman will go blind."

"Okay, I'll take a chance," Tony said. "I seen her, an' I ain't blind."

Jim Slim's Son said, "Ee-yah!" He knew that it was true. A man who looked upon a naked woman would be blinded. As the other man said, it was a law of the people. And yet—and yet—Tony was not blind.

Jim Slim's Son had seen very few white women. On his single trip to Flagstaff he had been confused and frightened; he had gone in with his uncle to buy a wagon, he had not stayed long. He went down off the mesa only once in a long time to the trading post at the foot of the trail. The trader there was Nakai Nez, tall Mexican, a bachelor. Once, at the trading post, he had seen a few white travelers. There were three white women, one very old and fat, one middle-aged, and one young girl.

The girl wore pants like a man, but it was easy to see that she was not a man. She was very bold. She jumped off the counter, where she was sitting swinging her legs, and walked right up to Jim Slim's Son. She had a strange smell. Her shirt was open at the throat and he could see inside it; he saw her breasts. She pulled at his ear-bobs—pieces of turquoise tied to his pierced ears with cord. She wanted to buy them, and Tall Mexican had tried to make him sell. But he would not.

Somehow, as Tony talked about the dancer who took off all her clothes, Jim Slim's Son remembered that girl.

He started for Flagstaff and the Pow-wow, riding his fast horse, with several other young men from the mesa. Tony was going, too, but he had succeeded in convincing Tall Mexican that he could be trusted to drive a truck. The trader was sending in a load of Navajo rugs for sale, and Tony was to bring back a truckload of supplies.

Jim Slim's Son and his companions took their time. They stopped at every trading post. They bought food. They camped wherever night found them. Others joined them, making quite a cavalcade, and Jim Slim's Son heard more tales of the town. There were stories of gambling that excited him. He had very little money, but if he won a race or two, he might get into a game and win much more. He loved to gamble.

As they got closer to Flagstaff, the roads were lined with Navajo wagons. It seemed that the whole tribe, men, women and children, was going to the Pow-wow. Jim wondered if there would be enough to eat.

The Pow-wow lasted for three days, July 3rd, 4th and 5th. The carnival, a traveling show that played all the towns of the Southwest, had pitched its tents for three days, too. There had been a good deal of talk, even dissension, among those who were responsible for the Pow-wow. Some thought it should be a dignified, educational presentation of Indian dances, music and arts; they held that the carnival cheapened it. Others contended that the carnival attracted many who would not otherwise attend and pointed out that what the carnival people paid for their concession was all that kept them from losing money. This practical argument carried the day and the carnival was there in all its blatant glory.

Jim Slim's Son and his companions reached the Indian camp in the pines late on the night of July 2nd. They rolled up in their blankets and slept soundly. Early the next morning, those who wished to enter races and other events must file their names with the Pow-wow officials. Jim tagged along with an older man, who had been there last year; he entered himself and his horse in a number of races.

Then, with several friends, he set out to look things over. The merry-go-round, with its carved and colorful steeds, delighted his eye. He rode on it once and decided to go around again and again. It was great fun. He enjoyed it as much as the Beligano children.

The Ferris wheel, however, frightened him a little. What would happen if it should stop suddenly, leaving him high in the air? How would he get down? But when one of his friends dared him to take a chance, he said recklessly, "Yah-teh! I am not afraid." It was thrilling, too; it made his heart leap. After that, he was ready for anything—even the airplane whirl, which went at terrific speed, around and around.

Ah, there was much to see, much to do! It was all very exciting. Far from being a liar, Tony Peshlakai had understated the wonders of the carnival. He went into some of the sideshows. He saw with his own eyes the wild boy who tore rabbits apart and ate them raw. He saw a man swallow a long sword. He saw another consume fire and flame. He saw a woman get her head cut off.

"Ee-yah!" he said. "How is that?"

He ran into Tony Peshlakai, at a hot-dog stand. Tony was pretty drunk; he was with another schoolboy Navajo and they had two schoolgirls with them—girls who lived in town and worked in Beligano houses. Tony was making bad talk, and the girls were giggling. This was why the older men, on Black Mesa, said school was bad, Beligano towns were bad.

Tony nudged Jim in the ribs. He pointed to a large, flapping canvas. On it, in faded pigments, was a crude painting of a voluptuous girl wearing only breast-plates and a jeweled girdle.

"Dere she is!" Tony said. "The famous nautch girl o' India! Dat's what it says. Dat's the one dat takes off all her clothes. Dat's the one I was tellin' you about."

Jim Slim's Son nodded. He had already seen the flapping canvas sign. He couldn't read the words, but the picture informed him of what to expect.

He chewed a hot-dog and gazed at the sign. He would go in there—later. He would see that show.

But he was decidedly troubled by the fear of going blind. No matter what Tony said, there was that law, that rule. Everybody knew it. If a man looked upon a naked woman, he would go blind. Not right away, perhaps—for Tony still had his sight—

Continued in center of page 112

Fun in an Artist's Studio

When the Princess asked Pat Hobby to pose he recalled that peep-hole movie of his impressionable youth

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

This was back in 1938 when few people except the Germans knew that they had already won their war in Europe. People still cared about art and tried to make it out of everything from old clothes to orange peel and that was how the Princess Dignanni found Pat. She wanted to make art out of him.

"No, not you, Mr. DeTinc," she said, "I can't paint you. You are a very standardized product, Mr. DeTinc."

Mr. DeTinc, who was a power in pictures and had even been photographed with Mr. Duchman, the Secret Sin specialist, stepped smoothly out of the way. He was not offended—in his whole life Mr. DeTinc had never been offended—but especially not now, for the Princess did not want to paint Clark Gable or Spencer Rooney or Vivien Leigh either.

She saw Pat in the commissary and found he was a writer, and asked that he be invited to Mr. DeTinc's party. The Princess was a pretty woman born in Boston, Massachusetts and Pat was forty-nine with red-rimmed eyes and a soft purr of whiskey on his breath.

"You write scenarios, Mr. Hobby?"

"I help," said Pat. "Takes more than one person to prepare a script."

He was flattered by this attention and not a little suspicious. It was only because his supervisor was a nervous wreck that he happened to have a job at all. His supervisor had forgotten a week ago that he had hired Pat, and when Pat was spotted in the commissary and told he was wanted at Mr. DeTinc's house, the writer had passed a *mauvais quart d'heure.* It did not even look like the kind of party that Pat had known in his prosperous days. There was not so much as a drunk passed out in the downstairs toilet.

"I imagine scenario writing is very well-paid," said the Princess.

Pat glanced around to see who was within hearing. Mr. DeTinc had withdrawn his huge bulk somewhat, but one of his apparently independent eyes seemed fixed glittering on Pat.

"Very well paid," said Pat—and he added in a lower voice, "—if you can get it."

The Princess seemed to understand and lowered her voice too.

"You mean writers have trouble getting work?"

He nodded.

"Too many of 'em get in these unions." He raised his voice a little for Mr. DeTinc's benefit, "They're all Reds, most of these writers."

The Princess nodded.

"Will you turn your face a little to the light?" she said politely "There, that's fine. You won't mind coming to my studio tomorrow, will you? Just to pose for me an hour?"

He scrutinized her again.

"Naked?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, no," she averred. "Just the head."

Mr. DeTinc moved nearer and nodded.

"You ought to go. Princess Dignanni is going to paint some of the biggest stars here. Going to paint Jack Benny and Baby Sandy and Hedy Lamarr—isn't that a fact, Princess?"

The artist didn't answer. She was a pretty good portrait painter and she knew just how good she was and just how much of it was her title. She was hesitating between her several manners—Picasso's rose period with a flash of Boldini, or straight Reginald Marsh. But she knew what she was going to call it. She was going to call it Hollywood and Vine.

II

In spite of the reassurance that he would be clothed Pat approached the rendezvous with uneasiness. In his young and impressionable years he had looked through a peep-hole into a machine where two dozen postcards slapped before his eyes in sequence. The story unfolded was *Fun in an Artist's Studio.* Even now with the strip tease a legalized municipal project, he was a little shocked at the remembrance, and when he presented himself next day at the Princess' bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel it would not have surprised him if she had met him in a turkish towel. He was disappointed. She wore a smock and her black hair was brushed straight back like a boy's.

Pat had stopped off for a couple of drinks on the way, but his first words: "How'ya Duchess?" failed to set a jovial note for the occasion.

"Well, Mr. Hobby," she said coolly, "It's nice of you to spare me an afternoon."

"We don't work too hard in Hollywood," he assured her, "Everything is 'Manana'—in Spanish that means tomorrow."

She led him forthwith into a rear apartment where an easel stood on a square of canvas by the window. There was a couch and they sat down.

"I want to get used to you for a minute," she said, "Did you ever pose before?"

"Do I look that way?" He winked, and when she smiled he felt better and asked: "You haven't got a drink around, have you?"

The Princess hesitated. She had wanted him to look as if he *needed* one. Compromising she went to the ice box and fixed him a small highball. She returned to find that he had taken off his coat and tie and lay informally upon the couch.

"That *is* better," the Princess said, "That shirt you're wearing. I think they make them for Hollywood—like the special prints they make for Ceylon and Guatemala. Now drink this and we'll get to work."

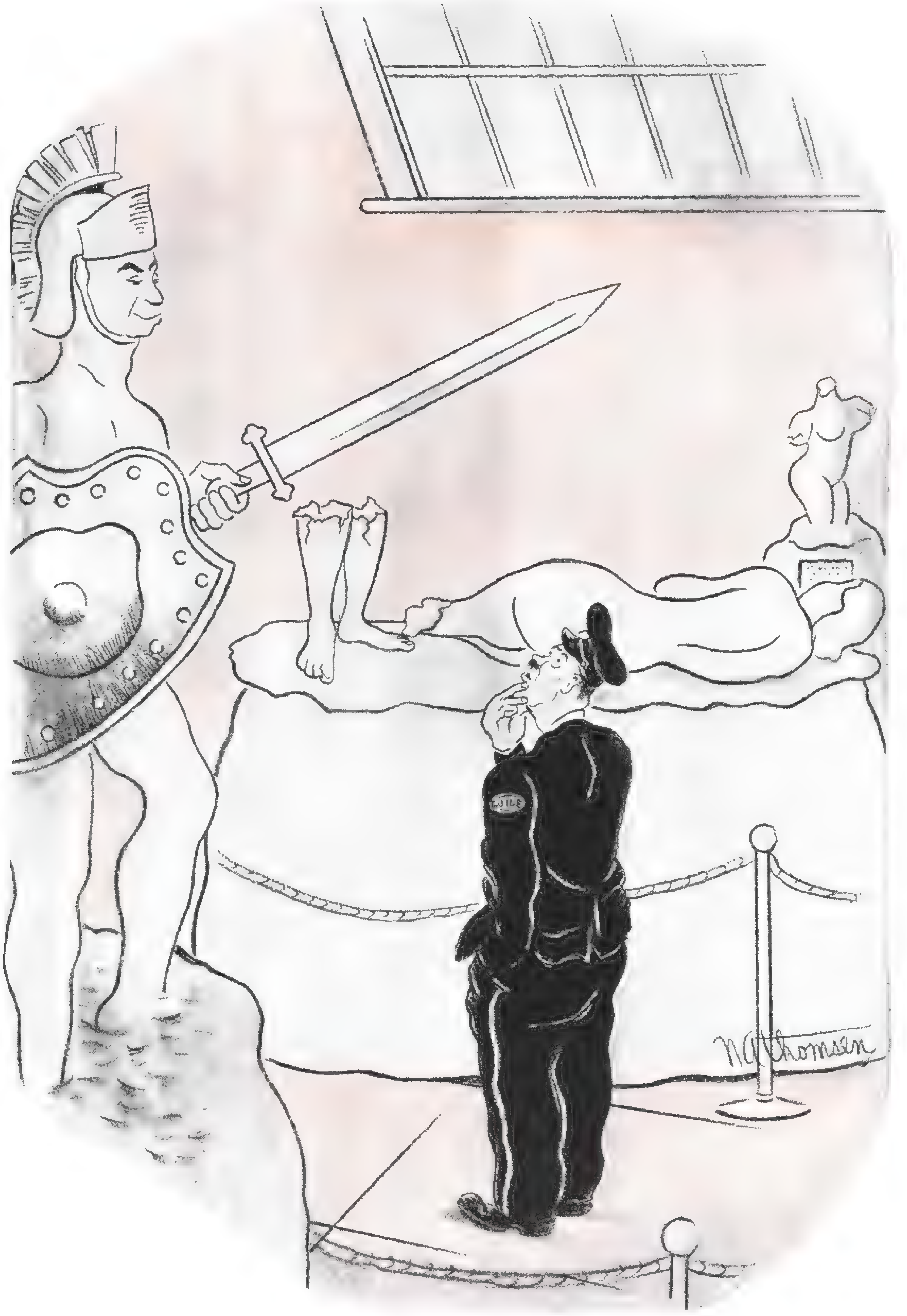
"Why don't you have a drink too and make it friendly?" Pat suggested.

"I had one in the pantry," she lied.

"Married woman?" he asked.

"I have been married. Now would you

Continued at top of page 112



"Hm-m-mm"

Nine Strike in the Ballet

A Thousand Times Neigh proved to millions of spectators that ballet isn't stuffy, can even be good fun

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I LIKE Lincoln Kirstein, director of the Ballet Caravan, and I like the reversals of fate which are loosely called irony. So when Kirstein becomes the victim of such an irony, I am in a bad position—and proceed to spread it on the record.

In 1938, Kirstein published *Blast at Ballet*, a pamphlet in the good tradition of rudeness and brilliance, all decorated with the American Eagle, full of interesting venom about men and ideas, and quite illuminating about ballet in America. On pages 57 to 63, he wrote about patrons of the ballet; shrewdly about "pretty, idle, nervous women"; one may be unimpressive, but an aggregation of them "exert a furtive levy" on rich contributors; "to them snobbery . . . is no more alien than fleas to a dog"; more violently about rich composers who become patrons of ballet (or composers with rich mistresses, maybe) and then, by a coincidence, those very composers are commissioned to write scores. He went through the list—not too imposing—of possible patrons. And at the end, came to this conclusion:

"Many of us would not be a bit surprised if, in the next five years, some of the large labor unions would directly occupy themselves with presenting works of independent theatrical excellence. The activities of a great organization such as the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, with its enlightened social and cultural program, has already successfully made its debut on Broadway with the production of its phenomenal revue hit, *Pins and Needles*, of which at the present time, some three or four companies are simultaneously touring the United States. Our best labor unions are in an excellent position to take the place of the Medici. Organized working people have been taught by their unions . . . to respect the cultural monuments of the human spirit . . . The creative theatre is a weapon as well as a recreation. Dancing may also be discovered as not the least of its defenses."

"Many of us would not be a bit surprised . . . " And in fact beginnings have been made. But Mr. Lincoln Kirstein's most spectacular job—the ballet, seen by fifty times as many people as saw all his others combined—was not commissioned by a labor union; it was ordered, or paid for—liberally I hope—and presented by, Henry Ford. It was, in short, Mr. Ford's novelty in advertising, a comedy-ballet on the passing of the horse, visible every hour at the late New York World's Fair.

It's not the irony that interests me most; it is the entrance of commerce into the field of ballet. Advertising, excluded by habit from the theatre and the movies, is integrally a part of radio, will probably exist in television; but at the present it has no dynamic visual form. (Except for moving electric light signs, visible advertising is almost all in print.) And here Mr. Ford's people, neither dilettantes nor fools, decided to risk a ballet, the hitherto despised plaything of the rich and the ultra-aesthetical. Must be something in it, after all.

This is my annual despatch on the ballet—retrospect, prophecy, criticism, and general outcry. In all probability the Ford ballet will be the most important of all the ballet events because of the millions who saw it. Most of them will remember one thing: that ballet isn't something Aunt Susie's pansy friend from Italy thought up; it isn't stuffy; you can see it in your work clothes; it can be good-humored; it's not bad fun. Last year I noted down here some of the *incredibilia* of ballet scenarios. The scenario of the Ford-Kirstein ballet, *A Thousand Times Neigh*, is this:

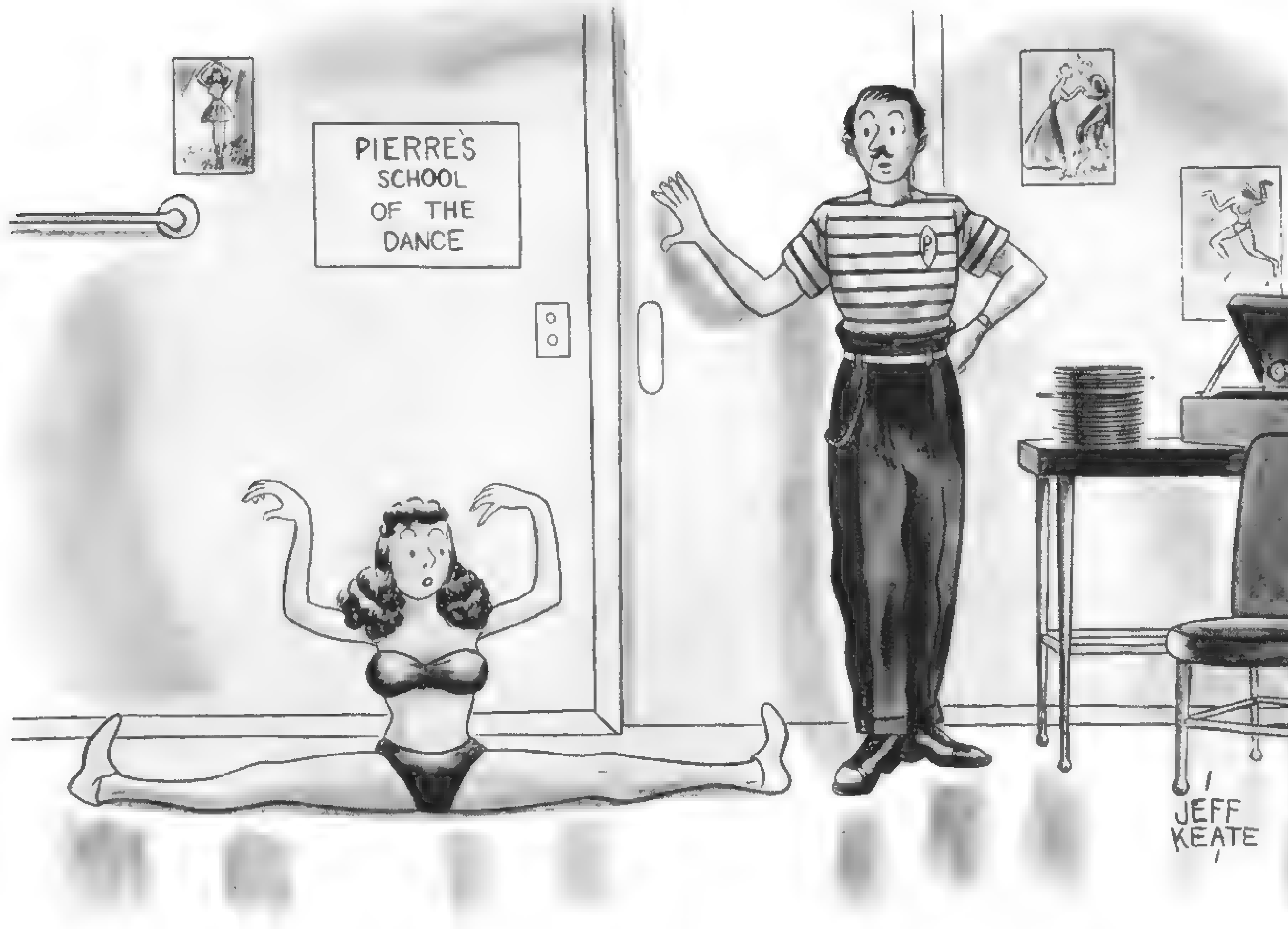
"The ballet opens in 1903 with Dobbin reigning supreme—man's main means of locomotion. Upon this nostalgic scene the first gas buggy comes charging. Dobbin rears and bucks, frightened out of his wits by the snorting monster of steel and wood. But the horseless carriage breaks down and Scene One closes with Dobbin triumphant, helping draw the new-style equippage to the smithy for repairs.

"Dobbin's triumph is short-lived. In Scene Two, placed in 1920, Dobbin has been banished to the pasture, superseded on the farm by a Model T, a truck and a tractor. Dobbin is heartbroken, but again his chagrin swiftly changes to joy. For he discovers that the machine age has released him from drudgery. He has become an aristocrat, the star of the Saratoga races. He rides to hounds. He's all the rage—he's even made the social register."

The ballet in the United States is one form of theatrical enterprise which is not New York; there are centers in Chicago (Ruth Page), and Philadelphia (Catherine Littlefield, who did another job at the Fair—the amazing drill-and-dances of the American Jubilee and more recently, *It Happens on Ice*), while out of the far West came William Christensen; in Hollywood, Balanchine does a ballet every so often for the movies, then retreats, licking his wounds, to New York to do one for the theatre. Moreover, the American Ballet Caravan has gone on intensive tours, with thumping successes where do you think? In Tulsa and Seattle and San Diego, as well as Palm Beach and Portland, and Detroit (maybe Henry Ford's talent scout caught the act there).

On the surface, it would seem that all ballet is divided between the American style, noted above, and some damned intruding foreigners. The foreigners are here, but they aren't really intruders; their ancestors not only gave us ballet (everything we have comes from a foreigner or the descendants of a couple of them); the foreign invader actually kept ballet alive when we rejected it. If I could get the quaver of ripe old age into my

Continued at top of page 142

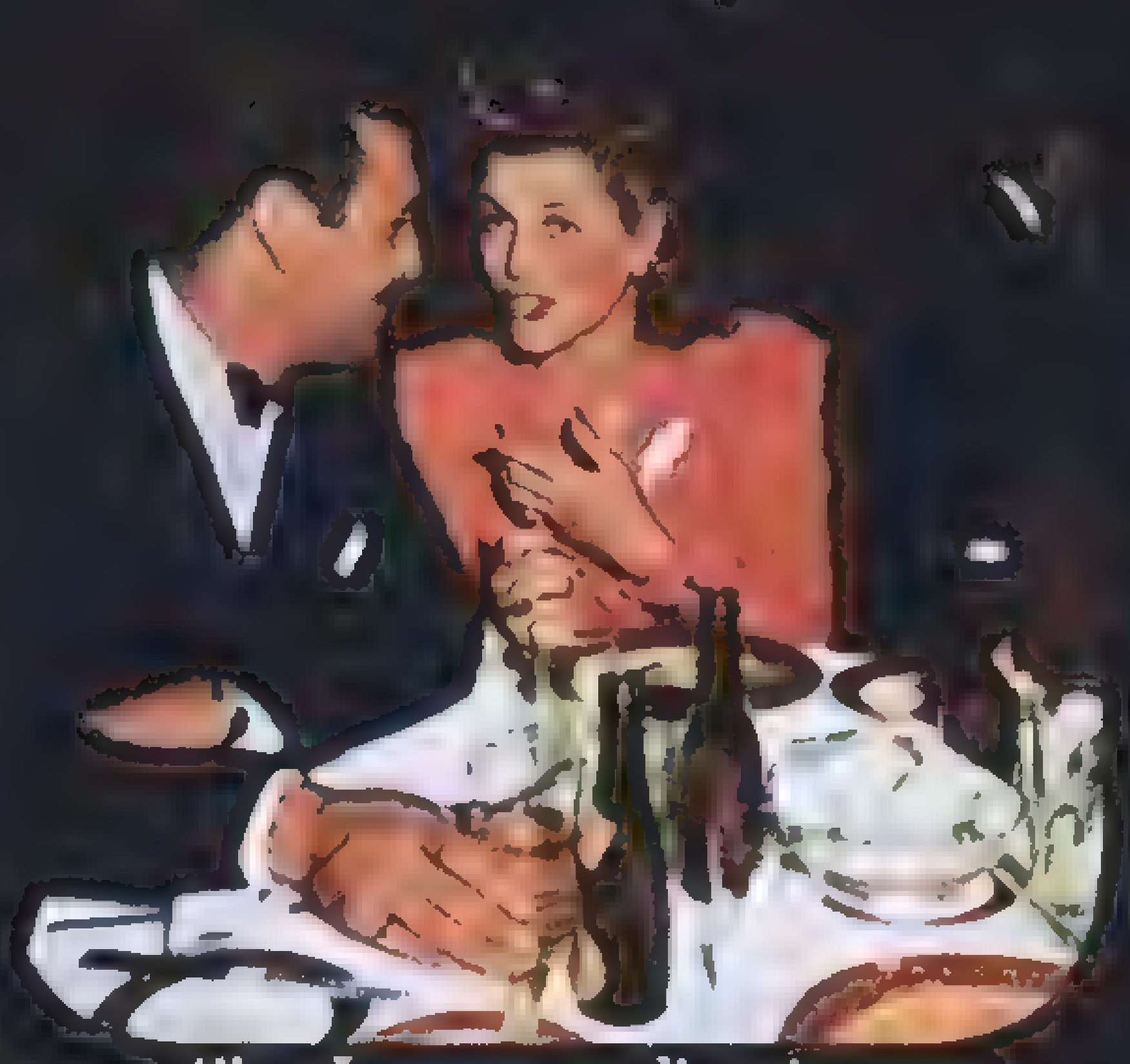


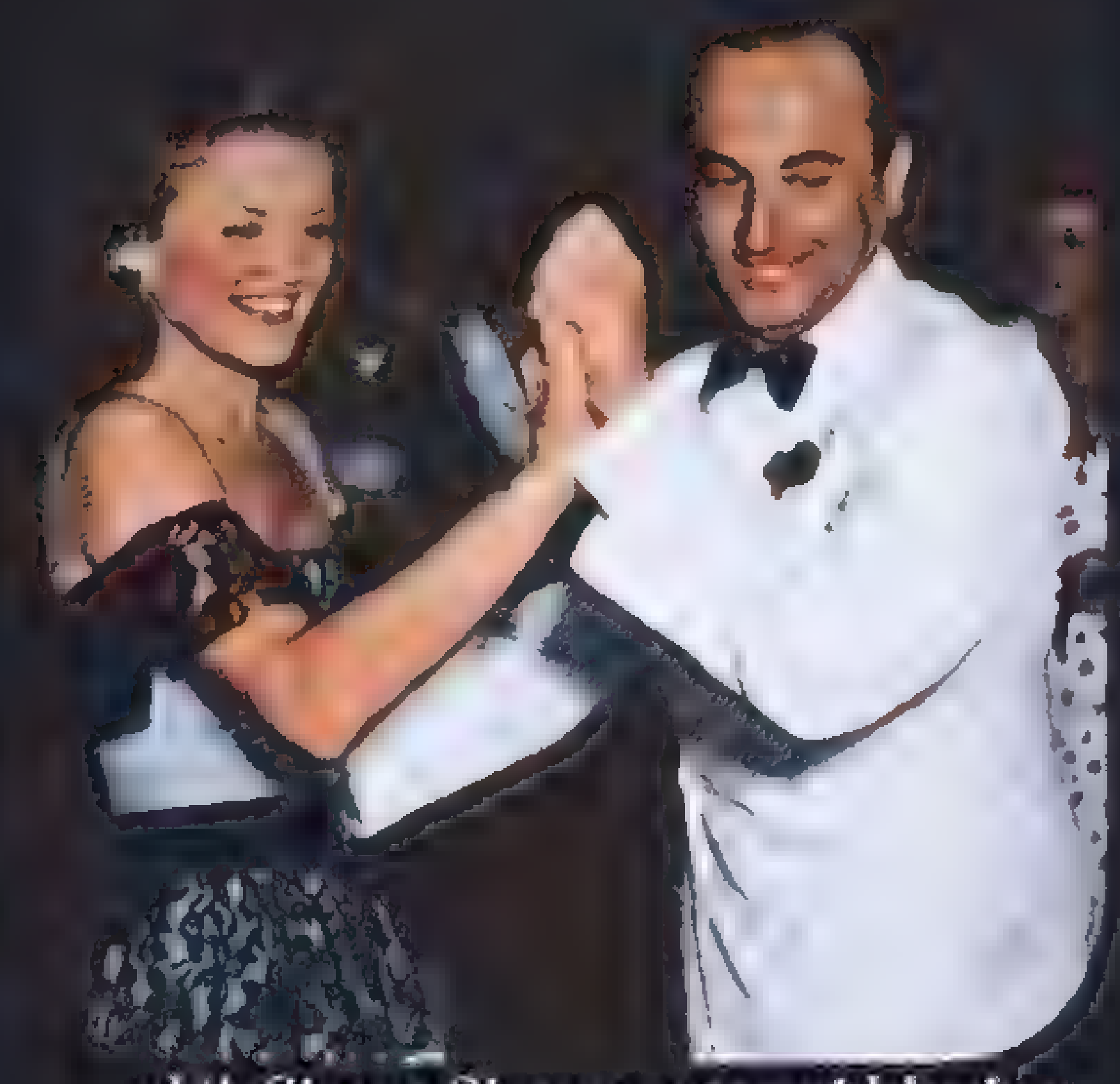
"That's all for today, Miss Smith—tomorrow I teach you how to get up from the 'splits'!"

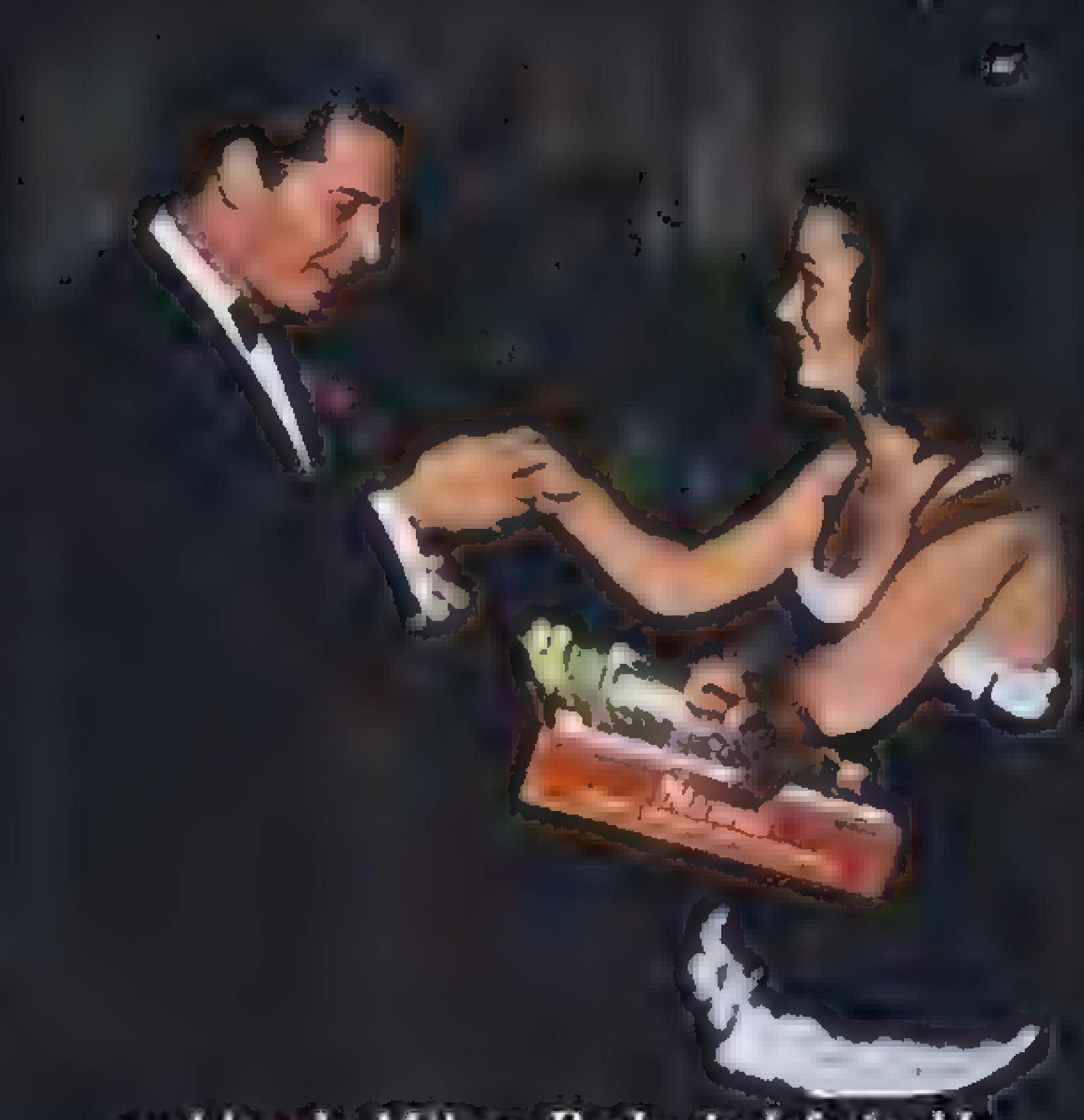
ESQUIRE HORNS IN ON HOLLYWOOD

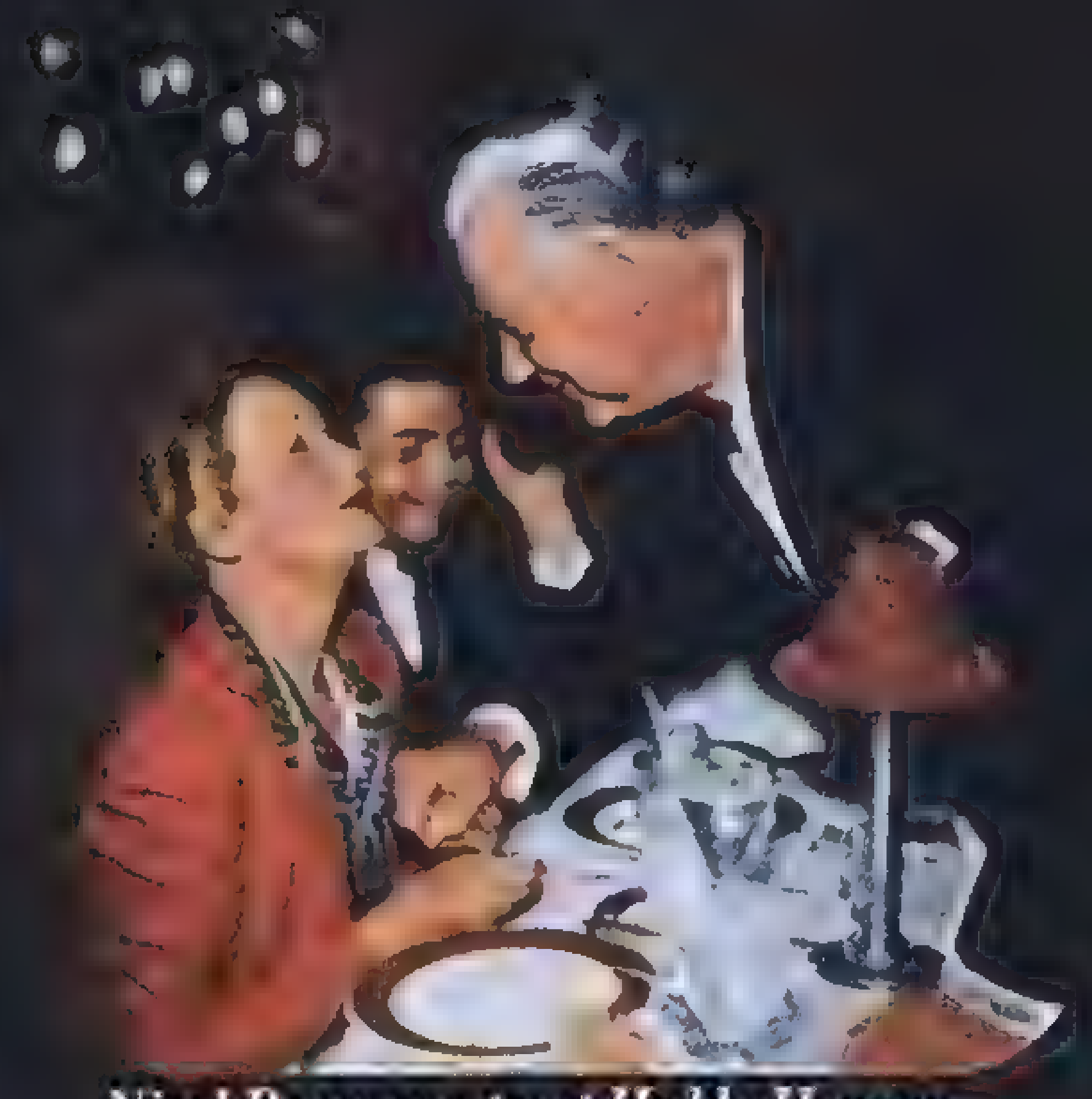
with candid shots at Ciro's

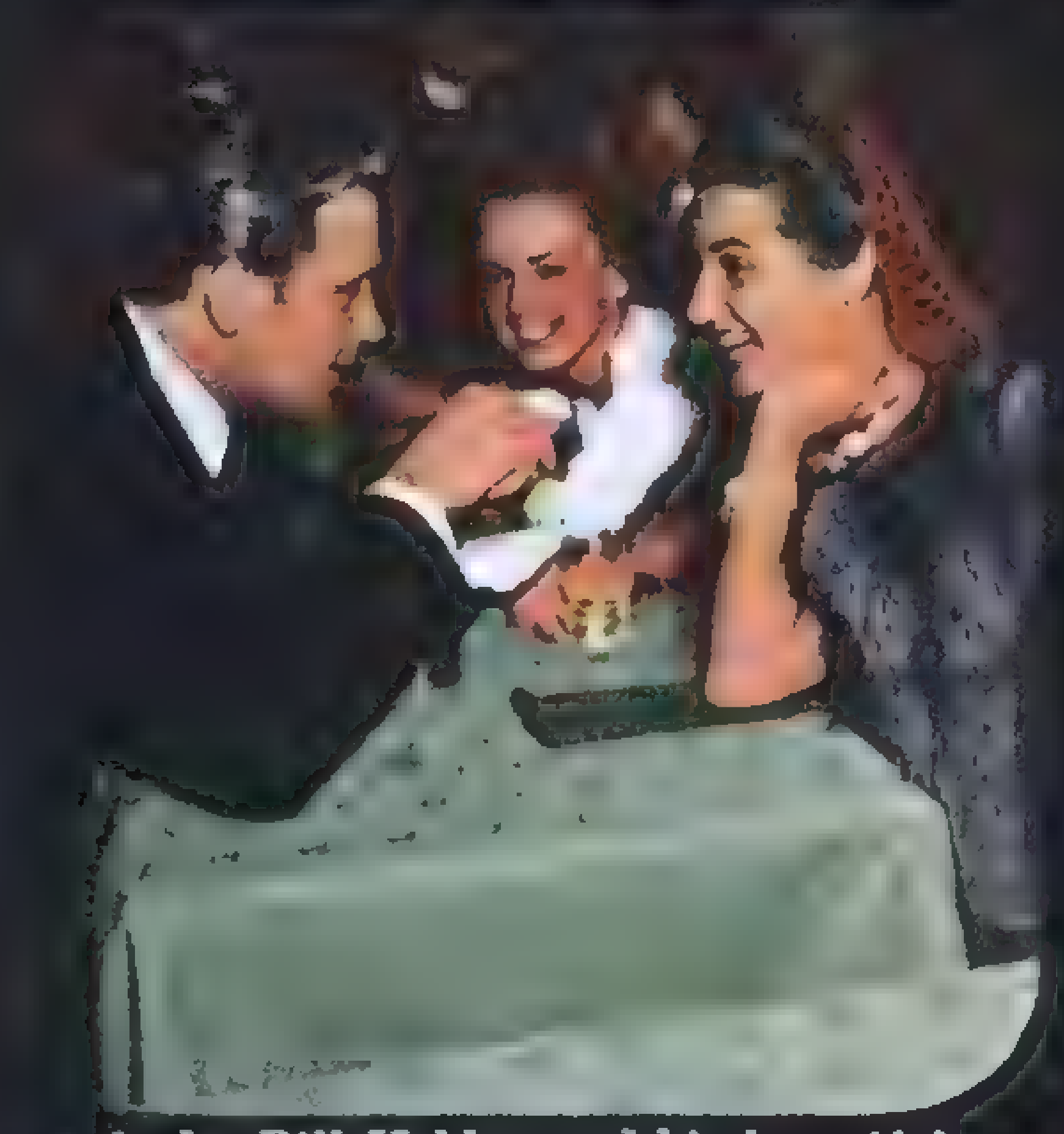
by JULES BUCK

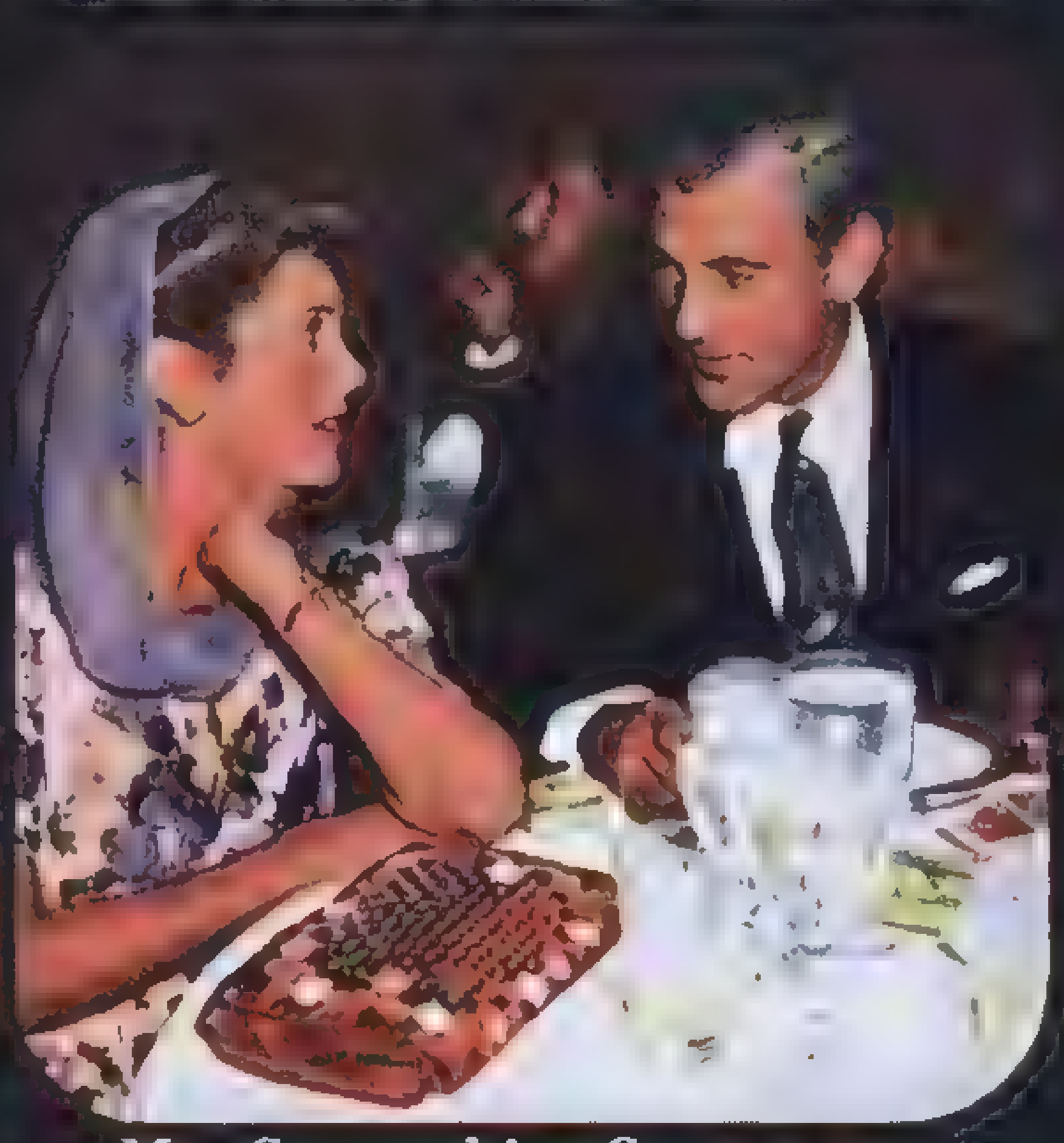

. . Allan Jones turns a listening ear to Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones to you)

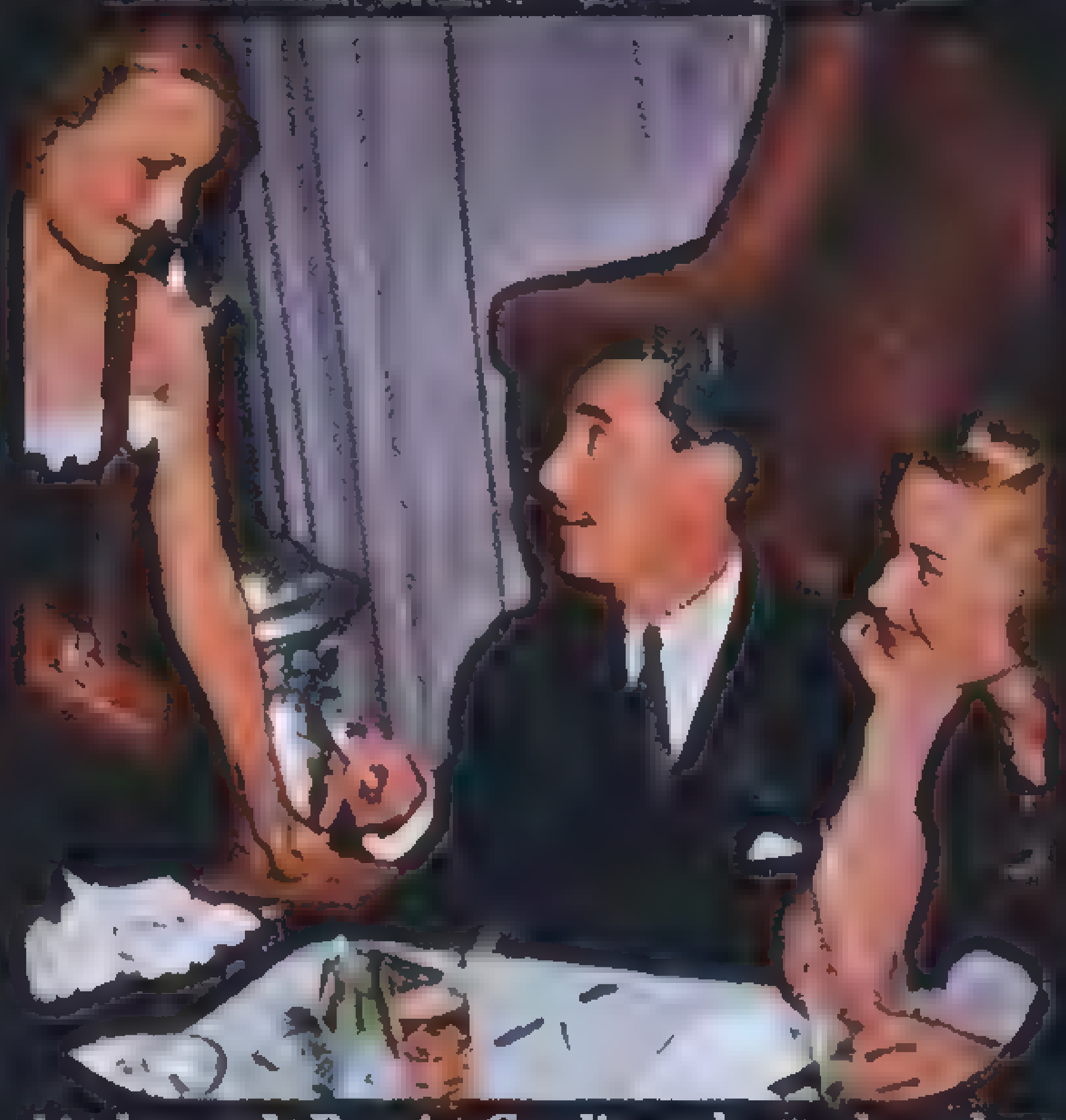

. . while Simone Simon tangoes with her love of the moment, a writer-director . . . . .

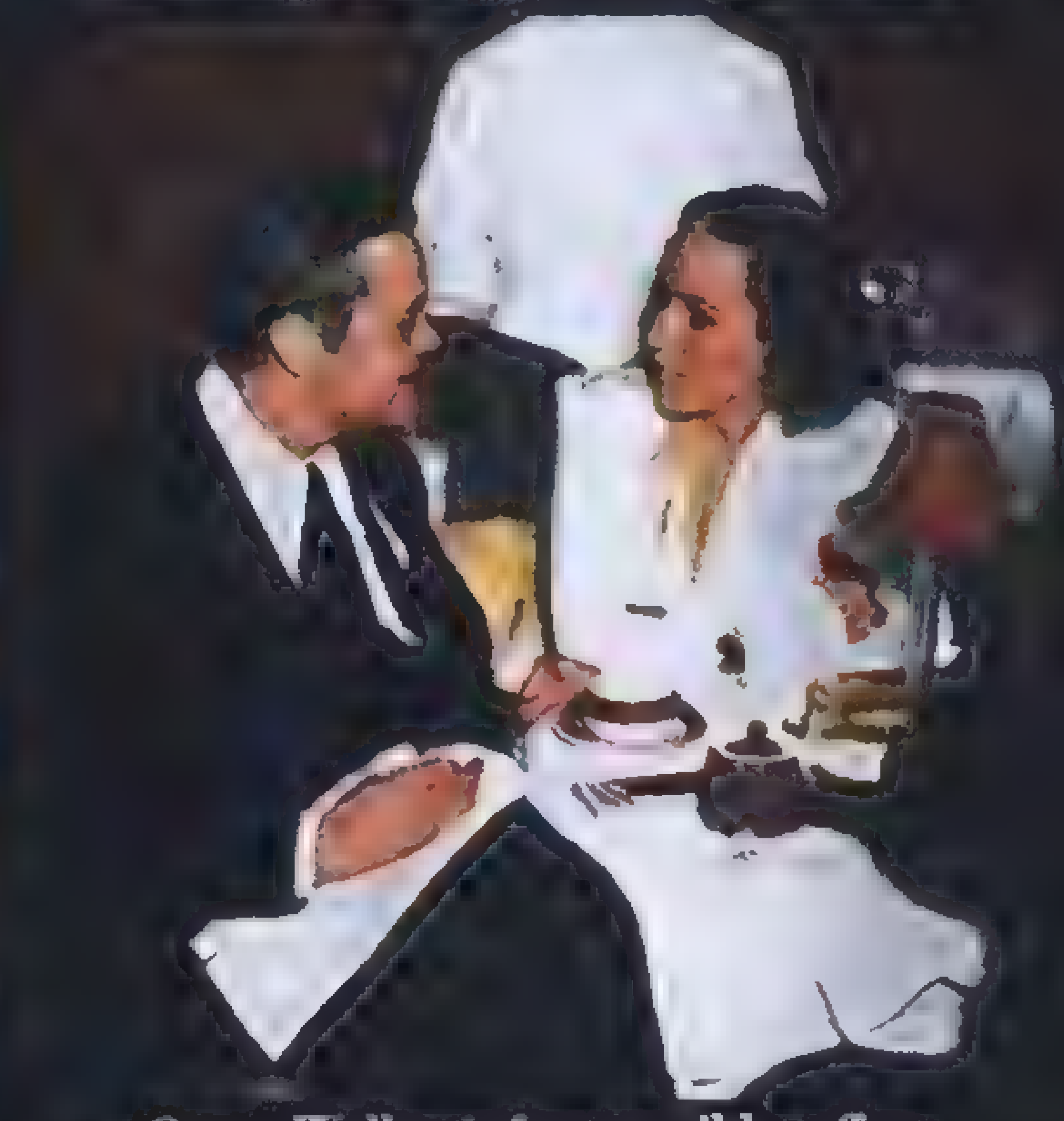

and here's Milton Berle, indefatigable funny man, kidding the cigarette girl!

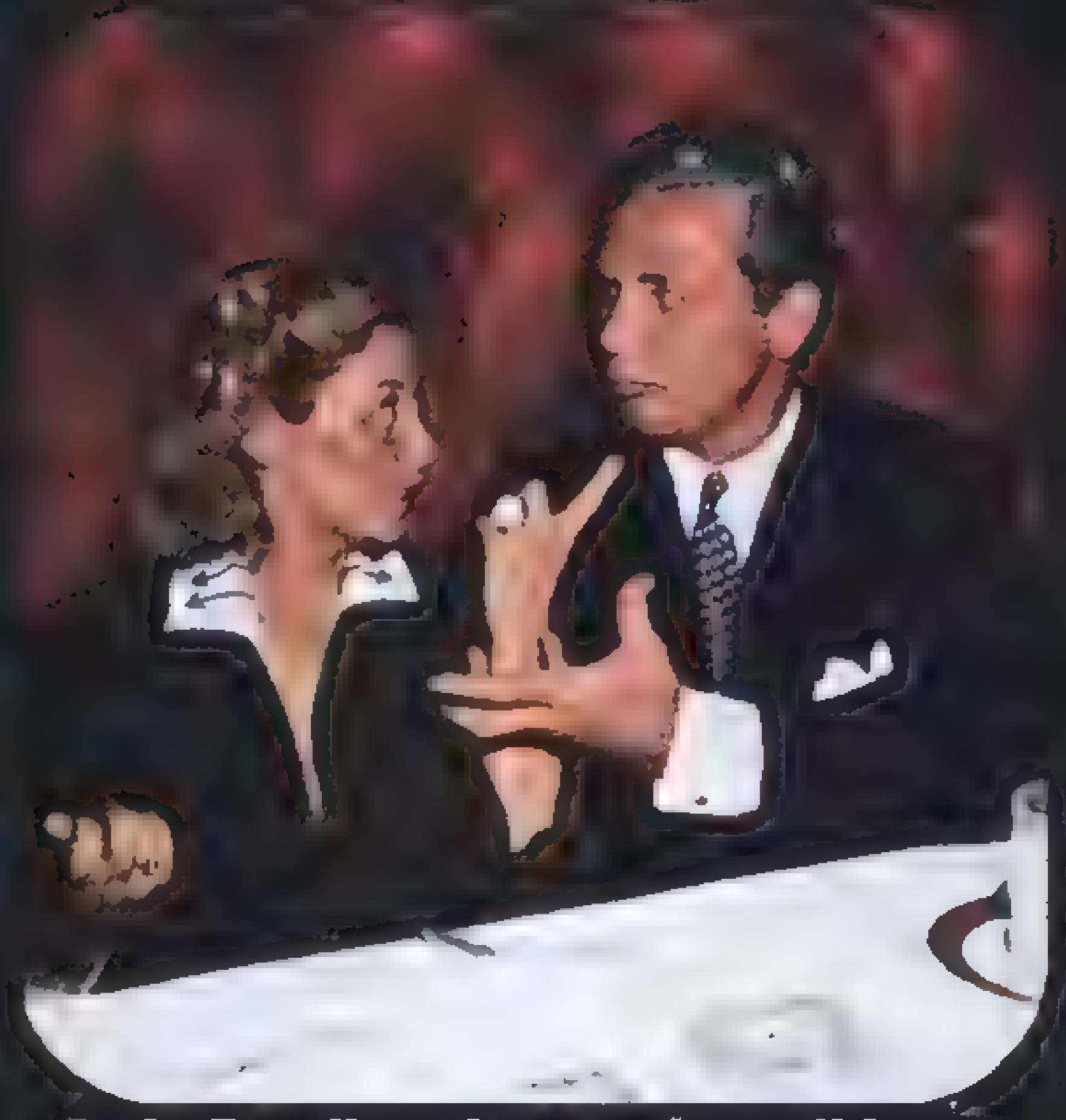

Nigel Bruce can trust Hedda Hopper—she'll only tell a few thousand readers

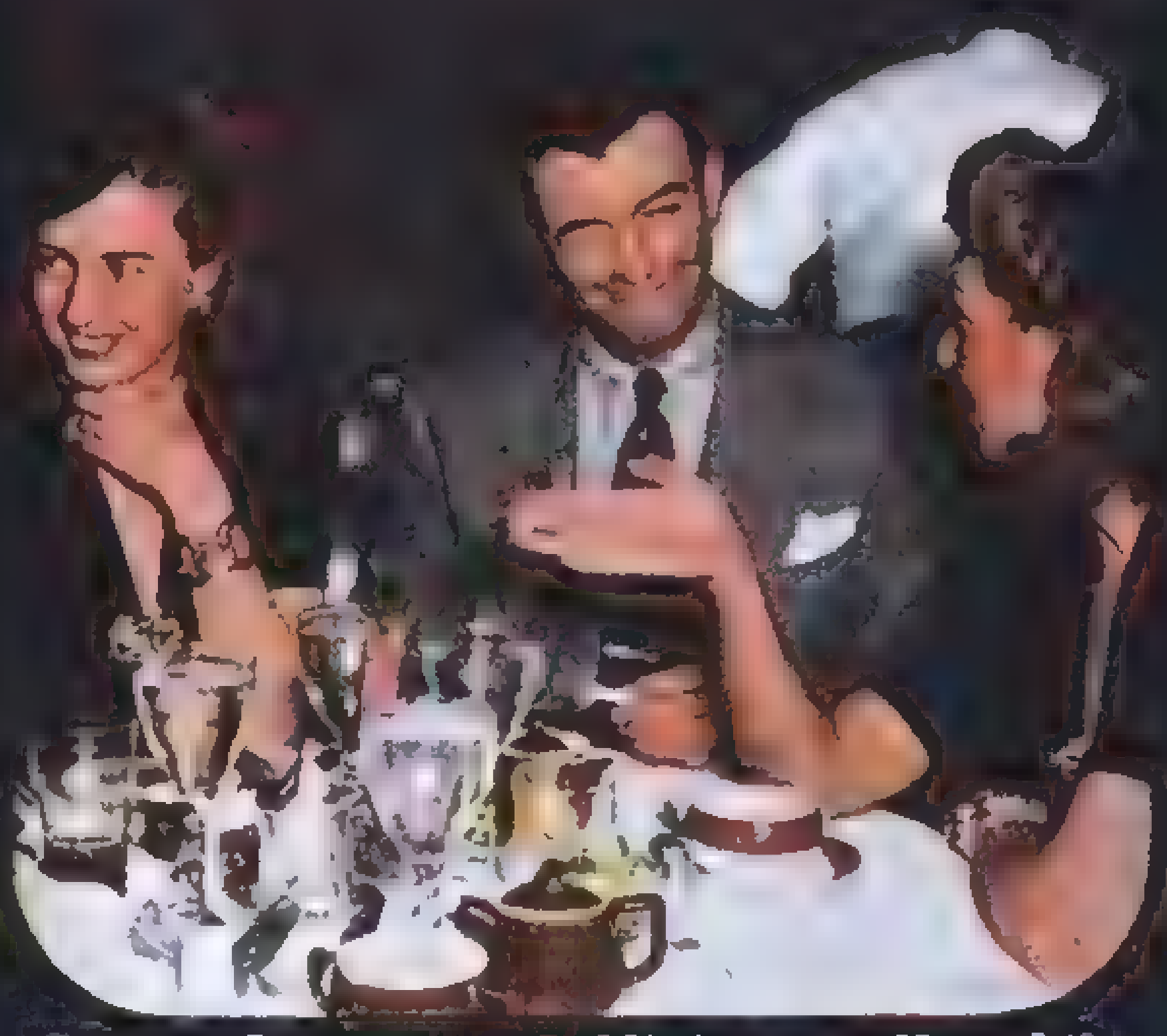

lucky Bill Holden and his beautiful Brenda still have that glow . . . . . .

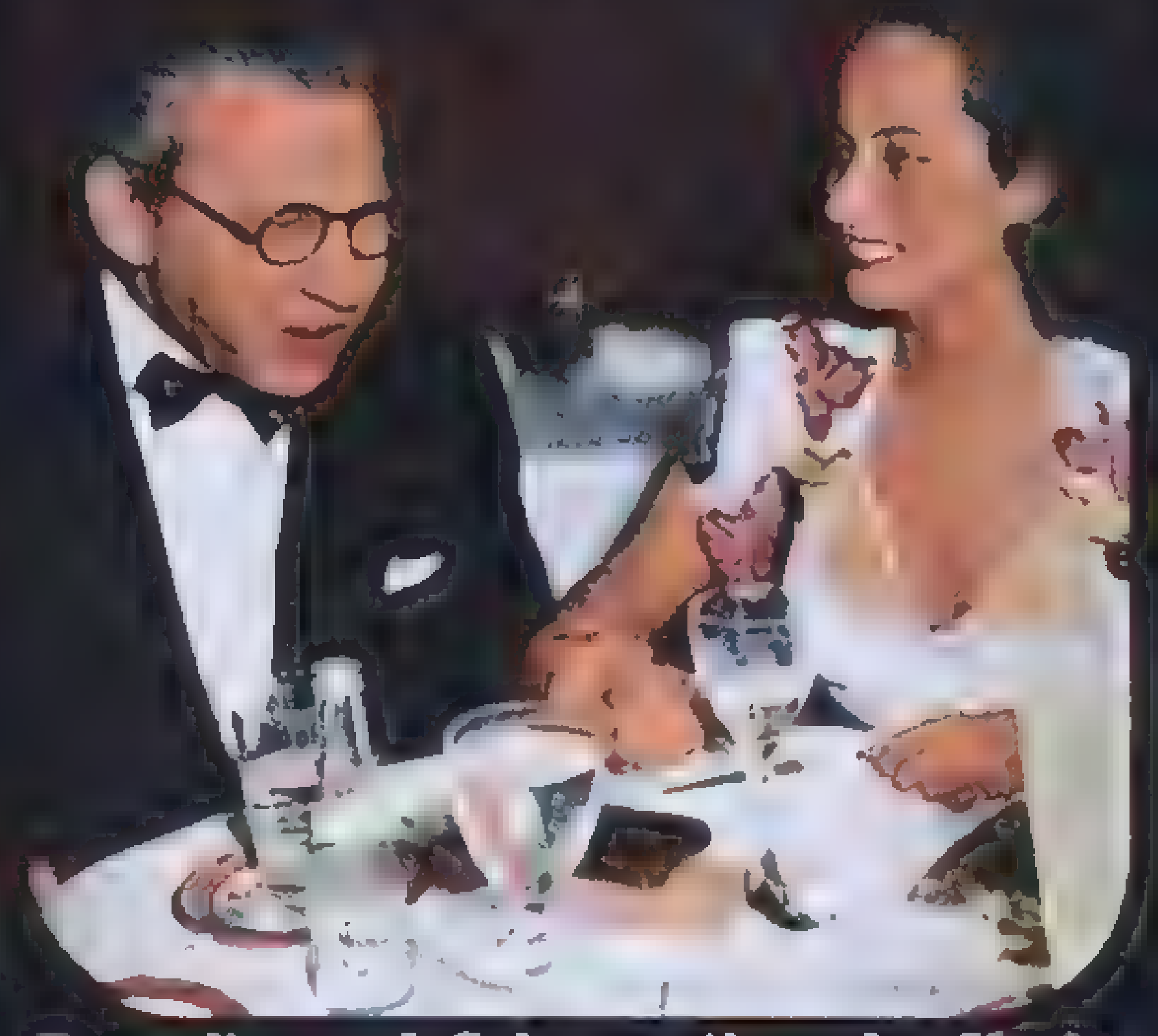

Mrs. Cooper advises Gary to stay on the alkaline side with a chaser of milk

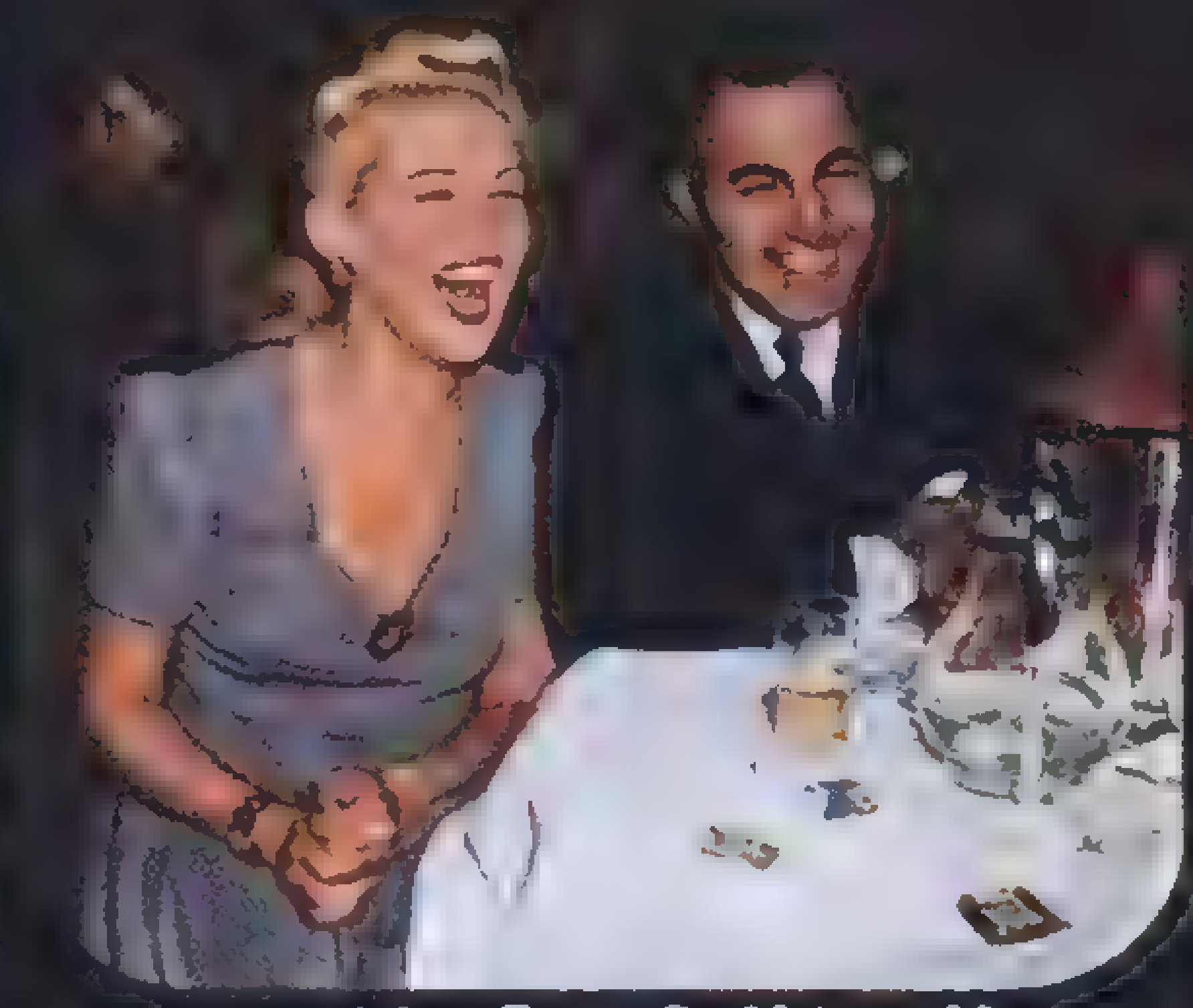

big-hearted Reggie Gardiner has adopted a little German refugee: Hilde Krieger (right)

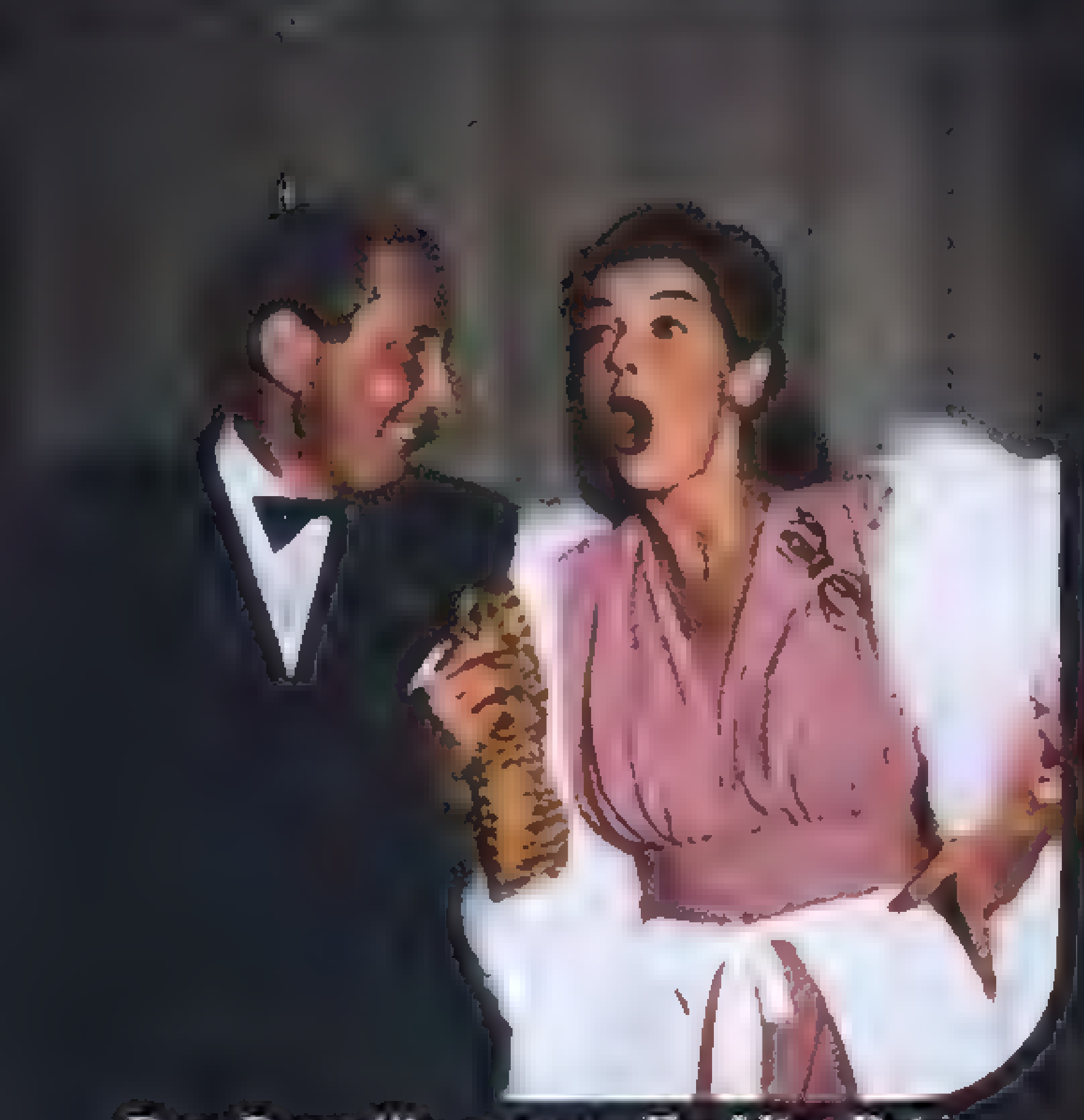

Orson Welles, infant terrible, offers a hunk of Mars to Dolores Del Rio

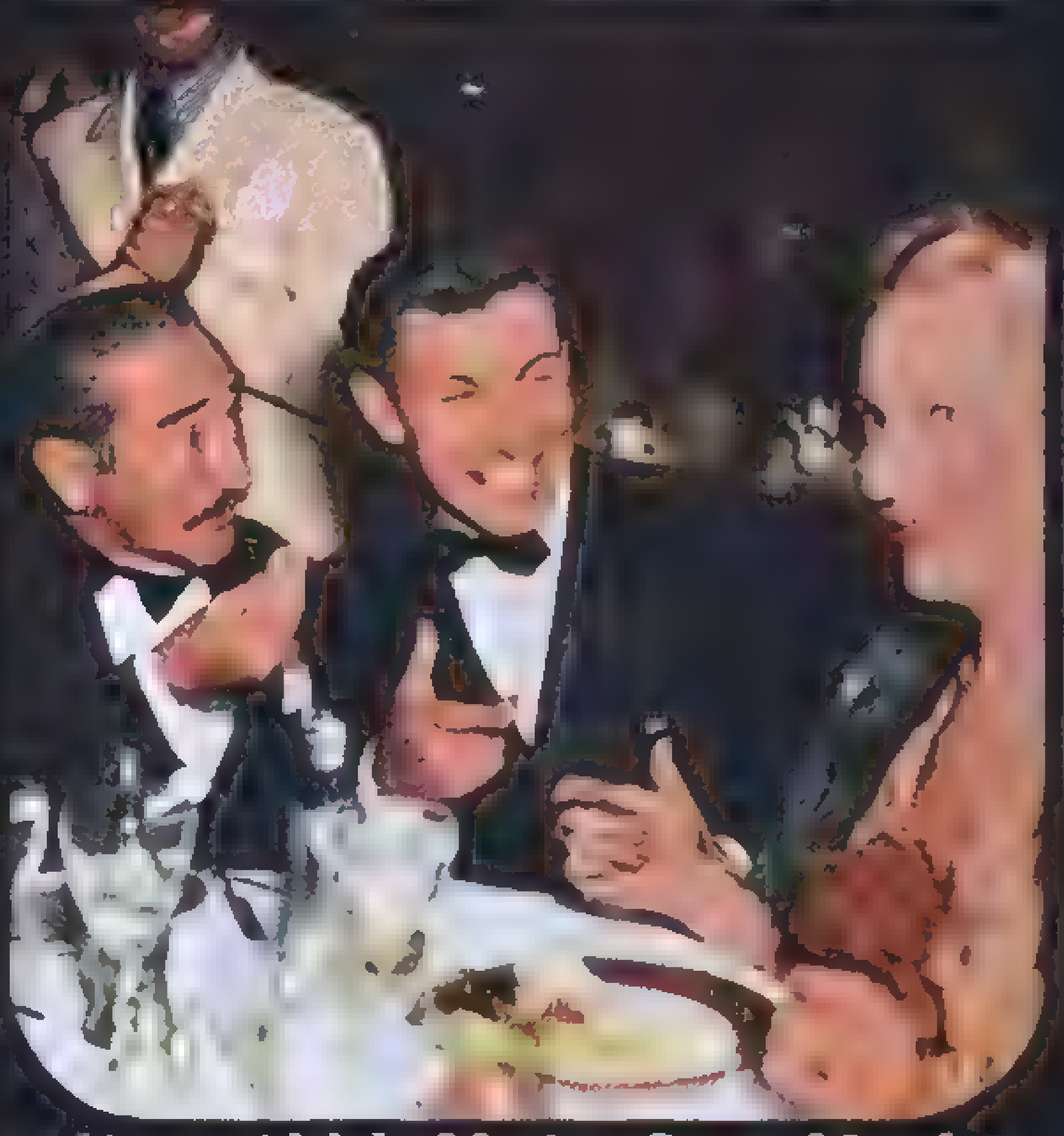

Dick Powell exchanges the well-known buck with his little woman, Joan Blondell

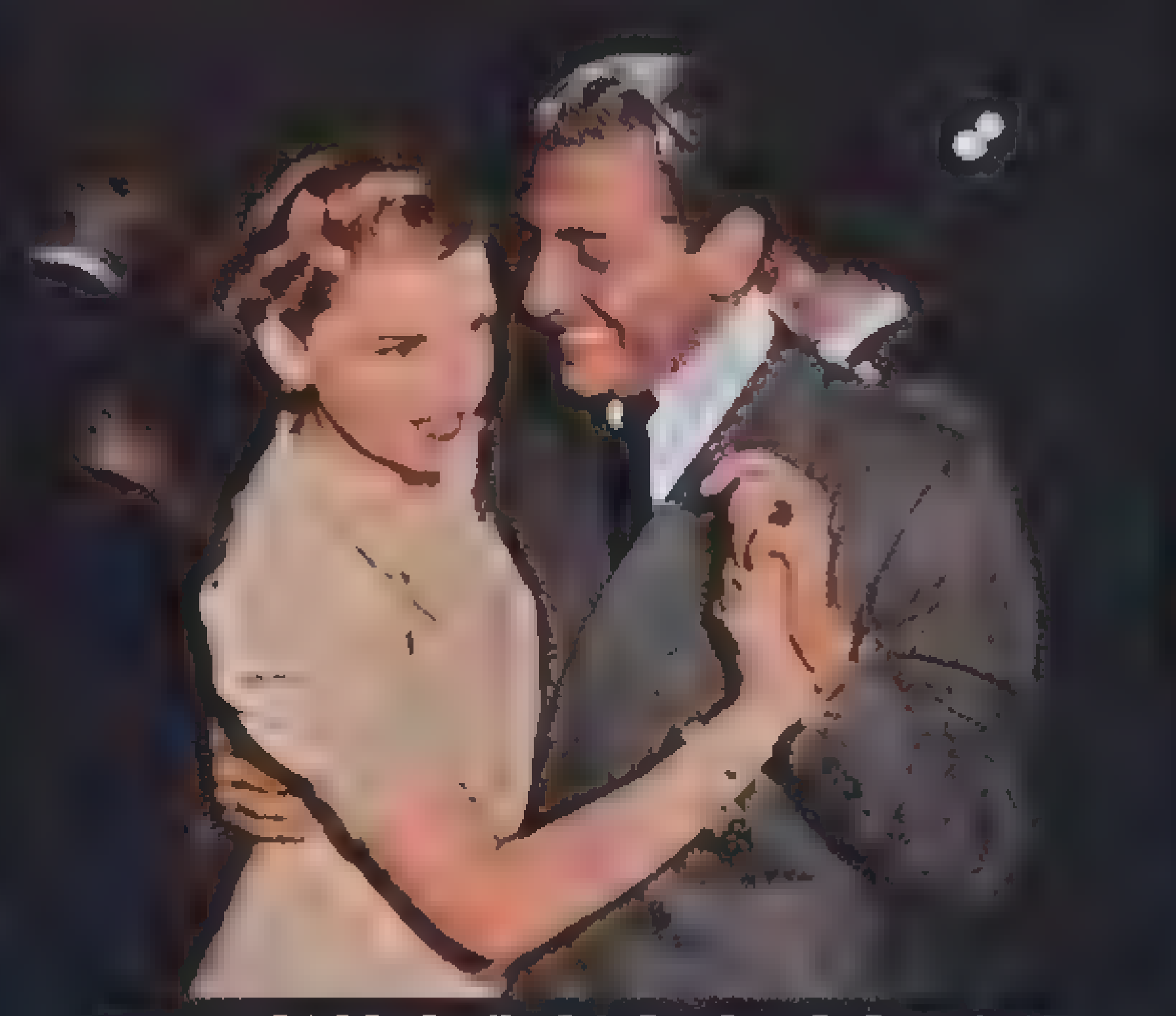

Stanwyck turns an obliging profile while Husband Bob Taylor winks at Mary Benny

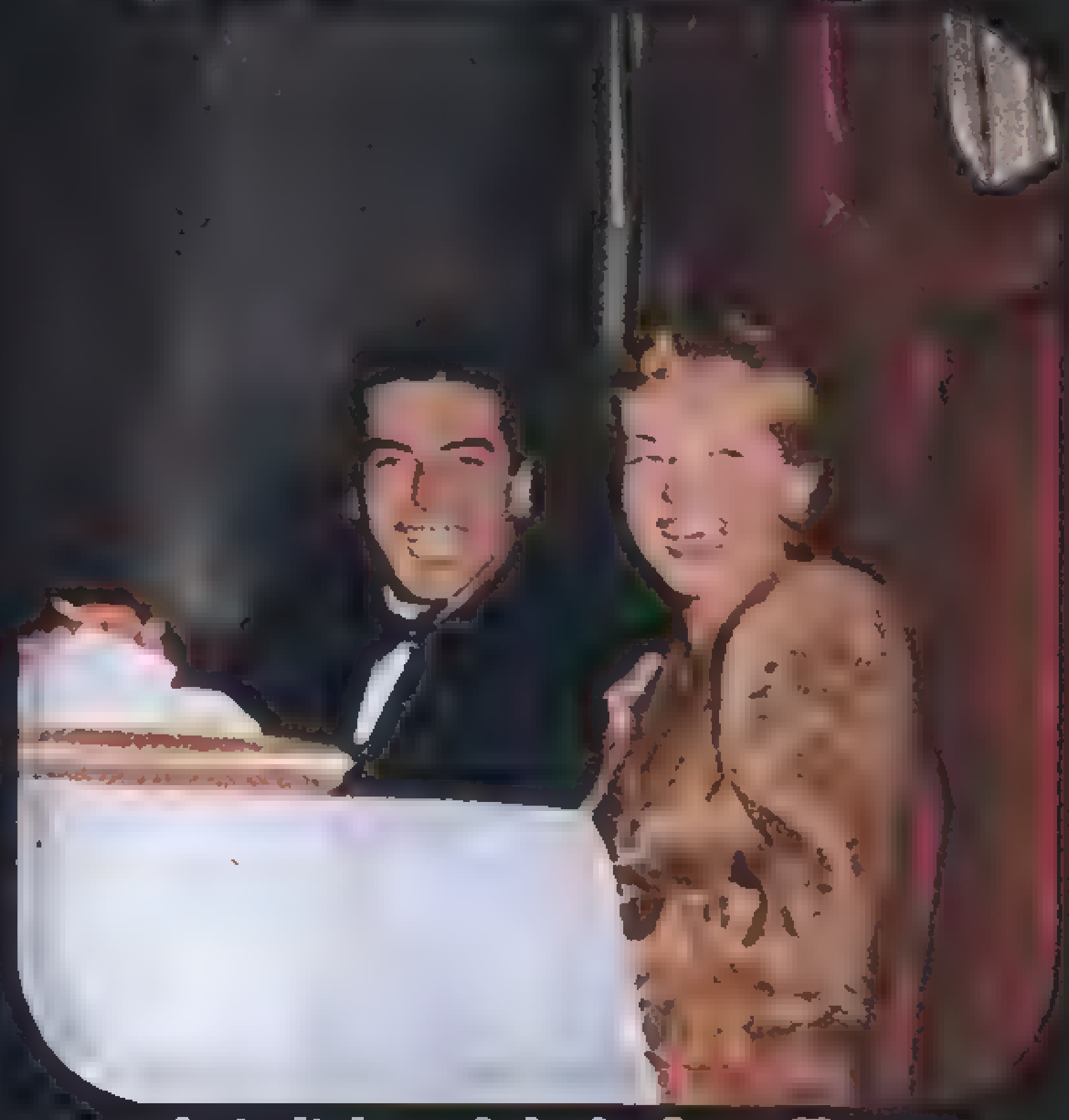

Pygmalion and Galatea: Alexander Korda, the producer, with his wife, Merle Oberon

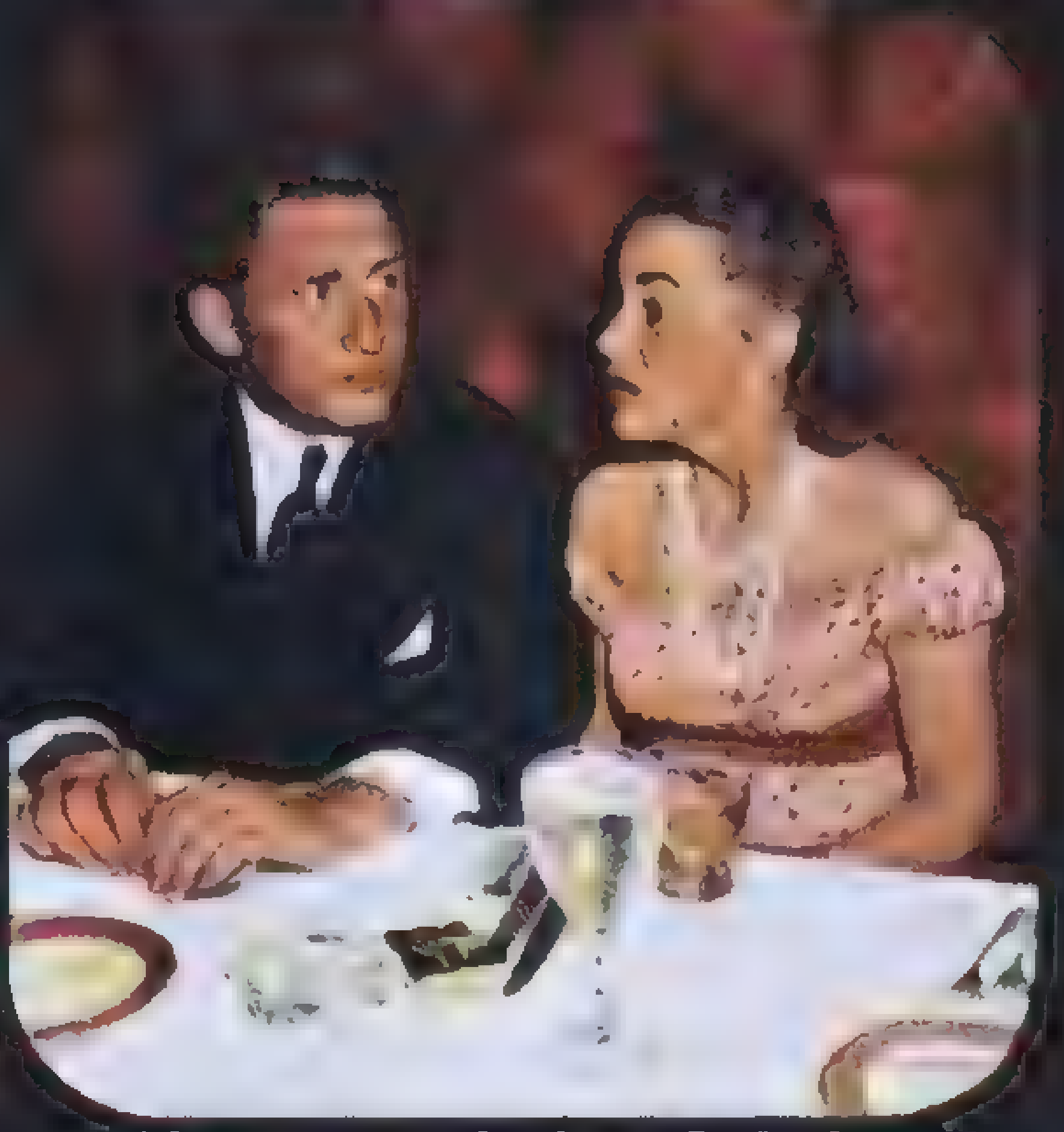

enterprising Betty Grable sparkles for Vic Orsatti, the actors' agent

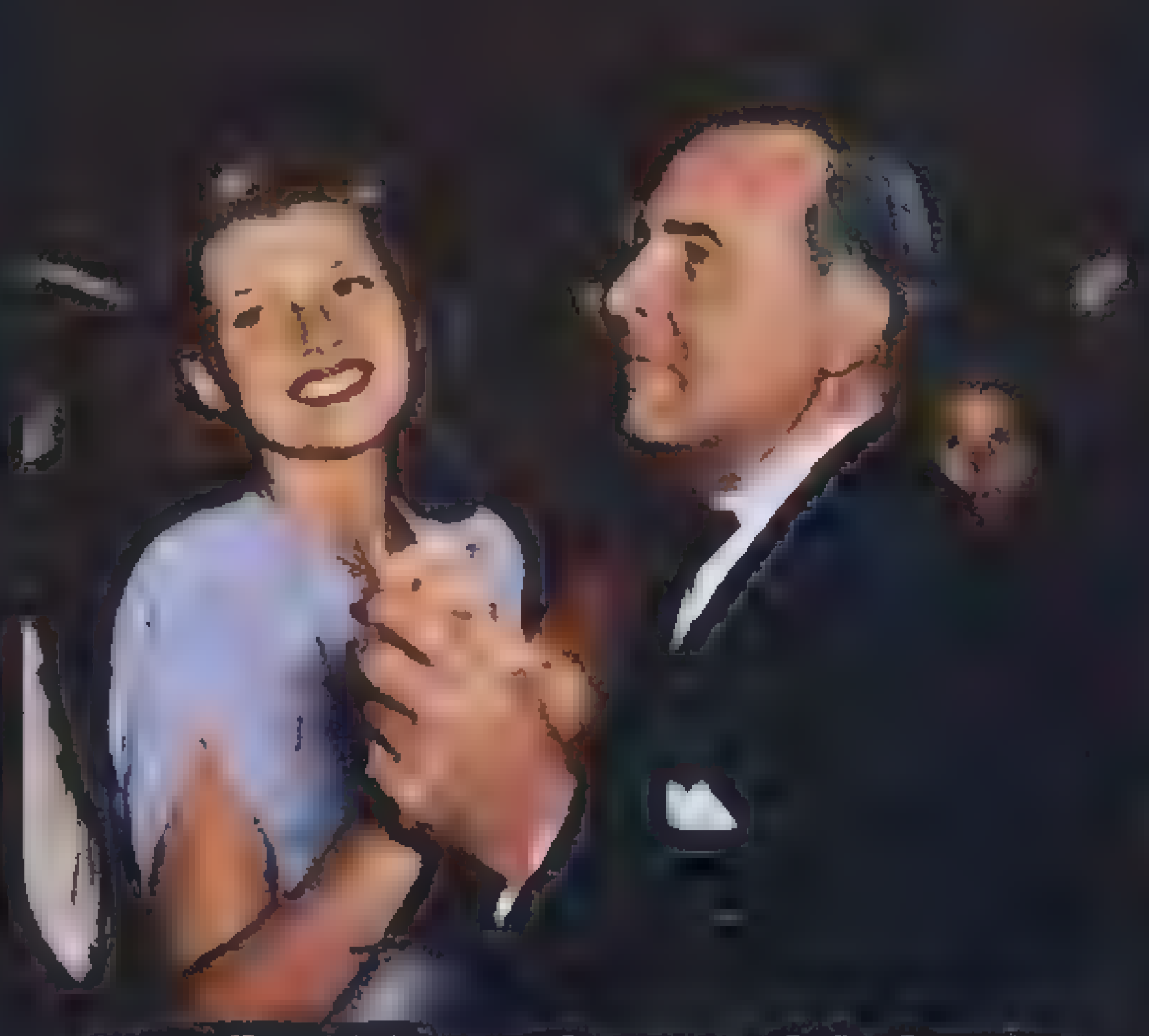

Roz Russell's escort, Freddie Brisson, saves her from an inglorious fall

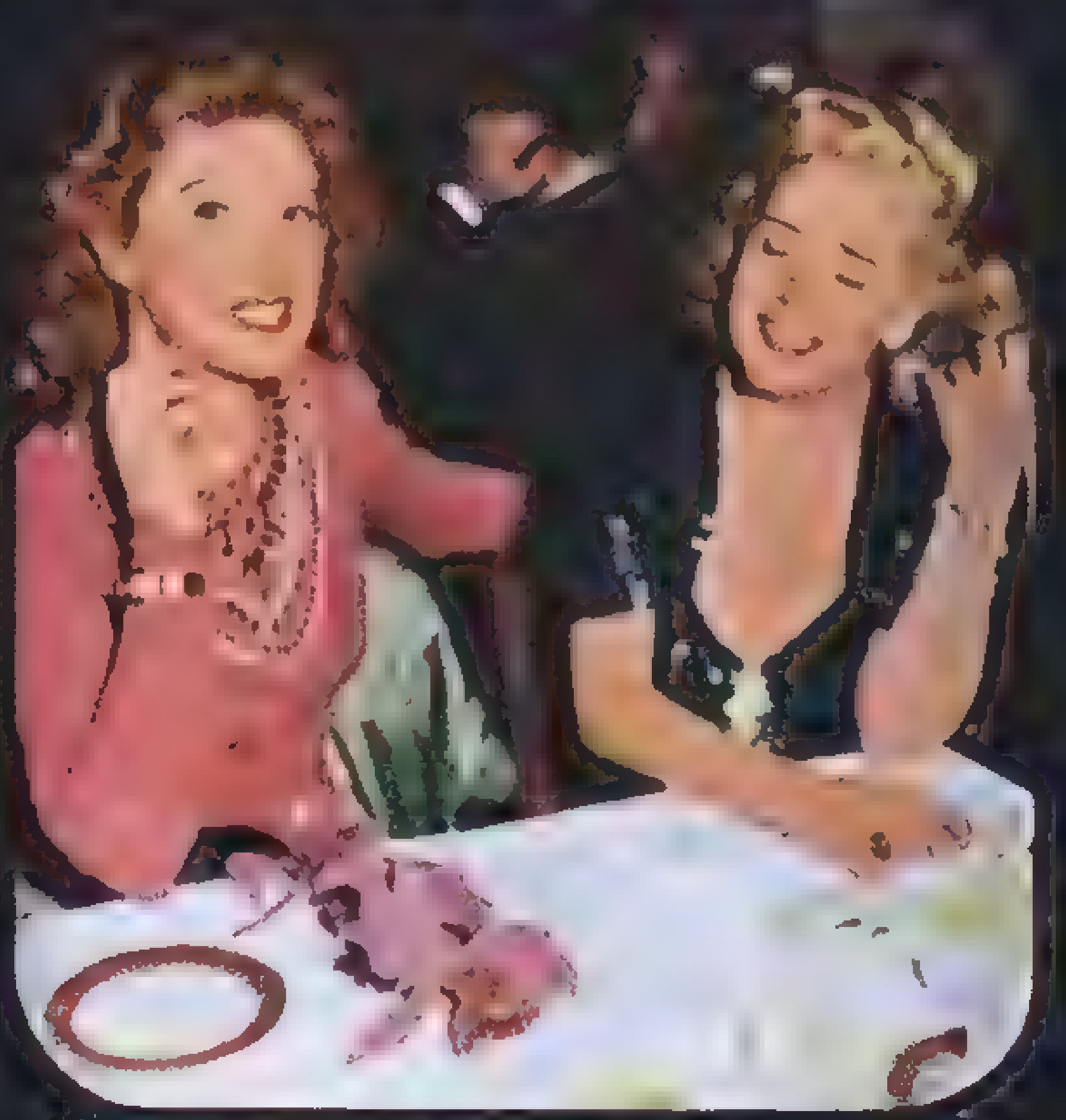

dapper Adolphe Menjou, George Murphy, and (slightly out of focus) Mrs. Menjou

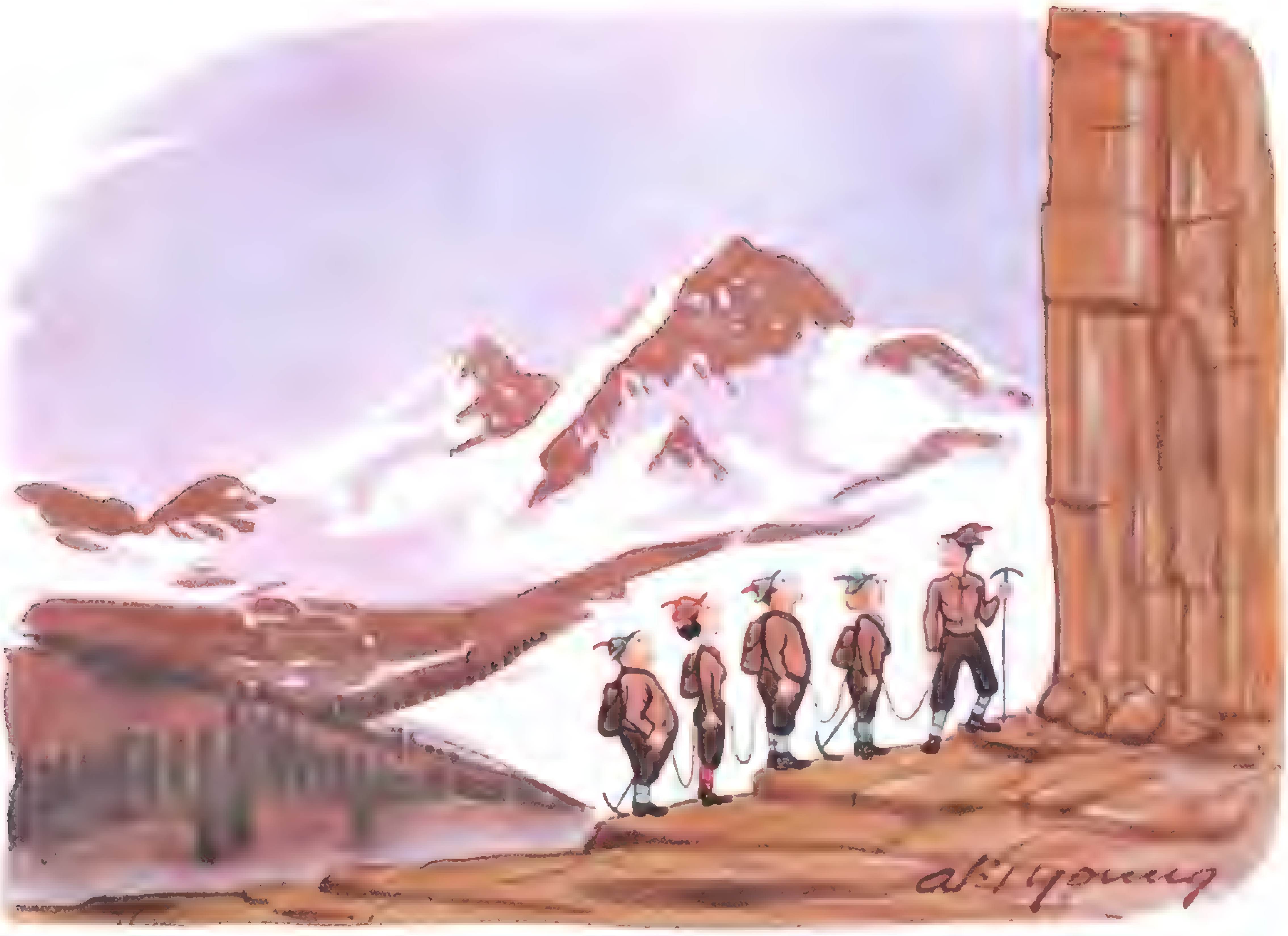

not-so-kiddish Judy Garland dancing with Dave Rose, the orchestra leader


study in light and shade: Lana Turner with her erstwhile flame, Vic Mature

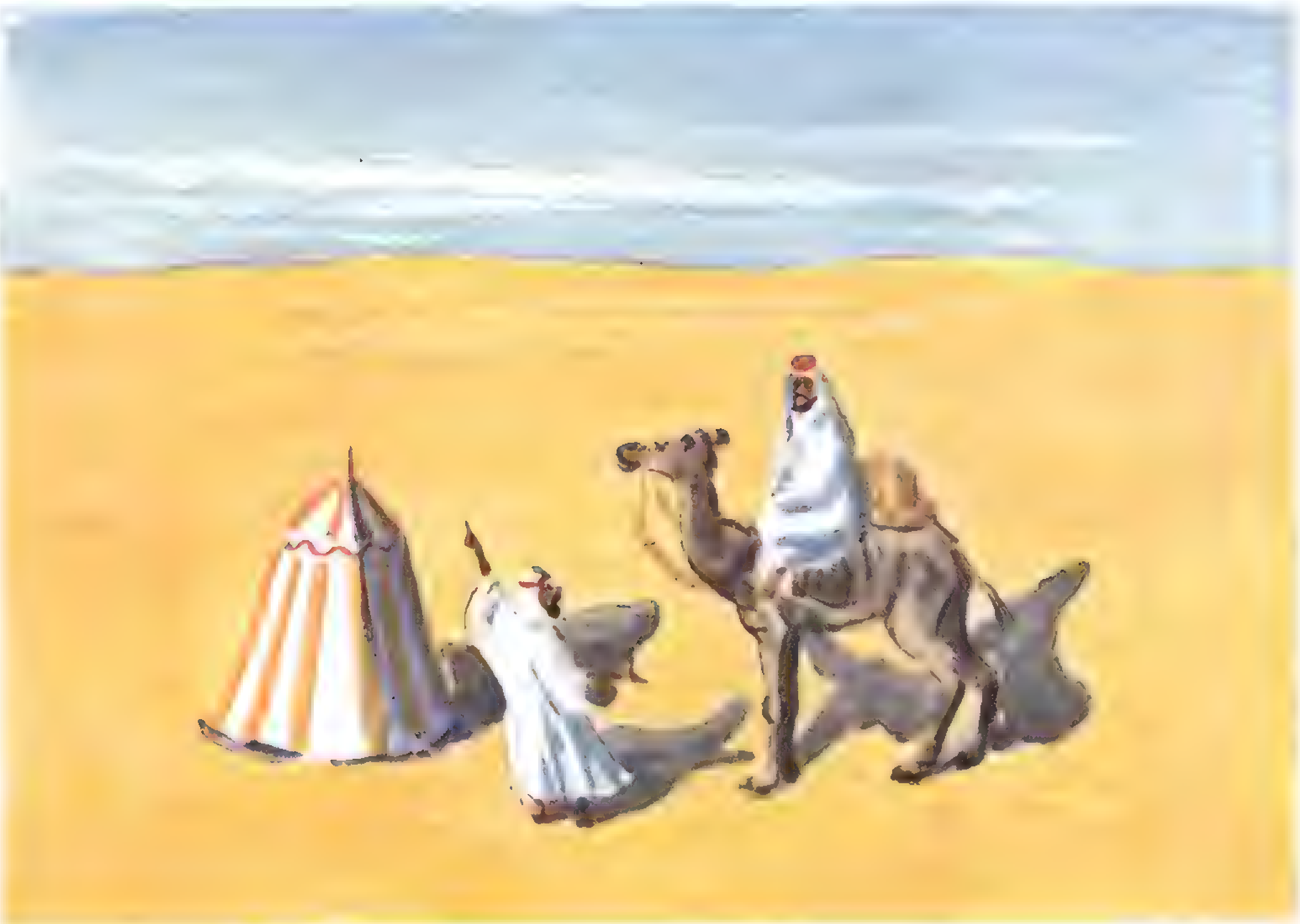

add water-over-the-dam: Ladies'-man Spencer Tracy with Olivia De Havilland


pretty Rita Hayworth mugs while dancing with her oil-magnate husband, Ed Judson

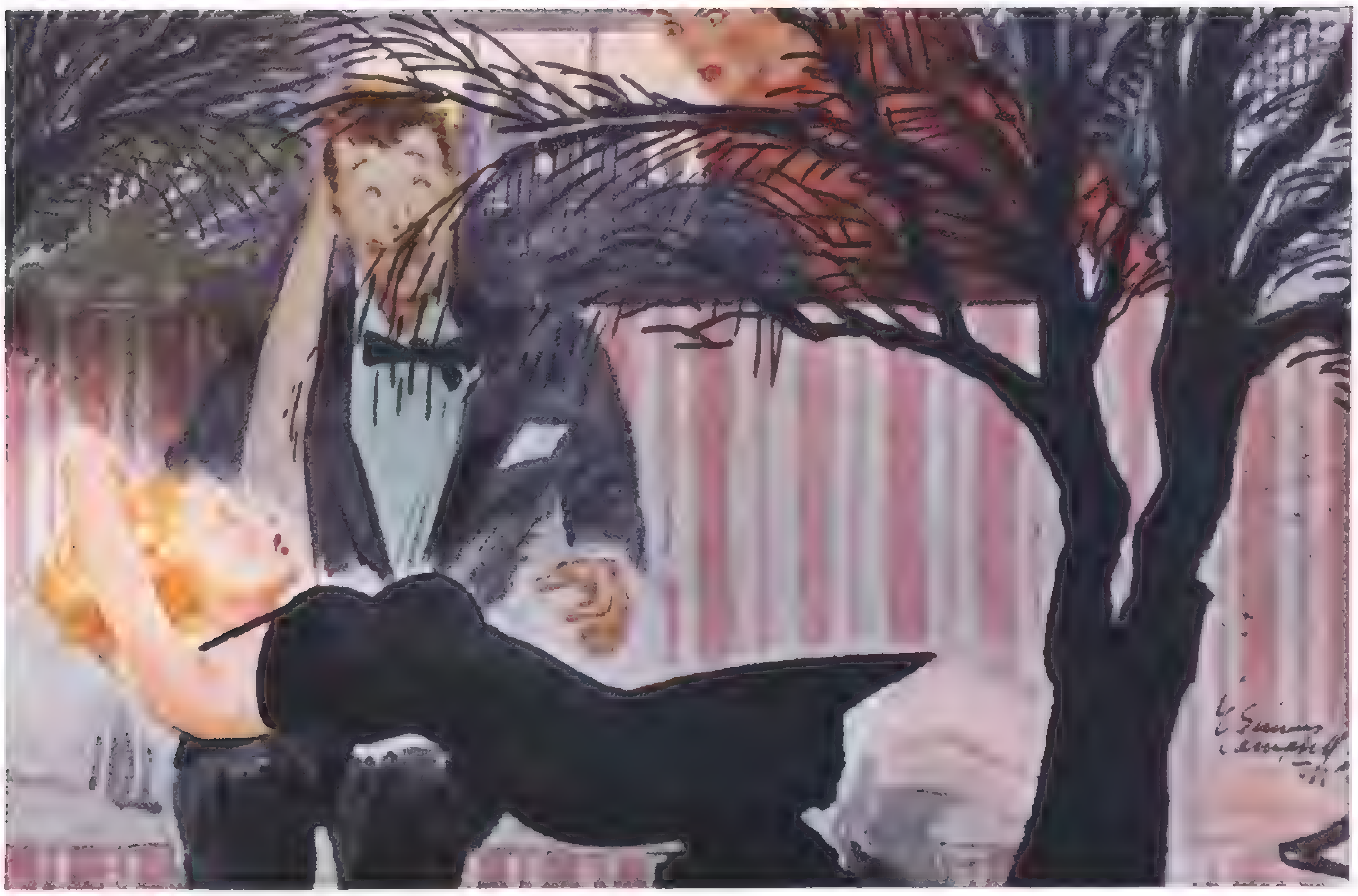

Greer (Pride and Prejudice) Garson busts bread with that torch singer, Alice Faye



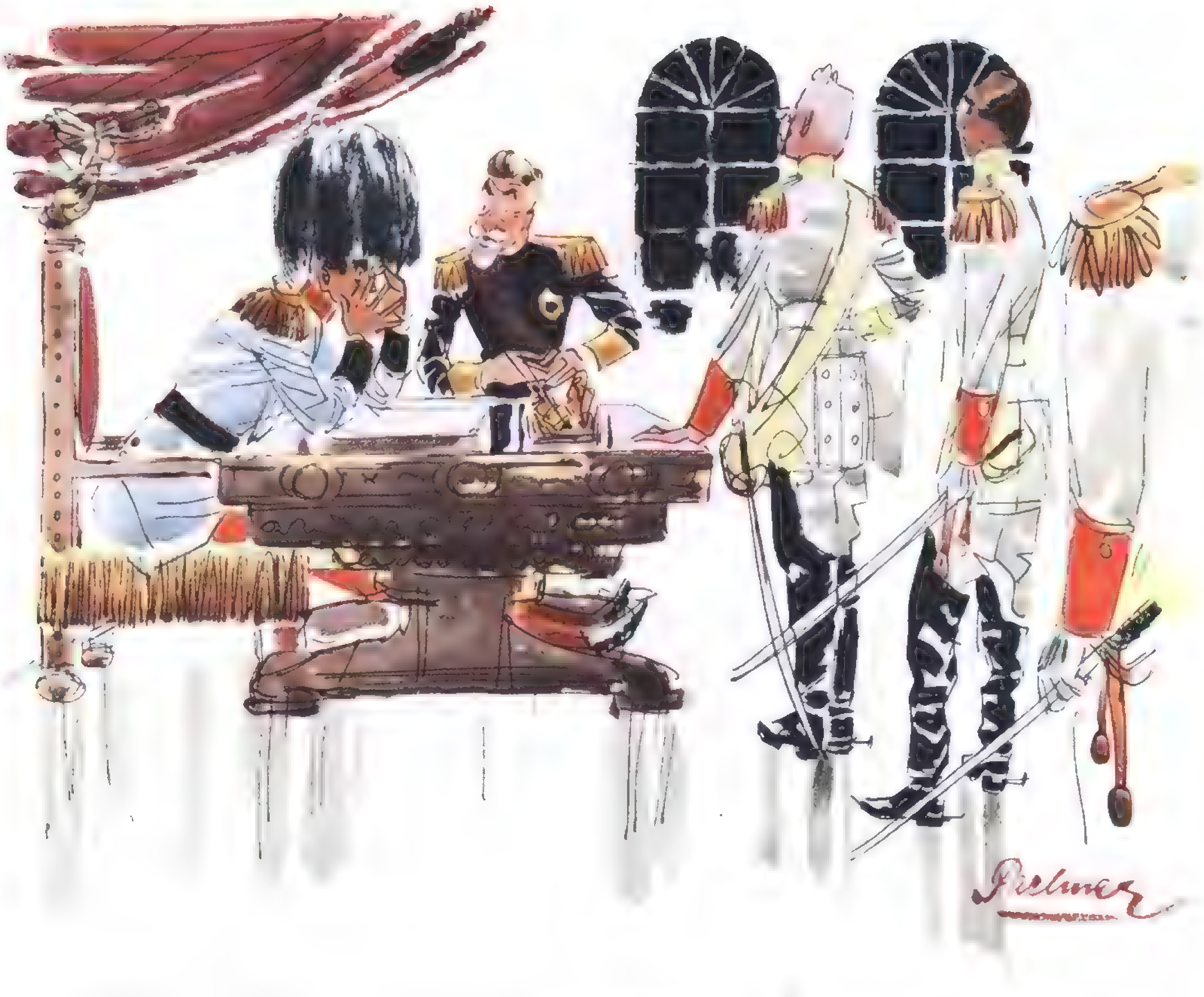
"Well, folks, so far so good"



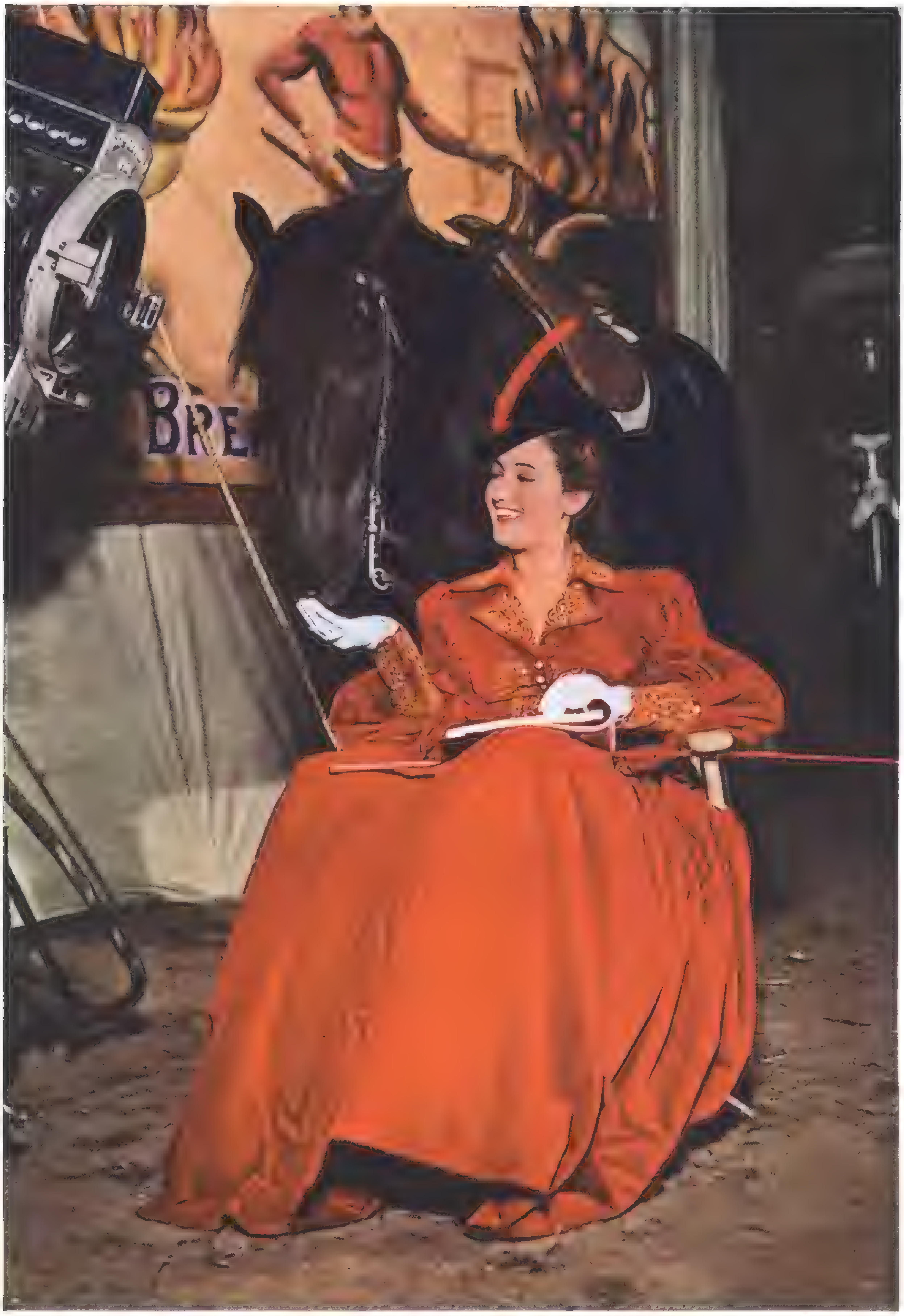
"—then you come to a tree"



"This is Miss Turk, dear—she's showing me how to relax"



"Your excellency, in our non-aggression pact, Rugaria promises not to attack us and also guarantees you twelve weeks in vaudeville!"



DOROTHY LAMOUR, *caught on the 20th Century-Fox lot by Esquire's photographer, Jules Buck, between scenes for "Chad Hanna." The picture was produced by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Henry King and photographed by Ernest Palmer.*

Top Floor Lady

Watch that ex-elevator girl, Dorothy Lamour, on the set: you'll know she's a trouper

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

Wake me early, mother darling, for I'm to be queen of the May.
Wake me early, mother darling, for I'm—

It gets going through your head. I am looking at the ceiling of the hotel room, and the Venetian blinds at my window filter the first sounds of Hollywood stirring. I know I'm awake, and I know it's confounded early, but for the moment I can't remember just what—

Wake me early, mother darling, for I'm to be queen—

Dorothy Lamour.

Thanks, ma, for waking me up. Shake the daylights out of me, mither, get me to the hell out of this bed, for I have a date with this charming babe at seven o'clock A.M., and it is now—Oh, oh, *oh!* It is now precisely seven o'clock. I sit up in bed and look around the room in confusion. To my mathematical mind it appears a cinch I'll never get any place by seven o'clock. Anyway, instead of me going way out to the studio, maybe it would be better if Miss Lamour—

Pardon my frankness.

I'm up and away, mother darling.

As I conclude the morning ceremonies in my room I am struck with an idea which interests me. I bet I'm the only person, or anyway male person, who ever was a half-hour late for a date with Dorothy Lamour.

All right, let her wait. Nuts to her. I always treat my women this way. Well, I'm late, I'll tell her, and what if I am. Want to make something of it? Clark Gable. SO WHAT? . . . Or I'll twist my hat in my hands and grin, very charming, and say I'm sorry. James Stewart. I glance in the mirror and give myself a slight leer. Gable. The Great Hough . . .

Downstairs, the idea of a cocktail appeals to me. I never have had a cocktail at seven-thirty in the morning. But I've never had a date with Lamour at seven-thirty, or rather seven, either. Or any other time. Let her wait while I have a cocktail. Why do they have to start work so early at the studio? I'll have a cocktail . . .

The bar is empty, except for a bartender and a man in a purple uniform who is washing glasses. "A Martini," I say; and I add in a loud voice, "I'm half an hour late anyway." Nobody cares. The bartender starts to make my cocktail. "What's a half-hour?" I demand. Purple-uniform shrugs. I say genially, "I guess I'm the only person you ever saw who was late for a date with Dorothy Lamour."

The bartender pours my drink. "I saw Zasu Pitts last night," he says. "Olive or onion?"

"Olive."

"Yeah, I and the wife were coming home from a movie. I said, 'That looks like Zasu Pitts over there.' We were getting on a streetcar. And it was Zasu, all right. She didn't look at all well. Pale, kind of."

"Well, as I was just saying, I have a date—"

"Want another olive?"

"No thanks."

I down my cocktail and walk out of the bar, dusting off my hands. Well, I have shown Dorothy Lamour a thing or two. I am taking it easy. Who does she think she is, expecting me to be on time? I stroll over to the parking lot and get my car. "Well, glad the car runs all right," I tell the attendant. "The way it is with me, I got a date this morning with Dor—"

"Thirty-five cents, please," he says.

So I give him his thirty-five cents.

* * *

I am at the circus.

The picture they are making is *Chad Hanna*, about the circus. Long ago, about 1830 I think.

It is a small, country circus, in a small tent. The tent is real, except that there are catwalks up where the top ought to be, a circular catwalk around the edge of the whole thing, and a couple of cross catwalks, and from these the big lights glare. In the center is a sawdust ring, and all around the rings are tiers of plank seats, real circus seats. These are filled with extras, in costumes of the day.

Out in the ring a trainer is putting a trick horse through its varied paces, practicing.

I am eating peanuts and dropping the shells down between my knees to the floor, ten feet below.

"More?" my companion says. She holds the bag towards me. I take a handful. "Compliments of the prop department," she says, smiling. Some teeth, boy. She has on a costume consisting of a white fluffy dress with gold spangles, Russian boots, and a white hat, like a topper only white, with a big red feather in it. She is one of the performers. I am at the circus with one of the performers, and she is mighty pretty. Some performer, boy.

She has a red whip and she hits me across the knees with it, not too hard. "Hurt?" she says. No. The whip is for the horse. She is trying it out. It is her first whip.

"Dorothy!"

She looks out at the big black horse and groans. "Here I go," she says. I assist her down the several rows of plank seats. The planks are narrow. She is nervous. "Good luck," I tell her. She smiles, not too happily. "Thanks, darling," she says.

Darling.

The first thing she has to do is get on this horse and enter the ring, then the horse is to kneel, and Dorothy is to lie back on the horse —which she can do because she is riding a circus sidesaddle—and smile at the people, holding her whip in the air; then as the horse comes out of his kneel and stands up straight

Continued on page 150

POLICE
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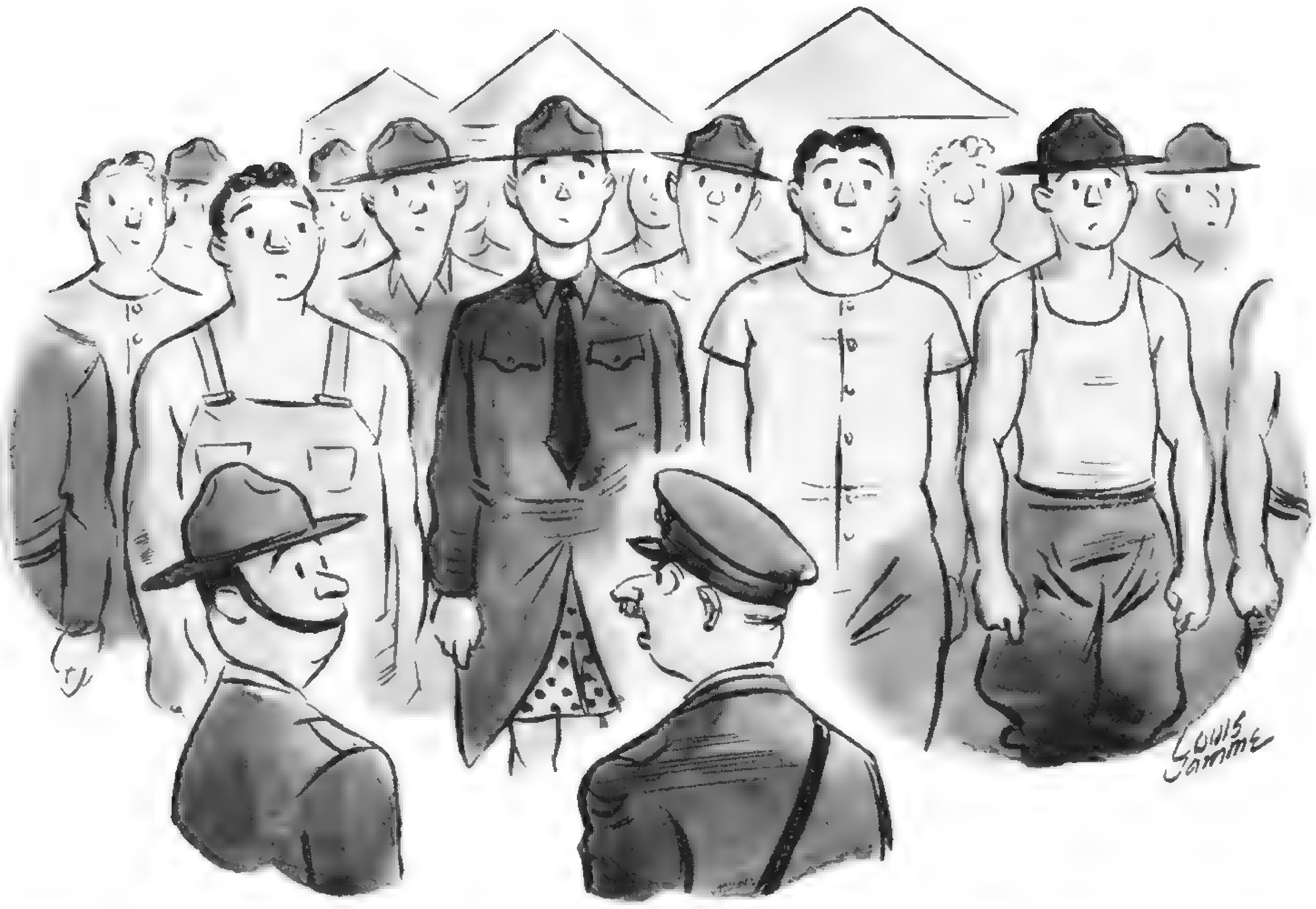
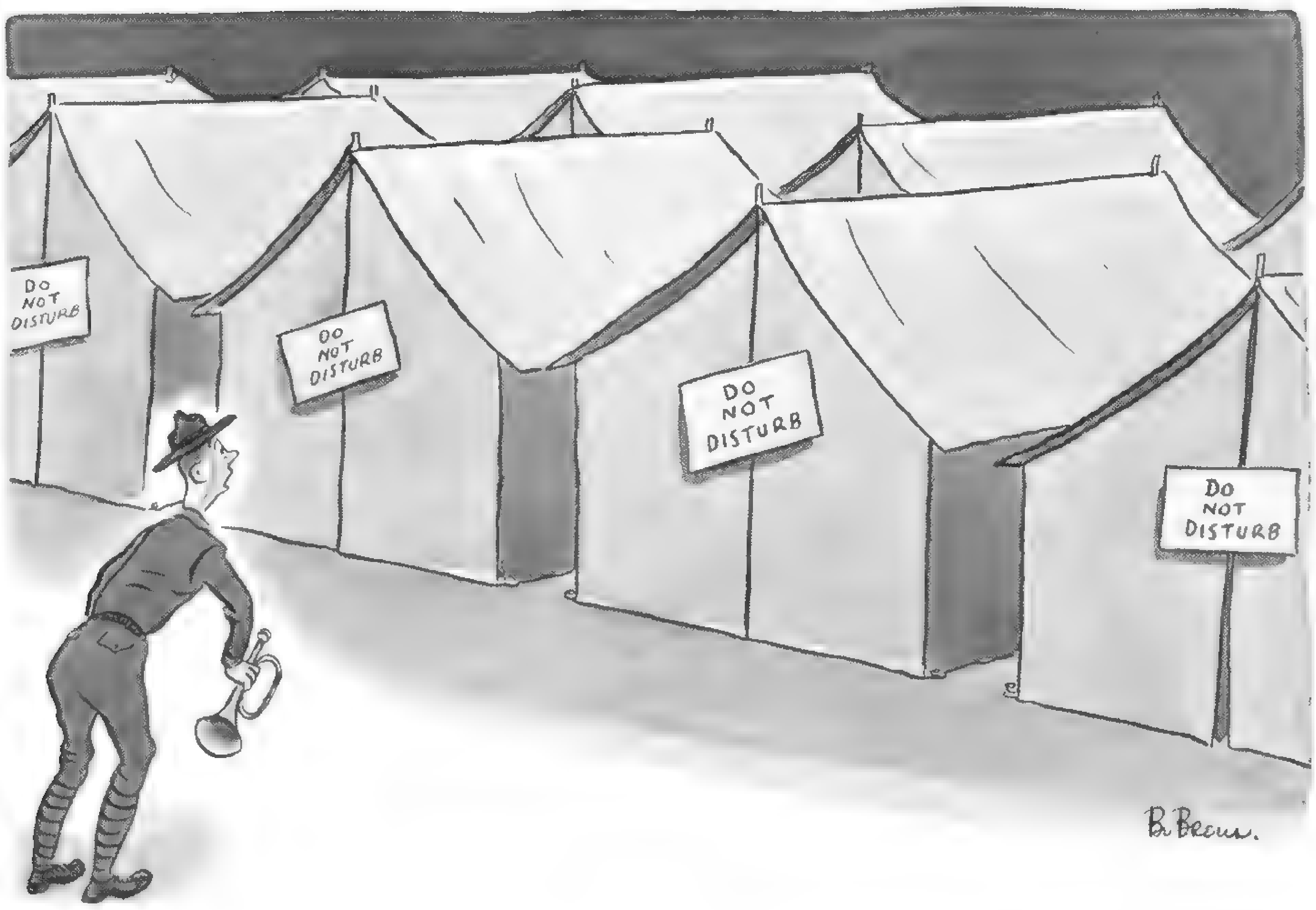
"Do we ad lib. or do you gentlemen supply a script?"


Louis Jamme

"Hasn't Washington done anything about that equipment shortage yet?"


DO NOT DISTURB
DO NOT DISTURB
DO NOT DISTURB
DO NOT DISTURB
B. Brown.

The Great Preparedness Parade

Who would have thought that this handsome young actor would turn out to be Uncle Hilary's Nemesis?

by STEPHEN F. WHITMAN

▪SATIRE▪

Even on the morning of May 13, 1916, my Uncle Hilary had no intention of marching in the great Preparedness Parade. Of course he knew the country was unprepared—it was being described as "defenseless America"—and that a parade composed of fifty-nine organizations and trades should now be in progress through the New York streets calling attention to the fact. But nobody had asked my Uncle Hilary to march, and he would not have dreamed of intruding uninvited on an assemblage of even 150,000 persons. So while the air quivered faintly from the sound of martial music, he sat in a window of the Café Lafayette, around the corner from his lodgings, sipping a vermouth and seltzer and studying *La Vie Parisienne*, which was full of jaunty little girls in lingerie and steel helmets, no doubt because at that very moment the French and Germans were fighting the battle of Verdun. My Uncle Hilary was then about forty-five, tall and in spots obese, somewhat precious-looking from having his clothes made in Florence. It was the period when he wore a beard like Aretino's on the face of a jaded, vaguely puzzled cherub.

He was finishing his vermouth and seltzer when someone in the street shouted:

"Hey, come out here and get in line!"

My Uncle Hilary perceived that University Place was full of gentlemen in straw hats, all standing at ease, from ten to twenty to the file, and looking up at him reprovingly. The person that had called to him, a slender, romantically handsome fellow with a mocking, reckless look about him, embellished his demand with the words, "You old embusqué!" At that some booing ran through the ranks; so my Uncle Hilary grabbed his own straw hat and plunged out into the street. The romantically handsome young man stuck a small American flag in my Uncle Hilary's hand and shoved him into line. A brass band, silent till now, started off ahead with a crash. The lines of gentlemen, hopping and skipping to catch the step, began to march. In front sailed a banner inscribed:

SECTION V
THE THEATRICAL AND ALLIED ARTS

Presently, rousing himself from a stupor of bewilderment, my Uncle Hilary realized that he and the gentlemen around him had joined the great Preparedness Parade itself, and were marching up Fifth Avenue. On my Uncle Hilary's right marched a fine-looking, sensitive, perfectly turned-out gentleman with a small grey moustache. On the left marched the romantically handsome person with the mocking eye, who, though the band was playing *The Washington Post March*, suddenly began to sing:

"Oh, the Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

At that the fine-looking gentleman on the right perceptibly flinched; but the crowds packing the sidewalks chose to applaud. The singer flourished his hat and bowed to right and left. My Uncle Hilary reflected:

"Life is as bizarre as ever. I've seen this chap on the stage in some piffling comedy or other. Who'd have imagined him becoming my Nemesis? This is a warm day for a stout man: I shall certainly wilt my collar, and my confounded ankle that got the Pott's fracture on that bloody little fishing-boat will give out in a few more blocks." He inquired of the sensitive-looking gentlemen on his right, "Have you any notion how far we're going?"

"To the Plaza," the other said, and added with a courteous smile, "I'm Robert W. Chambers."

A thrill passed through my Uncle Hilary's solar plexus. Mr. Robert W. Chambers was an author who specialized in the world of fashion. Few of his novels missed the best-seller class, and the people who had learned *savoir faire* from them, if persuaded to lie end to end, would have reached from the Battery at least to Albuquerque. My Uncle Hilary had often imagined himself as one of Mr. Chambers' heroes. Now, in the very presence of the man, he wondered how he could display his own social experience—his day of following the Roman Hunt in the Campagna, his bowing acquaintance with the Princess Bisantini and the Duchess des Champsvermeils, all of which, of course, he'd make a little more vivid than life. But the sardonically handsome fellow on his left gave a cry of reproach:

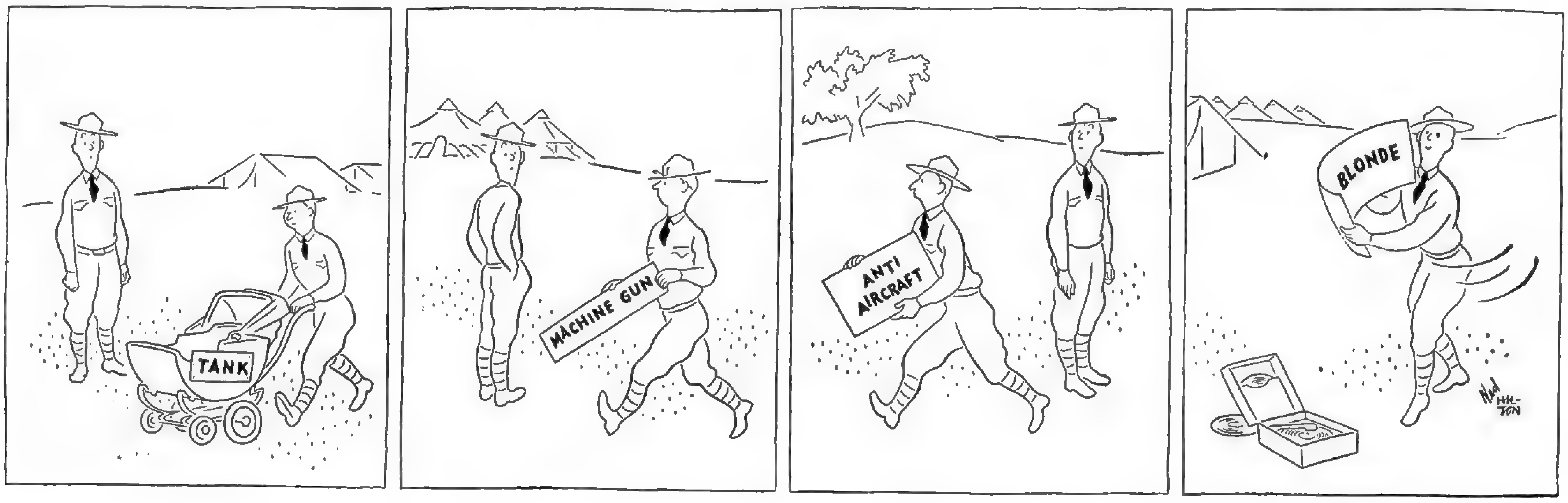
"What, sir, is that any way to hold your country's flag?"

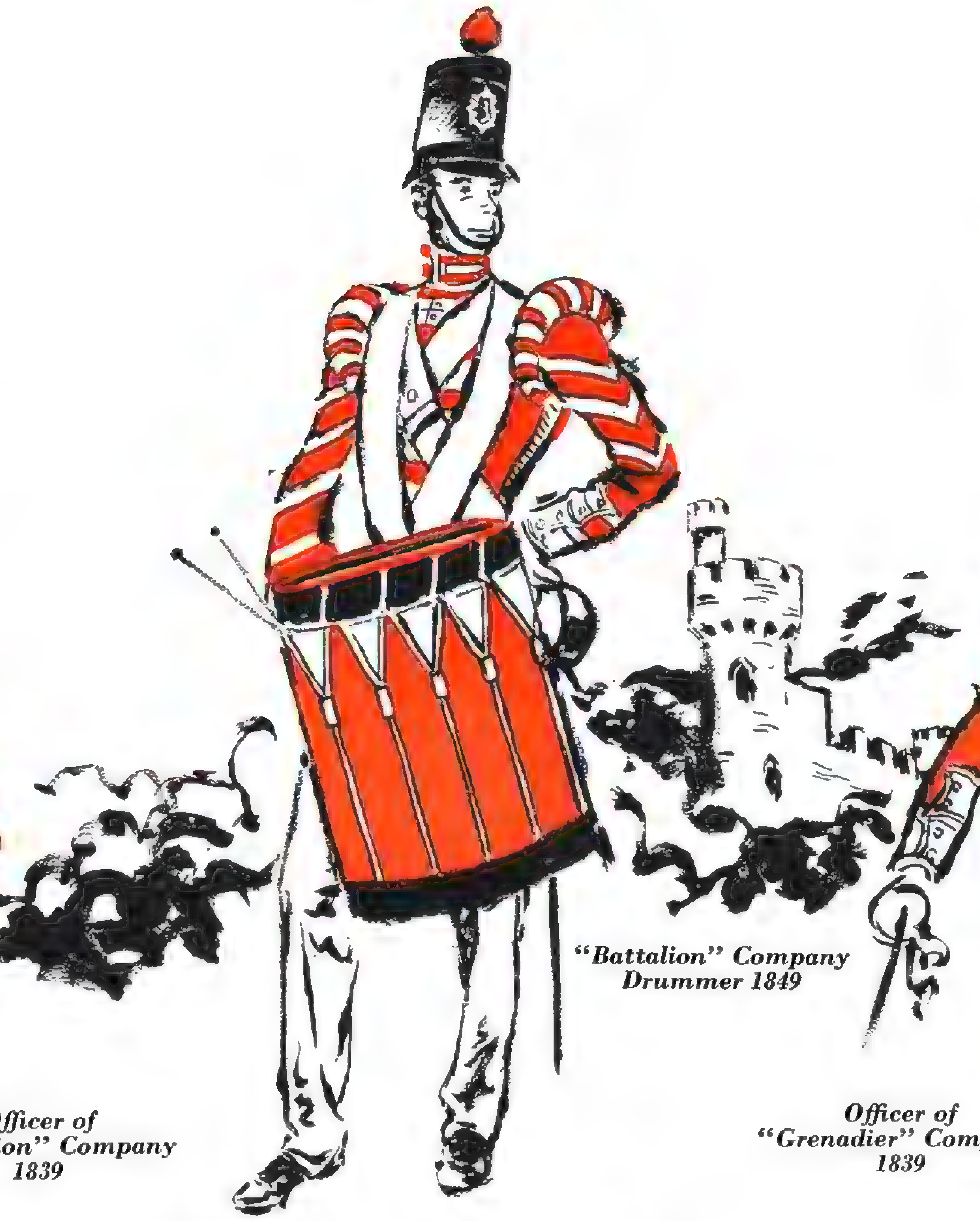
And my Uncle Hilary perceived that all the other gentlemen were carrying their small American flags perpendicularly against their shoulders like drawn swords. The handsome fellow cocked a diabolical eyebrow and sneered:

"It seems we'll have to rehearse the salute again, as well, or this blamed embusqué'll make a hash of it when we come to Madison Square."

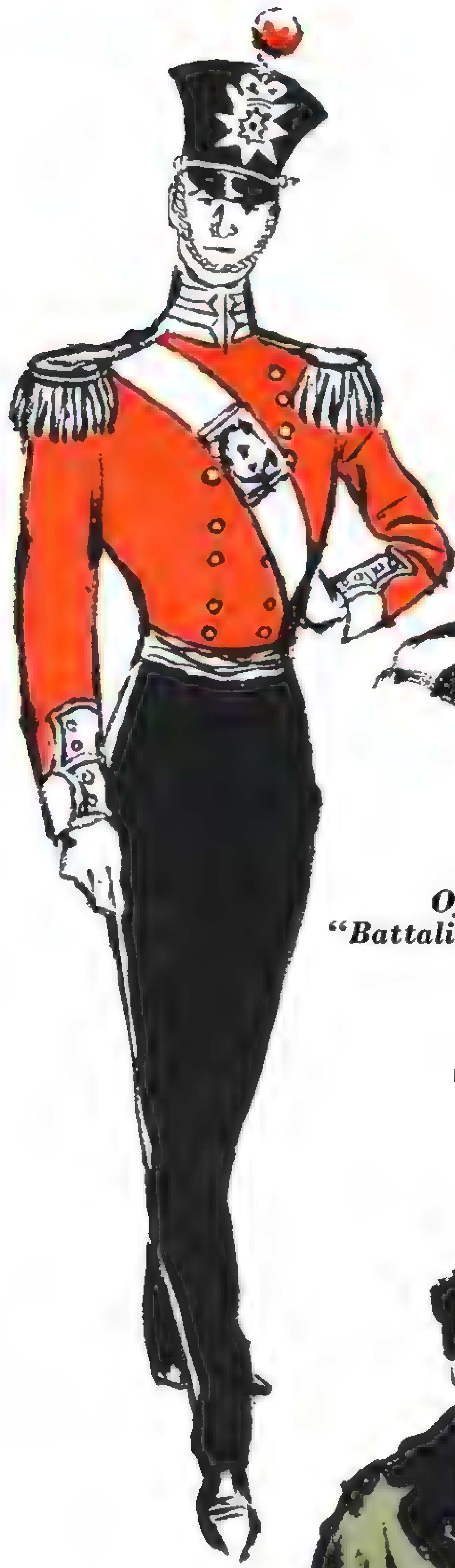
So a tall gentleman marching in front of the line like an officer said good-humoredly, "O.K., Jack," then whirled around and bawled, "Salute!" All the gentlemen in the line except my Uncle Hilary snapped their flags upward perpendicularly, till their fists were in front of their chins. The next time the command was given my Uncle Hilary snapped his flag upward too. The line of gentlemen patiently did this five times to make sure that my Uncle Hilary had the hang of it, and the spectators seemed to derive great satisfaction from the sight of twenty souls all doing something identical at precisely the same time. But Mr. Robert W. Chambers filled my Uncle Hilary's heart with pride by murmuring, as one sportsman to

Continued on page 126

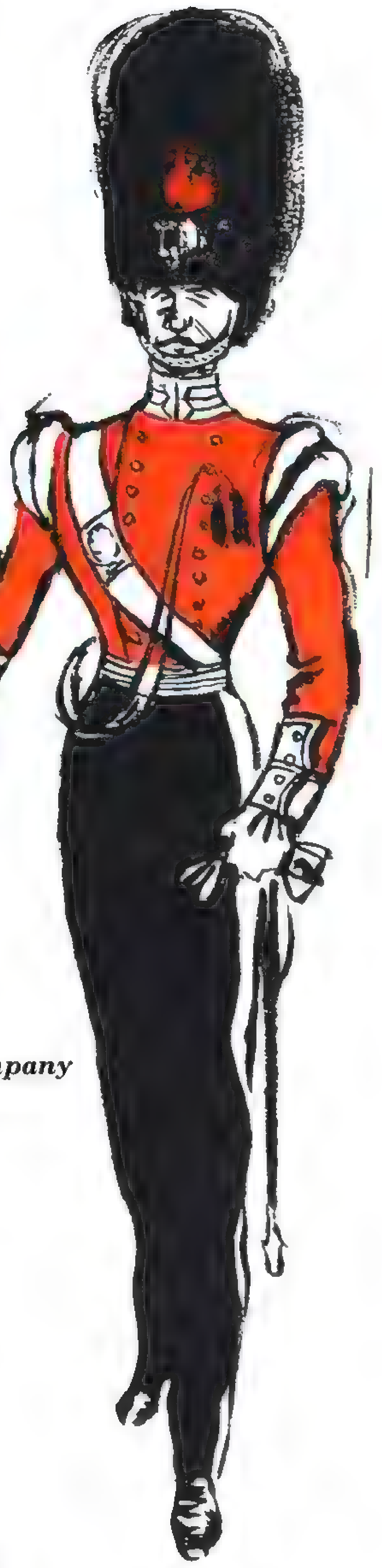




"Battalion" Company
Drummer 1849



Officer of
"Battalion" Company
1839

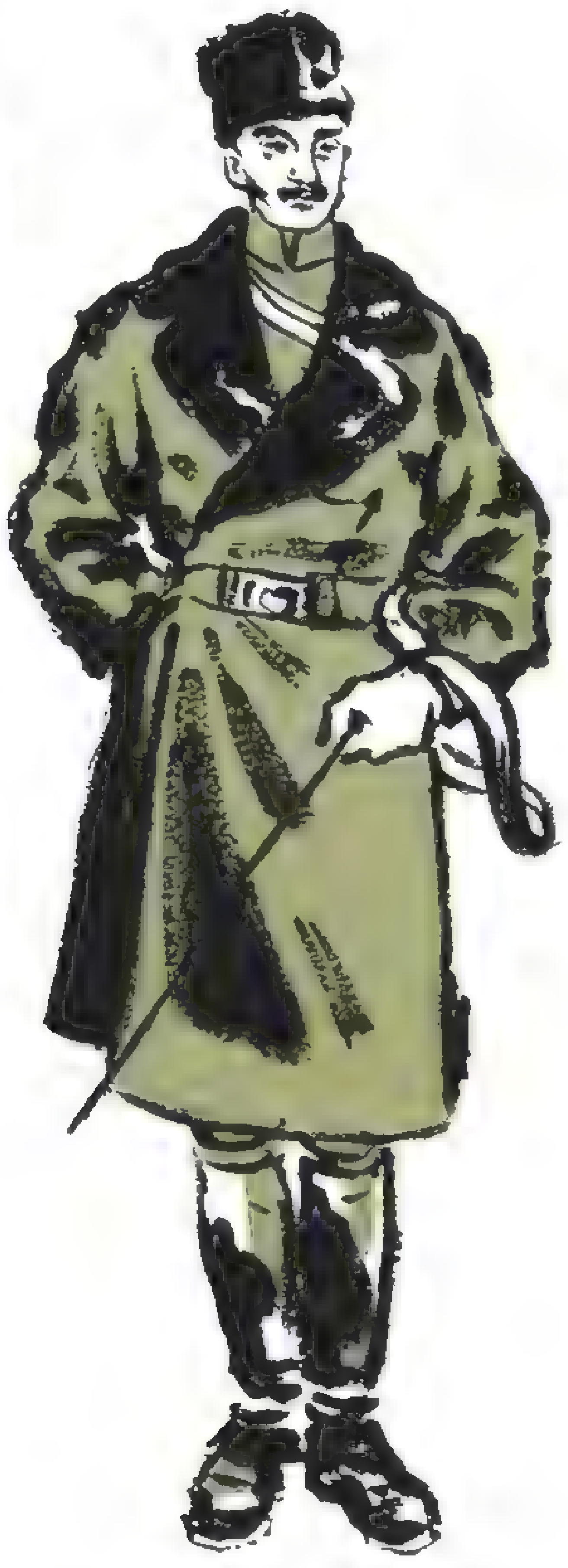


Officer of
"Grenadier" Company
1839

The Worcestershire Regiment

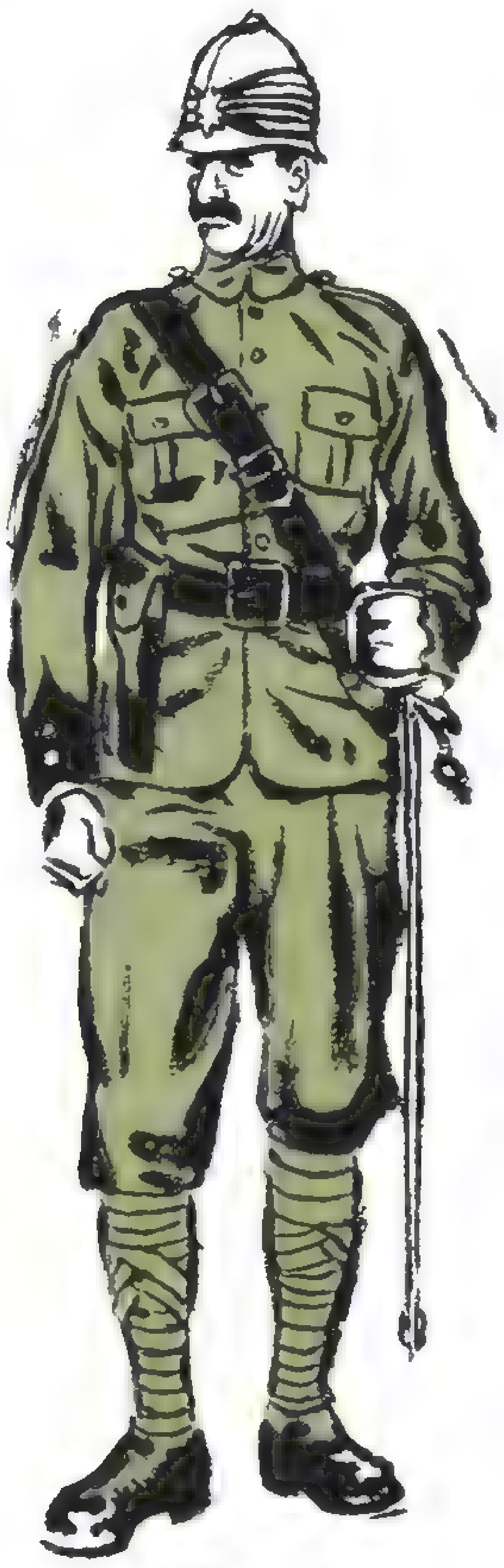
"Men die...but the regiment lives on"

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE
by
WILLIAM PACHNER



Sergeant in Canadian
Dress—1869

HONI·SOIT·QUI·MAL·Y·PENSE



Officer 1890

The Worcestershire Regiment

A Worcester attack in World War I was generally recognized as the show that saved the channel ports

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH & COMPTON PAKENHAM

• ARTICLE •

In 1940 it was the Worcester's turn to get it sturdily in the sunburned neck again—for when the newsreels came through of the Dunkerque Retreat and the helter-skelter cross-Channel getaway in May, their Garter Star was among the regimental insignia recognizable on the battle-grimed battle-dress of what had lately been a B.E.F. (The Coldstream Guards is the only other British regiment to wear the Garter Star as insignia, but in addition to *Honi soit qui mal y pense* The Worcestershire Regiment's badge also carries the one word "Firm.")

May it please the German General Staff, this Worcestershire Regiment, parts of which it so lately whipped out of Flanders, is the same regiment that His Grace of Wellington cited in his final dispatch of the Peninsular Campaign almost a century and a half ago as "the best regiment in the British Army"—possibly because he was still damned annoyed at another crack regiment of his command, for ravishing the entire personnel of a nunnery close by the bivouac, as a result of which schoolboy prank they still listen in barracks to Spanish hymns played to them every night between Retreat and Last Post.

And again—in 1746 during the interval after Fontenoy, the Worcesters were surprised in bivouac with piled arms. To remind them of the resultant military disaster, the Officers of the Regiment were required henceforth to wear swords on all occasions, on all parades and even in mess, and became known in the Army as the "Eversworded 29th," their numerical designation at the time. In 1850 this restriction began to undergo modification until at the present time only Captains and the Orderly Officer for the day conform. However it still calls for all officers to wear swords on parade, but, as throughout the British Army, they are removed in the hall outside the mess ante-room and sword wearing in the actual mess precincts is a minor crime.

And once again—on the 31st of October 1914, during the First Battle of Ypres (Old World War) which is generally conceded to have run from the 18th of October to the 11th of November of 1914, seven officers and three hundred and fifty other ranks of the Worcestershire Regiment saved the Channel Ports.

At 12:45 P.M. on that date General Lomax arrived at 2nd Division H.Q. at Hooge Château and notified General Munro, the Divisional Commander that the 15th Division line was broken. Almost as he said it, a shell struck the Château killing six staff officers, wounding four, mortally wounding Lomax and knocking Munro out. When this news reached Haig a mile away at White Château, he mounted to go forward and take personal command. Before he arrived Brigadier General Fitz Clarence and the survivors of the 2nd Worcesters had done the trick.

Fitz Clarence's First Brigade (1st Coldstream, 1st Scots Guards, 1st Cameron Highlanders, and 1st Black Watch) had been virtually obliterated in front of Gheluvelt. Searching about, the General found the remaining seven officers and three hundred and fifty other ranks of the Worcesters dusting themselves off and licking their wounds in reserve. Fitz Clarence concocted orders for the counter-attack and gave them twenty minutes to think it over.

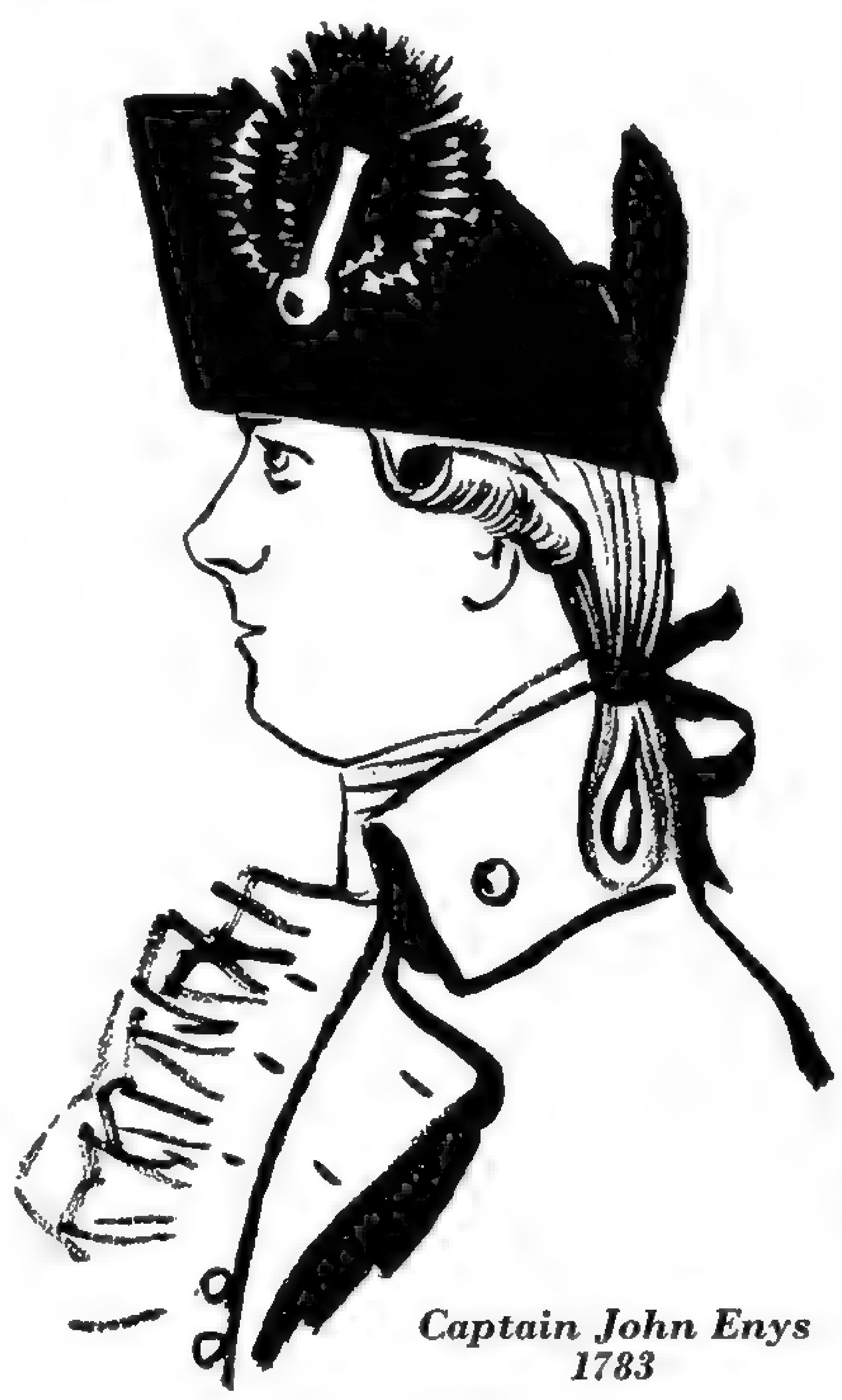
Under Major Hankey they kicked off in column at about 1:00 P.M. After covering six hundred yards, they extended in two lines, making the remaining thousand in rushes of about two hundred yards each. They caught the advanced German line consolidating, wiped it out handily and reestablished the British break by about 2:00 P.M. in the most business-like, matter-of-fact manner conceivable. Casualties: 3 officers and 189 other ranks.

The Germans did not attack Gheluvelt again and this Worcester attack is generally recognized as the show that saved the Channel Ports for that other B.E.F.

Men die—but the regiment lives on.

A rough and tumble county line regiment, the Worcestershire is as good as they come in any fighting army and a great deal better than most. They are as English as steak and kidney pie and as matter of fact as the solid middle classes from which, in the main, their officer personnel comes, preference of course being given to county families.

Worcestershire is a cross-section of all of England—the "Black Country" in the northern reaches of the country being industrial and the southern sections agricultural. The men, recruited from the county almost exclusively, are about half farm boys and bumpkins and half factory-town street boys—excellent beginnings in either case from which to make "a first class fightin' man."



Captain John Enys 1783

The present Regiment derives from two older regiments, amalgamated under the Cardwell System in 1881. Its 1st Battalion from the Old 29th Foot and its 2nd Battalion from the Old 36th Foot. The 29th was originally "Farrington's Foot" and was established in the black year of 1694—the same year the Bank of England was founded. It was known as the Worcestershire Regiment, however, as early as 1782.

The 2nd Battalion, though younger, has the richer tradition perhaps. It was established in 1702, the year of Queen Anne's accession and the beginning of Marlborough's victorious campaigns.

At Ramillies it became so intimately associated with the Lincolnshire Regiment (10th Foot) that the adjutants of both regiments to this day address their correspondence to each other as "Dear Cousin" and the Sergeants are full fledged members of each other's messes.

In the early 18th Century the Worcesters served as Marines and were afloat in Lord Howe's celebrated victory of the "glorious first of June." This gives them their second Regimental badge of a Naval Crown and the motto "1st June 1794." It also gives them the jealous privilege of their band's playing "Hearts of Oak" and "Rule Brittania" at retreat and their officers drink the King's health seated, in Naval fashion, whereas almost every other regiment in the British Army drinks it standing.

The full dress uniform:

Tunic: Scarlet, with emerald-green facings.

Sash: Crimson silk.

Headdress: Blue helmet with gold spike and regimental badge in front.

Patrol trousers: Blue with one-fourth inch scarlet stripe.

Depot: Worcester. Record Office: Warwick.

Battle Honors

Ramillies — Mysore — Hindoostan — Rolica — Vimiera — Corunna — Talavers — Albuhera — Salamanca — Pyrenees — Nivelle — Nive — Orthes — Toulouse — Peninsular — Ferozeshah — Sobraon — Chillianwallah — Goojerat — Punjaub — South Africa 1900-'02 — Mons-Ypres 1914, '15, '17,

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

While fellow critics, thousands of readers applaud *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, your columnist won't dance

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

I AM a little troubled that I cannot join in the swelling chorus that has greeted the appearance of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. I have not seen an adverse review; and the Book of the Month Club has placed it in a hundred thousand homes. Everything Mr. Hemingway has written has had a good press; but the reviewers are not satisfied this time with mere praise; many of them declare *For Whom* to be a permanent addition to literature, to be a literary masterpiece, and to rank with Tolstoy's immortal *War and Peace*. I feel like an agnostic at a religious camp-meeting.

I do not believe Mr. Hemingway is a great writer; I do not believe *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a literary masterpiece. If one compares it with the run of contemporary novels, it has more vitality than the majority; but if one has in mind works of genius, like *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *Fathers and Children*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *David Copperfield*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, its deficiencies and limitations should be painfully apparent.

What are some of these deficiencies and limitations? George Moore, in his book *Impressions and Opinions* (1891) tells of meeting Turgenev at a students' ball in Paris, when they fell into conversation about Zola's *L'Assommoir*. Turgenev said Gervaise was a real woman, was true to life, but that the book was marred by the familiar vicious method, the desire to tell what she felt rather than what she thought. "Why should I care where she sweats, whether in the middle of the back or under the arms?" Moore commented as follows:

"It is difficult to conceive the vexed and difficult question of how far a writer should proceed in physical description better put than Turgenev put it in this pithy sentence: What does it matter? . . . any one gifted with a ray of artistic understanding will see that as everything cannot be related, if for no other reason, for want of space, a selection is inevitable. Shall we tell how people perspire or how people think? It will not do to venture out on the treacherous ice of theory and attempt definitions of what is worthiest of selection; far better, say, let perspiration be admitted into the domain of art, but let perspiration take the place in art that it does in nature. So think the physiological school, but the school of adventure are of a different opinion: never mind how she thinks; give us the spot of perspiration; tell us how So-and-So killed the Negro . . . it is thought, and thought only, that elevates or degrades human deeds and desires; therefore turgid accounts of massacred Negroes, and turgid accounts of fornicating peasants, are in like measure distasteful to the true artist . . . What I wish to establish here is that it is a vain and fruitless task to narrate any fact unless it has been tempered and purified in thought and stamped by thought with a specific value. This seems to me a suggestive comment on Turgenev's happy remark, and hereby we arrive at a more comprehensible classification of novelists than has hitherto been attempted—the thought school and the fact school . . ."

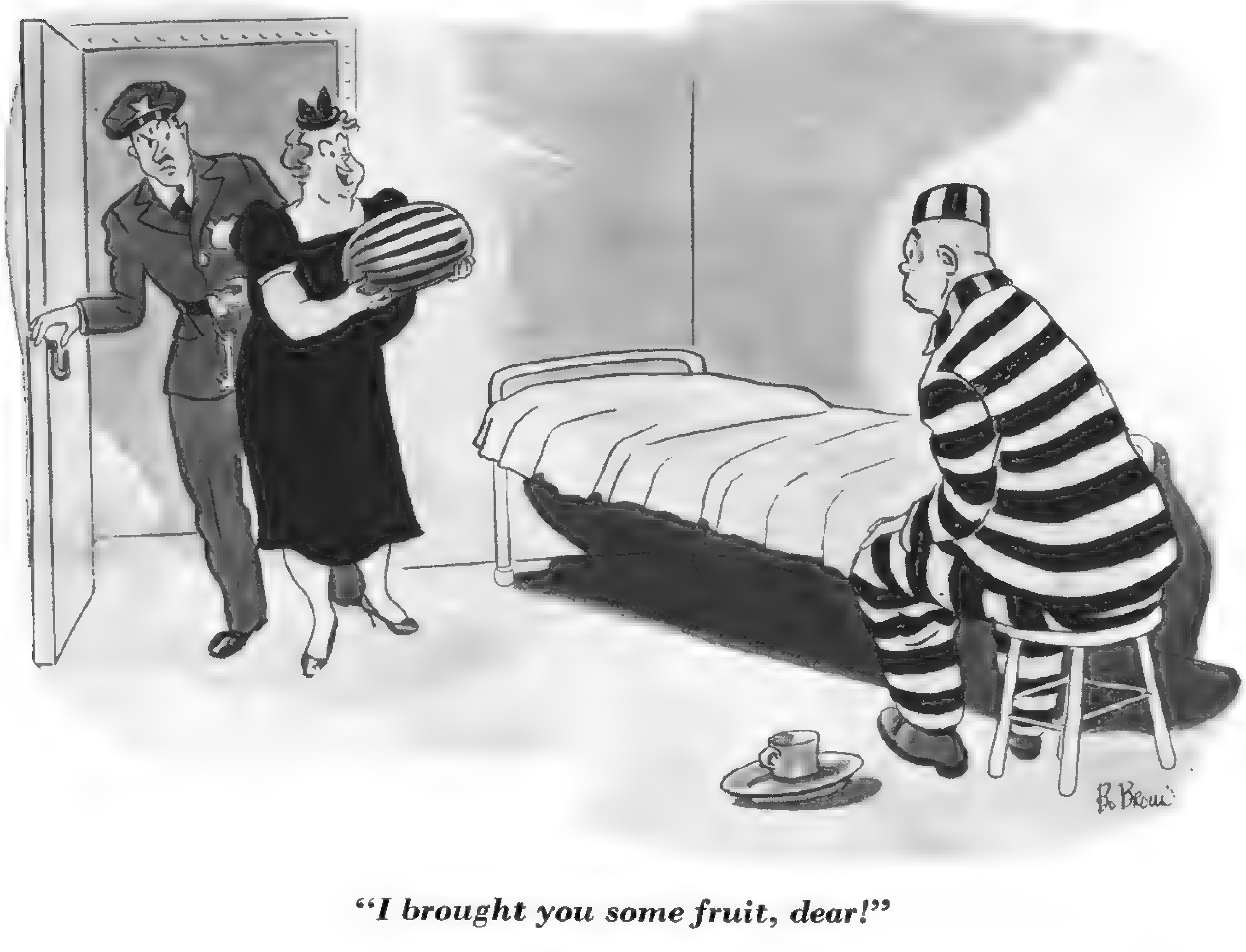
Mr. Hemingway is more interested in the sensations that human beings have in common with animals than in the thoughts that distinguish them from animals. We do not expect spiritual quality in his work and are not disappointed when we find none; but many animal sensations and few intellectual qualities are a sign of immaturity.

Professor John O. Beaty, in his new book, *Image of Life*, describes much of our contemporary American writing with the phrase *decadent sentimentalism.* I do not agree with Dr. Beaty in everything he says and I do not go so far as he does in condemnation of many of our recent American books, but I think decadent sentimentalism accurately describes a common emotional attitude. It seems not only nobler but more rational to sympathize with Antigone and Cordelia than with persons who cannot struggle either because they are already flat, or because they put up no fight. Novelists are right in drawing our attention to the unclassed, but they are not in insisting that such persons are more interesting than men and women with brains.

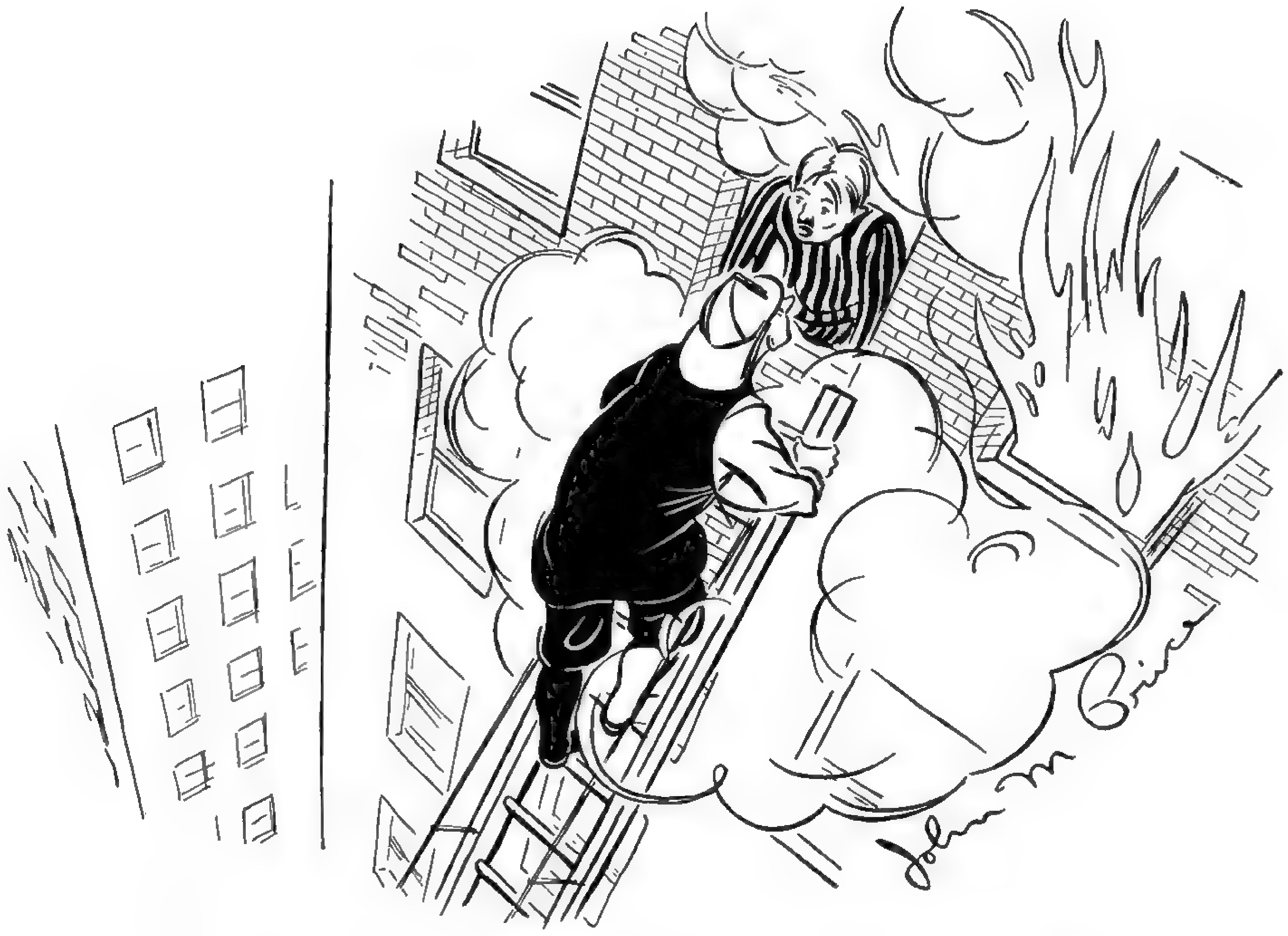
But even the unclassed are human, not mere animals; and it is the stress on them as animals instead of on their humanity to which I object. *Of Mice and Men*, *The Yearling*, *How Green Was My Valley*, all deal with primitive persons; but how differently!

That Mr. Hemingway is more interested in animal sensations than in human thinking has always been apparent. I do not know whether he really likes cruelty or not; I do not think he does; but he takes immense relish in describing it. I remember in his book on Africa his descriptions of huge, horrible birds with sharp beaks who fly down toward wounded soldiers; they tear out and eat the kidneys of the wounded men who are unable to rise; and this pleasant habit is described with gusto. I have never seen a genuine bull fight; I once in the amphitheatre at Nîmes saw a sham bull fight, but it was announced beforehand that it would not be a *mise à mort;* the bull would not be killed and horses would not be injured; this is why I went; for I do not think I could endure it to see the bowels torn out of horses, no matter how much I might admire the courage of the men and the courage of the bull. But Mr. Hemingway said that to see the horses dragging their bowels was funny. Well, in *For Whom* he gives a detailed description of how the Communistic party in Spain tortured a large number of citizens before killing them; this descrip-

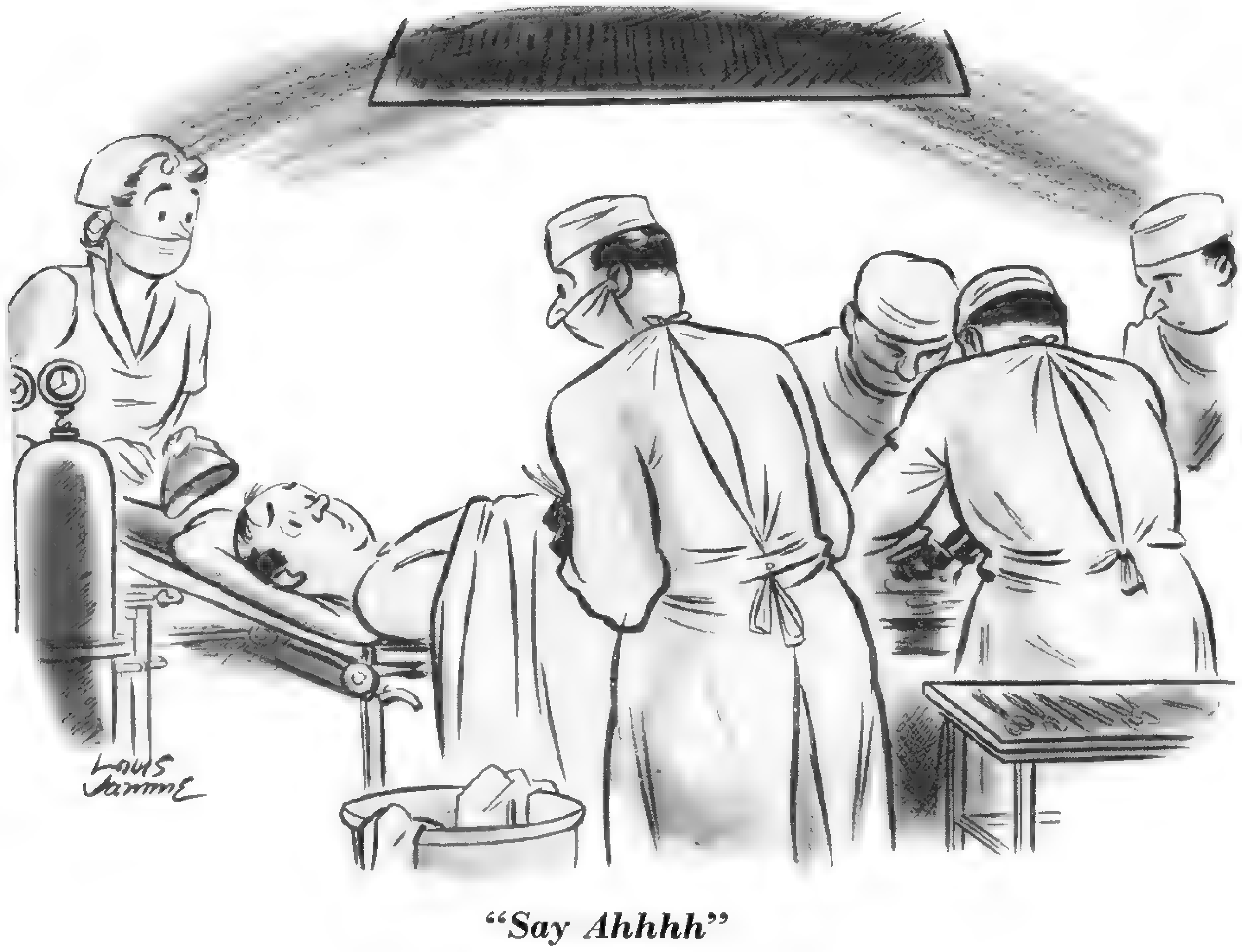
Continued on page 135



"I brought you some fruit, dear!"


John M Price

"Won't you come in and wait? The wife will be ready in about fifteen minutes"


LOUIS JAMME

"Say Ahhhh"

Sterne: The Maestro in Art

There is the golden dusk of far-away places on many of his paintings, for he is always attracted by the exotic

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

The name of Maurice Sterne is neither romantic nor glamorous. It does not suggest magic casements opening on the foam, or the horn of Roland at the pass of Ronscevalles. It is a rather matter-of-fact name. It might be that of a business man or of an engineer. It is a clipped and efficient-sounding name, harsh with sibilance. Yet it belongs to one of America's most important modern artists, one whose career trails bright rainbows of reminiscence from the isles of Greece, the plains of Italy, and the pervasive loveliness of the particular Isle of Bali. It is the name of the man who discovered Bali for the Western world, who found motives for his art in Egypt, India and Burma, and to whom Italy was for much more than a decade a second home. There is the golden dusk of far-away places on most of his paintings. He did not necessarily avoid the familiar; he was attracted to the unfamiliar, the exotic. He left to inferior artists the celebration of what has come to be known as the American Scene. Working in America, he found in the Indians of New Mexico his most rewarding theme. Only yesterday, so to speak, he was in Hawaii, on a painting commission, and the day before yesterday he was painting murals and teaching at San Francisco. Tomorrow he will be no one knows where. It is hard to believe that this artist, born a subject of the Russian Czar at Libau, on the Baltic, and since then a traveler upon every one of the earth's oceans and upon many of its seas, will find his final berth at Mount Kisco, a Westchester suburb of New York where, at last report, he had decided to cast anchor. Even whaling captains come home, but Maurice Sterne, although no longer the whipper-snapper wonder student of the National Academy, still seems too young for settling down.

Maurice Sterne is more than a world-perambulating artist. The intelligence and the sensitivity that have gone into his work, as well as the absorbed knowledge of ancient and modern art, would have set him apart had he never crossed an ocean. There is no doubt, however, that the sustained exoticism of his subject matter has called attention to his work, attention which otherwise it might not have attracted. Fortunate is that artist who, by fulfilling his own nature, can create and hold an audience. Clever is that artist who can bend his talents to the same end. It is not too difficult to persuade oneself that that which gives most pleasure to an audience is that which one wants most to do.

In the prime of life Maurice Sterne stands today on a pinnacle from which he can survey the plains, the foothills and the lesser peaks which he has ascended. He may have occasion to wonder, as he stands there, whether he does not already belong to the past, the past of struggle and achievement, and whether the only pleasure upon which he will be able to count from now on will be that of remembering the triumphs which cannot be repeated. It is hard sometimes to know the correct tense in which to speak of Maurice Sterne. He is very much alive, but not much more alive than he was almost a decade ago. Sometimes a good man buries himself, and sometimes an onrushing age does the job.

In the pride of his maturity, early in 1933, he was the first living American to be the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. To make this display as complete and as representative of every phase of his development as possible, there were borrowings from fifty-one private collections and from the twelve most important American museums, indicating how much ground the artist had covered. He is the only living American—there may be no other—to be represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in both painting and sculpture, and even as a youth proved his versatility by challenging Whistler in the field of etching. Since sums of money too often are the measure of a man's success, one must note for the record that within one year Sterne earned the vast sum (for an artist) of $100,000 through the sale of pictures, which year probably did him the disservice of accustoming him to a standard which subsequent years refused to maintain.

To the cluster of intellectuals and esthetes who formed about the banner of *The New Republic* he more than any other American artist stood for modern painting, and he was the center of a literary-artistic salon to which were attracted some of the most interesting, individual and important mentalities and temperaments in New York at the time. Sterne enjoyed the great advantage of being admired by a group of men and women who had the opportunity to shape the taste of persons of means who were themselves inarticulate. The list of thinkers and authors who possess examples of Sterne's art, as revealed in the Modern Museum catalogue, is in itself a monument to his career, a sufficient indication of the impression Sterne must have made upon them, both as man and artist. I have heard less articulate and less successful artists—the solitary struggler type of painter —make remarks that might be attributed to envy concerning Sterne's brilliance as a diner-out, *bon vivant* and story-teller, the implication being that Sterne's success as an artist might be due to exertions with other tools than the paint brush. I have heard Sterne called the glamour boy of American art. There is no doubt that Sterne is a man of the world, aside from his far travelings, that he can point a moral and adorn a tale, that he is socially desirable and more than ordinarily intelligent. There is in his talk the suggestion

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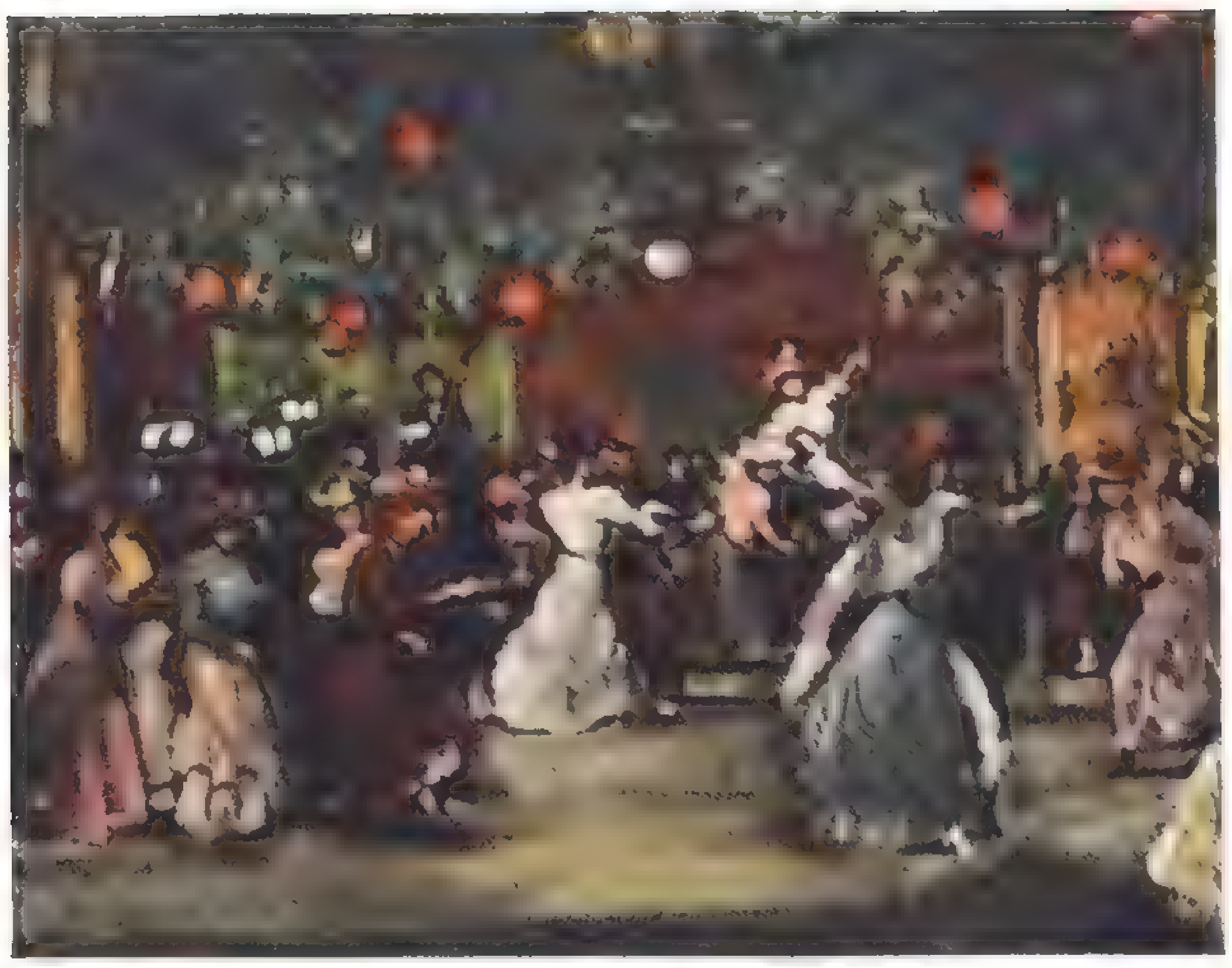
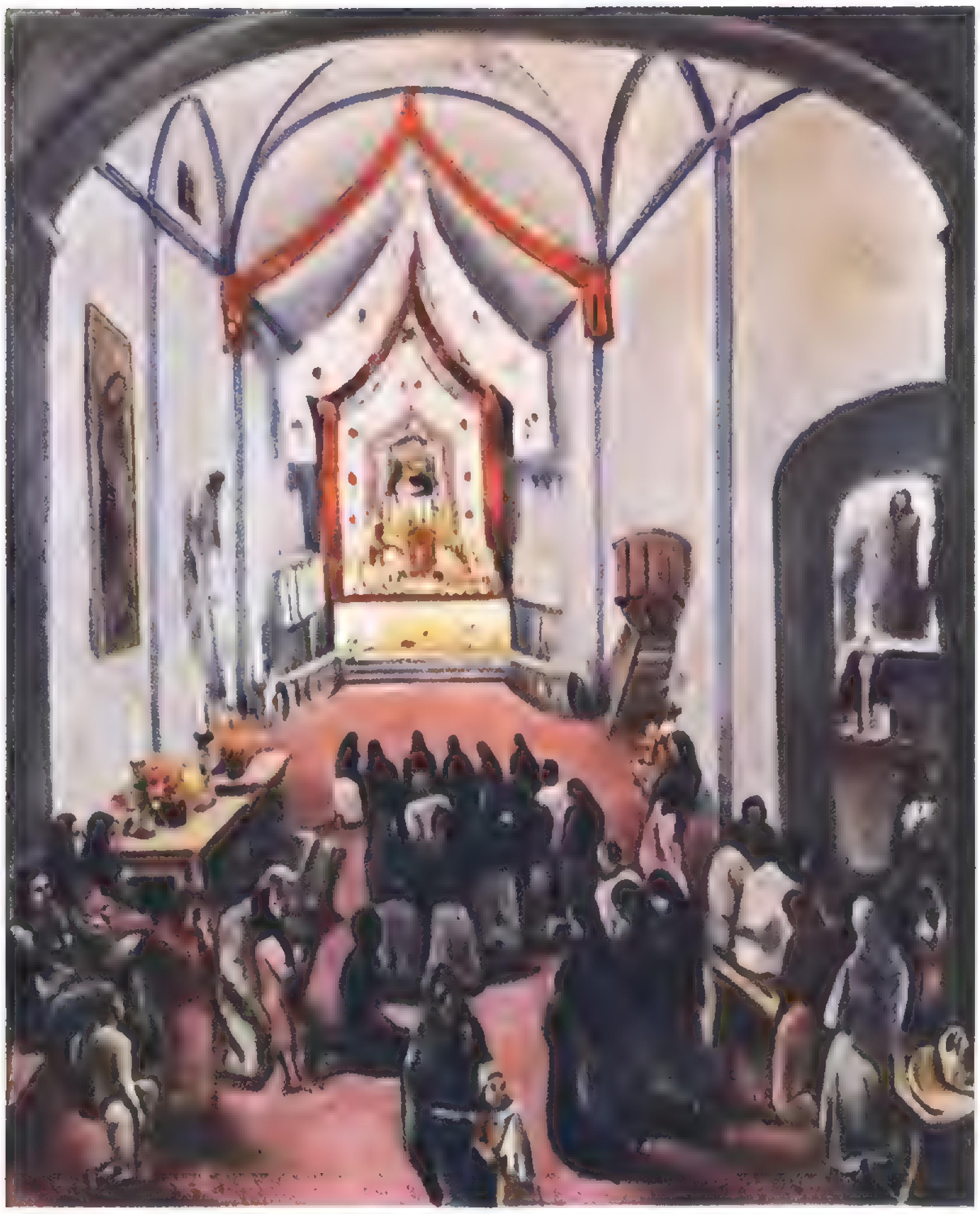
John M Price

"Nothing in sight but some gals in one-piece bathing suits— shall we go up immediately, sir?"



THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY

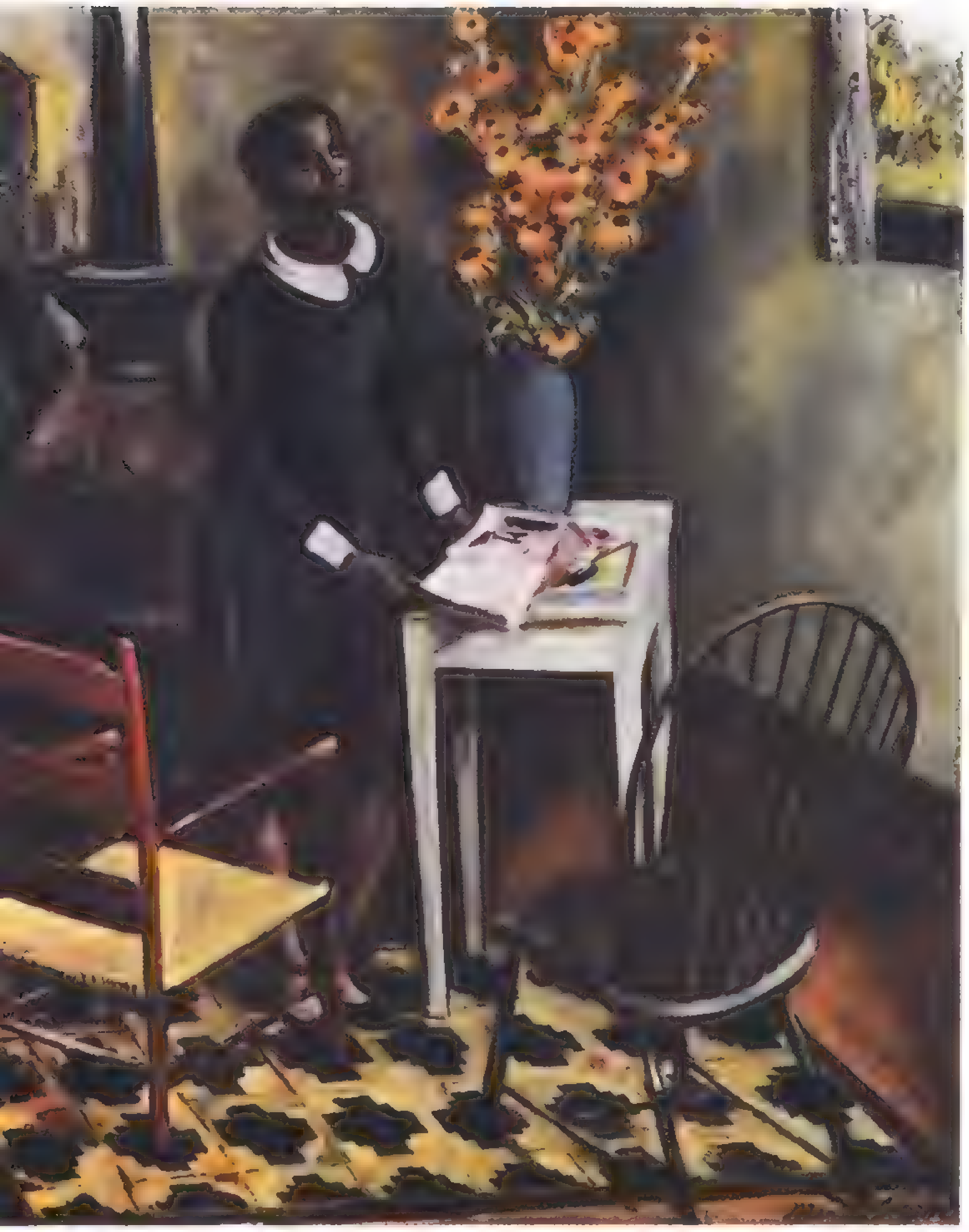


MEXICAN CHURCH INTERIOR

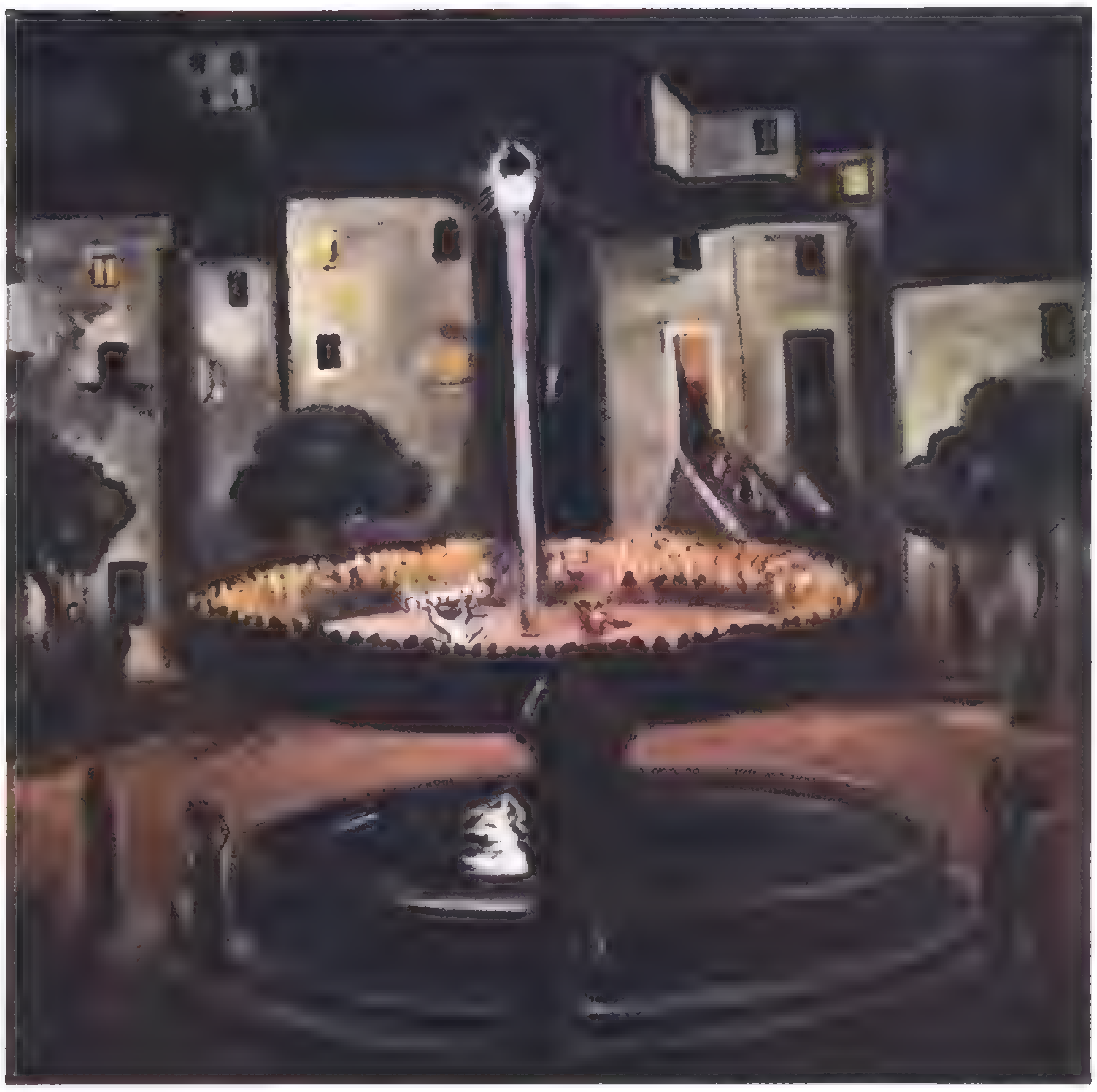
A Group of Paintings

by MAURICE STERNE

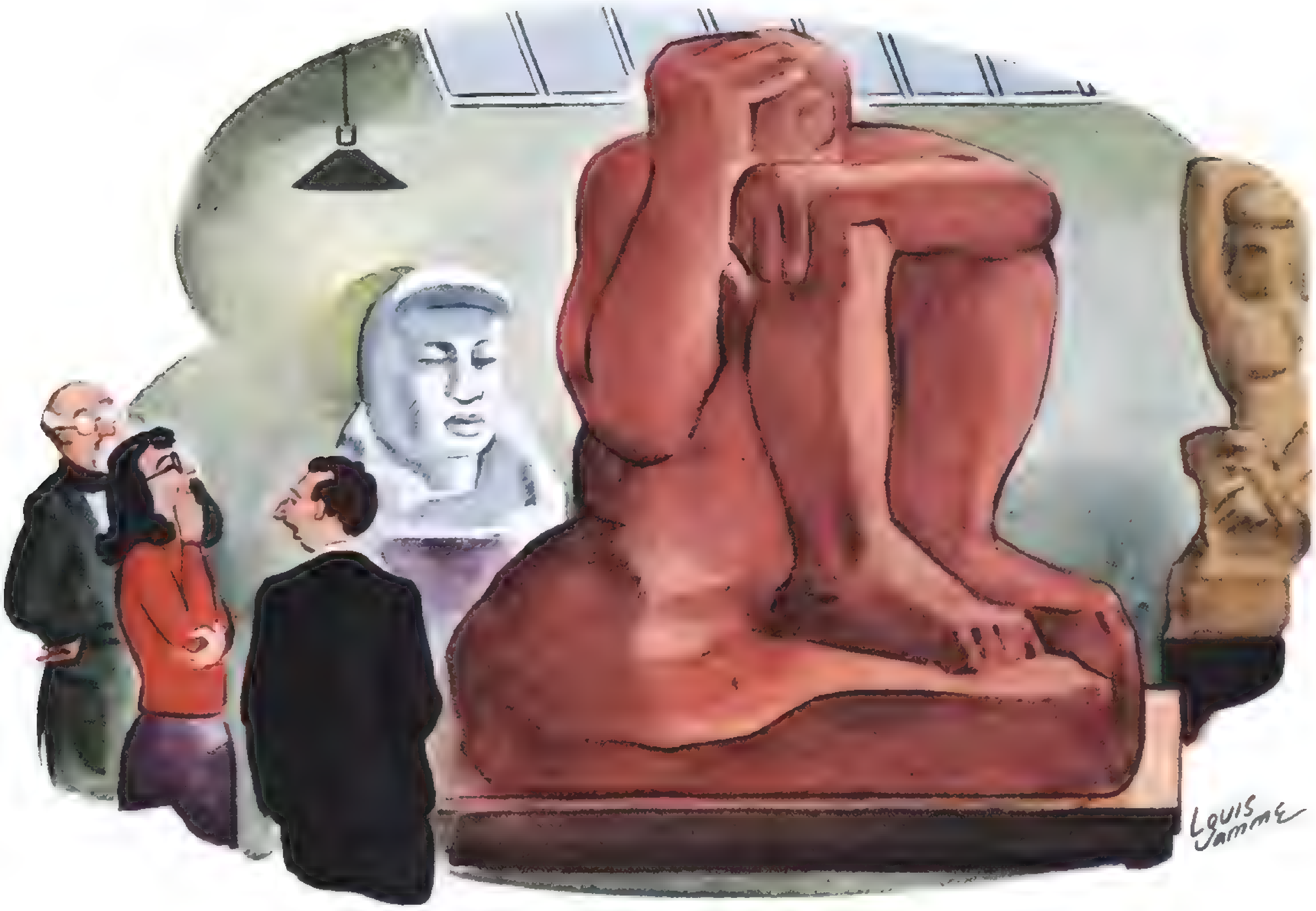
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of the Milch Art Gallery, 108 W. 57th St., New York City



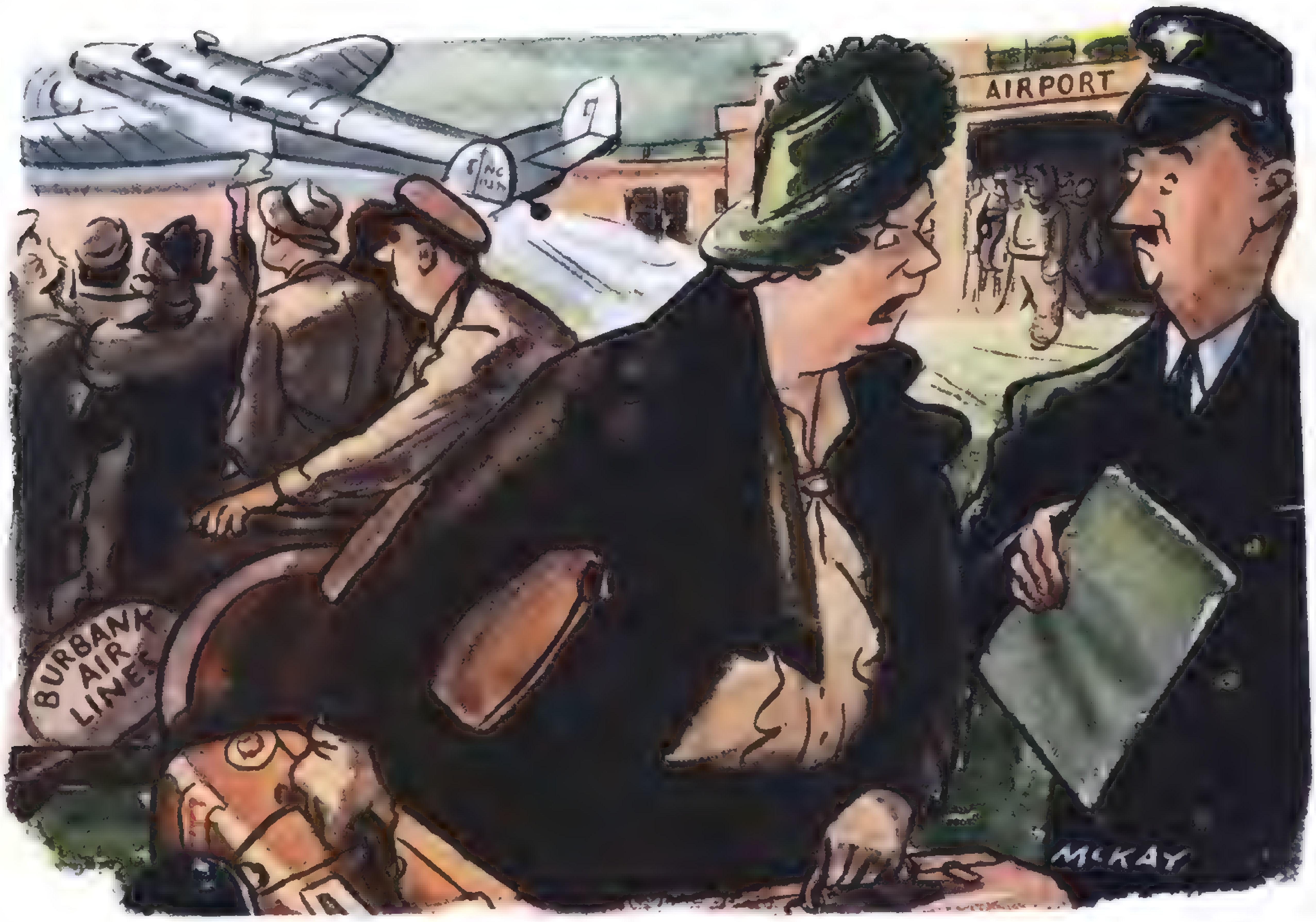
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL



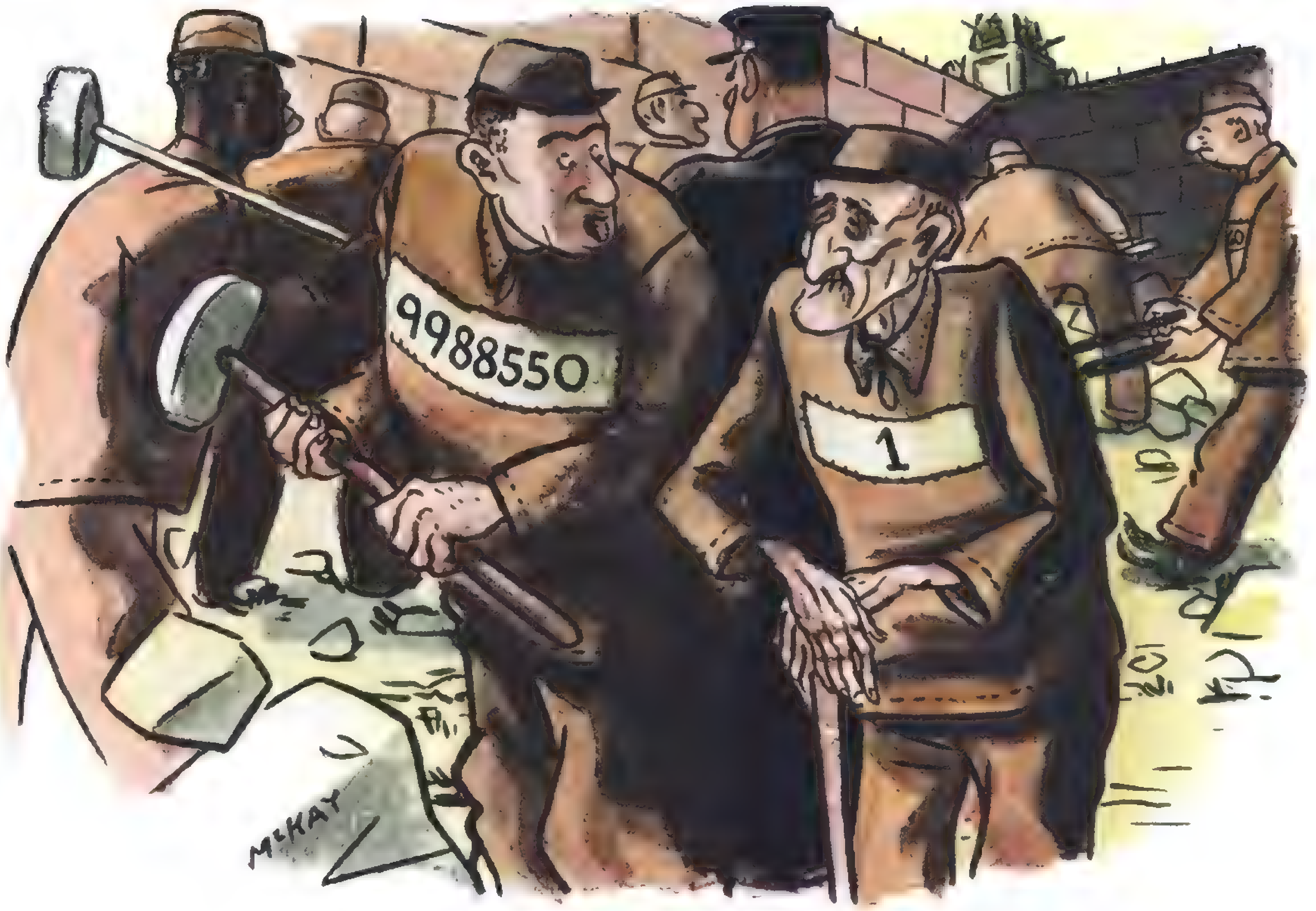
VILLAGE PERFORMANCE


Louis Jamme

"There's more to it than meets the eye"


AIRPORT
BURBANK AIR LINES
McKAY

"Well, it's damn funny you can wait for Hedy Lamarr when she's late"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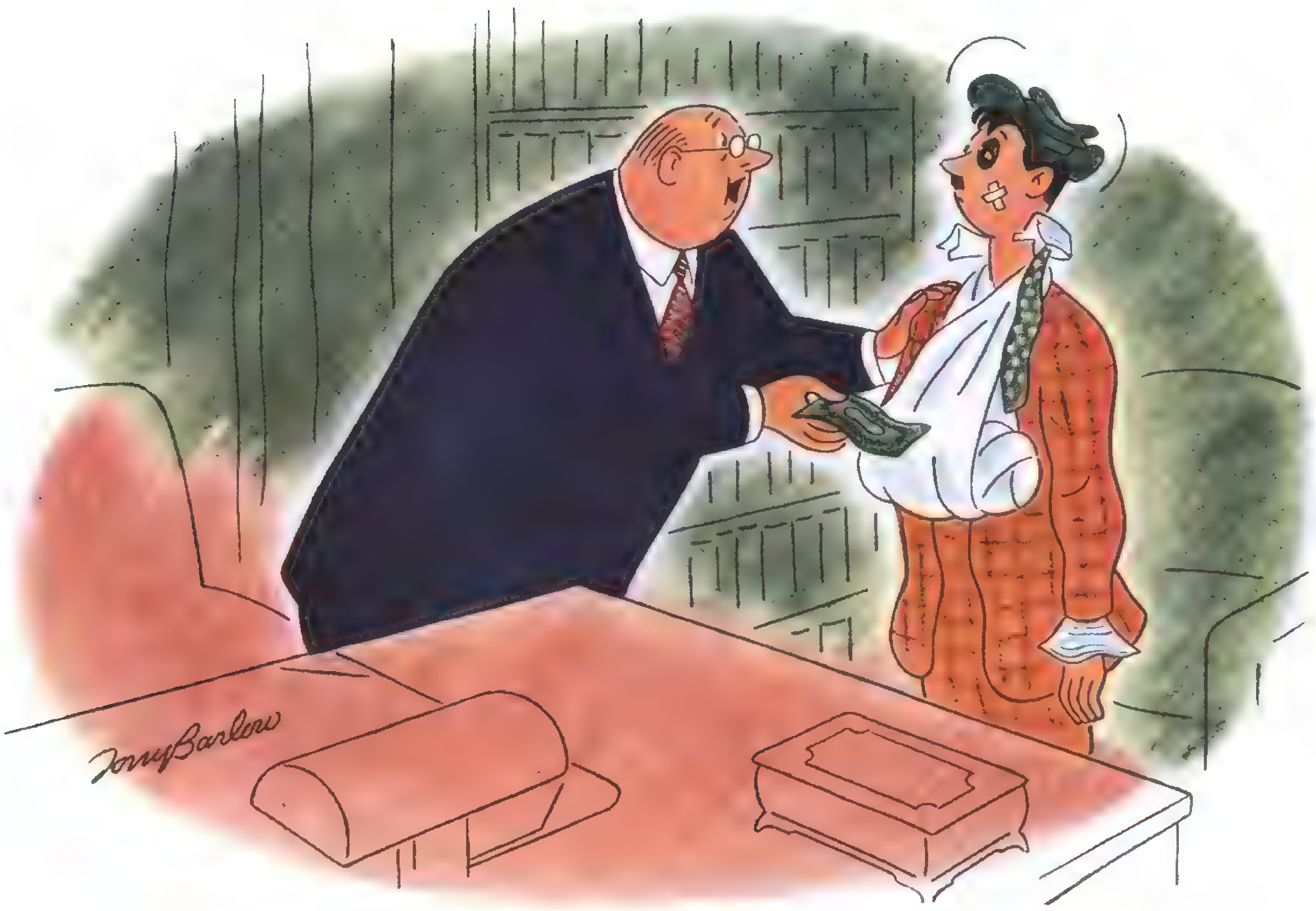
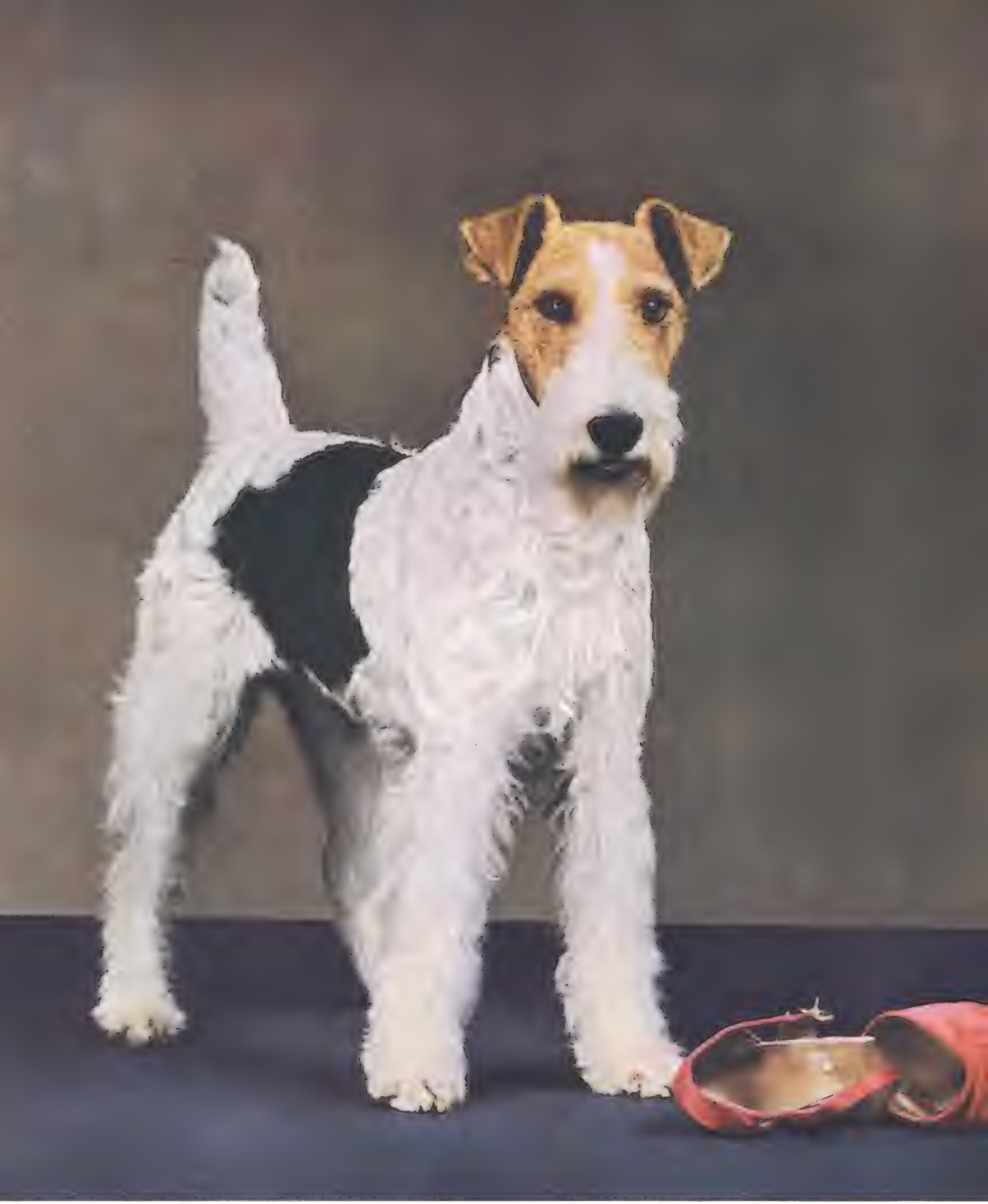
McKAY

"You been here long?"


Tony Barlow

"Good work, Cassidy, here's your dollar for serving the process"



CHAMPION CRACKLEY STRIKING OF WILD OAKS, OWNED BY MRS. RICHARD C. BONDY

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

A FOX TERRIER IS GEARED FOR ACTION

The Wirehaired Terrier is a high-ranking dog in American favoritism. He is in the "first four" bracket of the fifteen most popular breeds registered with the American Kennel Club. But his admiring friends aren't limited to this country. Wherever the English language is spoken Fox Terriers will be found. The Fox Terrier is an ancient breed of English origin. It is thought that the Wirehaired and the Smooth developed from entirely different sources. The ancestors of the Wire were undoubtedly working dogs—rough-coated black and tan terriers of Wales. From them, no doubt, the Wirehaired acquires his keen eyesight and his stick-to-itiveness. When a Wire makes up his mind, persuading him to change it takes tact. He is inclined to "make something" of another dog's slightest overture. But this combativeness is undoubtedly just misdirected energy, for it must be remembered he was bred originally to dig out the fox. And it's a far cry from that type of hardy work to the pampered life of a city dog. Consequently, it is only natural that the "true terrier" temperament should come into play and scare up excitement on the slightest provocation. Those who know Wires well agree that a real Wire should be strong and gay, and have about him a brave, wise way. —CHASE HERENDEEN

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Bright musicals like *Cabin in the Sky* and *Panama Hattie* help a season of bad smelling drama

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

As presently I emerge from my cave, adjust my bearskin and prepare to hew these lines on the immortal rock for posterity, the dramatic season is lousy. The musical show season is O. K., but the dramatic season she steenks. Nor is this the cerebration solely of your Moanus Maximus, as he is popularly known among the tribesmen; almost everyone seems to agree. The dramatic fare that has been coined up to the moment of hewing wouldn't even get anyone past a subway turnstile.

The producers, for once, aren't altogether to blame. There doesn't seem to be much in the way of decent new scripts. I have read any number myself and if I were a producer I wouldn't put them on either. I wouldn't, as a matter of fact, put on most of those the producers have put on. Of all those I have read, the only good American one—it is Grade A and more—is Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* and O'Neill refuses for the time being to allow it to be produced. Saroyan has a couple of scripts, *Sweeney in the Trees* and *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning* that have possibilities, but they need a heap more work on them before they are stageable. That's about all, at least at the hour of writing. There is, of course, O'Casey's *Purple Dust* about which I told you six months ago and which has been promised along about this time; but unless something else surprisingly pops up out of nowhere, the future quality doesn't guarantee to be very much silkier than the present.

The musicals, as I say, have been all right—in some cases, and then some. Ed Wynn's show, *Boys and Girls Together*, is a laughing lulu, Ed never having been in finer comic fettle. Al Jolson's *Hold On to Your Hats* has done its share to brighten up things, and *Panama Hattie* is doing more than its share. And there are others, some of them by no means nip and tuck but some, like *Cabin in the Sky*, a tip-top show, sufficiently valuable in making us forget, at least while we are in attendance upon them, the shortage of satisfaction in a dramatic direction.

That shortage has been reflected not only in the number of revivals but also in the number of indifferent and much peddled scripts that have been desperately pulled out of the drawer by despairing producers who seem to believe that something, whatever it may be, is better than nothing. So far as revivals go, I am generally left pretty cold. Aside from certain of the classics and a few modern plays, I can usually get all I want and need of a play in one sitting. The rich reward that comes from seeing it a second time escapes me. When, therefore, producers bid me to sit again through such exhibits as *Kind Lady*, *Blind Alley*, ancient *Charley's Aunt* (admirably done though it is), and the like, the effect upon me is much like requesting me to kiss grandma twice in succession. It isn't that I don't like grandma so much as it is that I like something new and slightly more exciting for a change.

Maxwell Anderson, who in various quarters was relied upon to do something about giving the early dramatic season at least a little lift, turned out to be a racking cropper. This, unfortunately, somehow didn't surprise me quite as much as it did those in the various quarters aforementioned, since I have been feeling for some time now that Anderson has been as greatly overtouted in his own line as, in theirs, have been Katherine Mansfield, George Gershwin, and English sole. This overtouting reached its height several years ago when his more ardent followers, including even some of those on the waterwagon, nominated him for the Nobel prize above Eugene O'Neill. (At this point and before proceeding, we take time out for laughter.) Not only, as must at length be clear to a blind man or even to certain of the critics, is Anderson's position not in the remotest degree to be compared with O'Neill's, but it is, I believe, further debatable in comparison with that of other playwrights in our theatre. Surely, Behrman is critically the finer artist; surely, Sherwood is a more adroit hand at dramaturgy; surely, young Saroyan, with all his deficiencies, has a vastly greater imagination; surely, Anderson's old collaborator, Stallings, had immensely more dramatic drive and force; surely, Lillian Hellman has a deeper grasp on character; surely, the comparative novice, John Steinbeck, can evoke a much more profound commiseration and pity; and I, for one, am not certain that Paul Green, Lynn Riggs and Robert Turney haven't got something in the way of honest poetic expression that Anderson lacks.

Our subject's contribution to the season—it disappeared from view in short order—was *Journey to Jerusalem*. Attempting to tell of Jesus' pilgrimage at the age of twelve to the annual Passover feast and of His pain upon learning that His mission on earth was doomed to a tortured and tragic end, the play resolved itself into a succession of dramatically immobile discourses here and there illuminated by some of Jo Mielziner's settings if not particularly by Mr. Anderson's blank verse. It wasn't fifteen minutes after the first curtain went up that the effect was progressively and dismayingly like that induced by Walter Hampden's annual one hour and a half oral treatise on Edwin Booth, with the name of the Saviour substituted for the actor's. It was, in short, reverent ham.

In a program foreword, Mr. Anderson discussed learnedly, for the benefit of such attending intellectuals as Betty Grable, Leon and Eddie, and Mrs. Katzenberg, on the languages spoken at the time along the eastern

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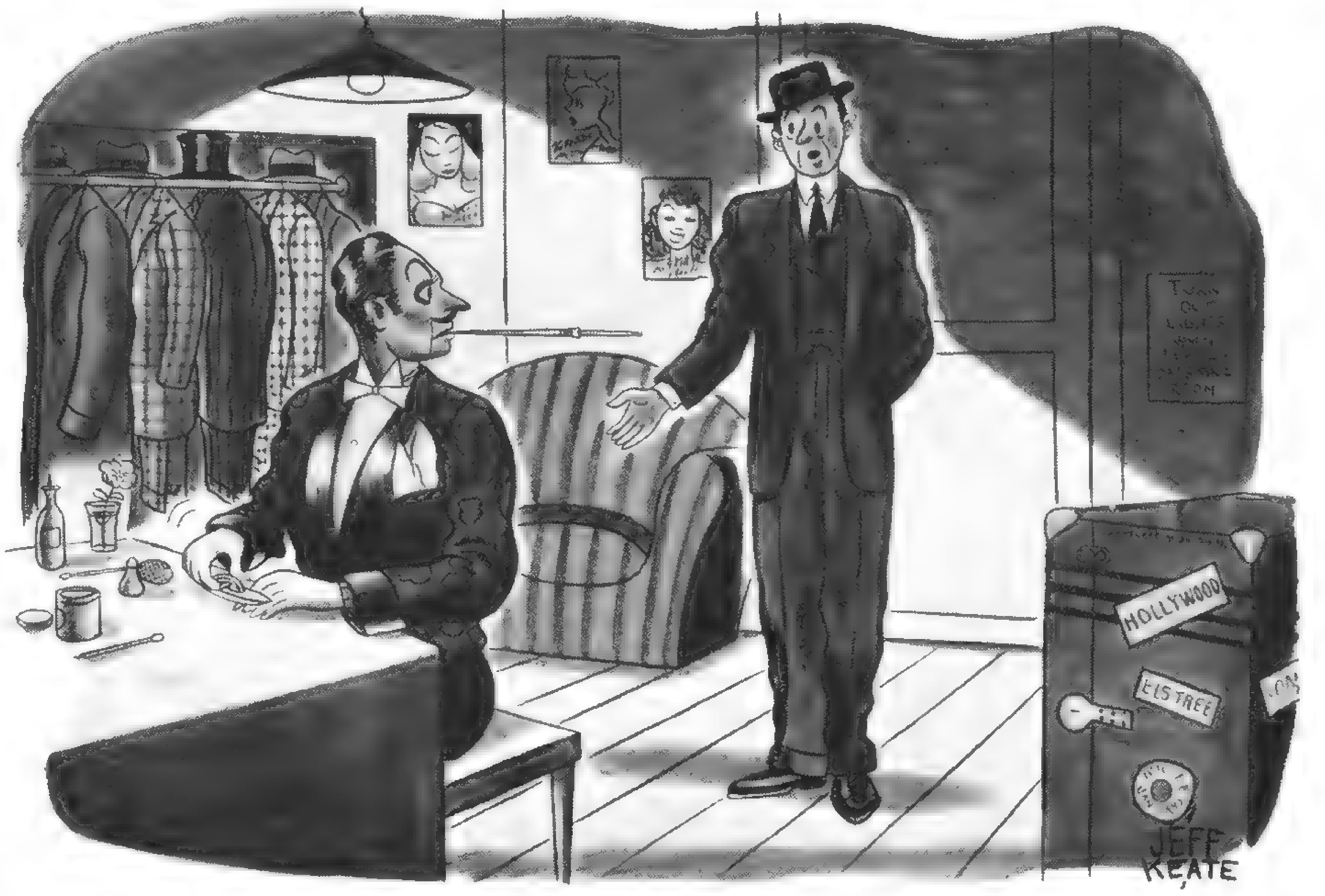
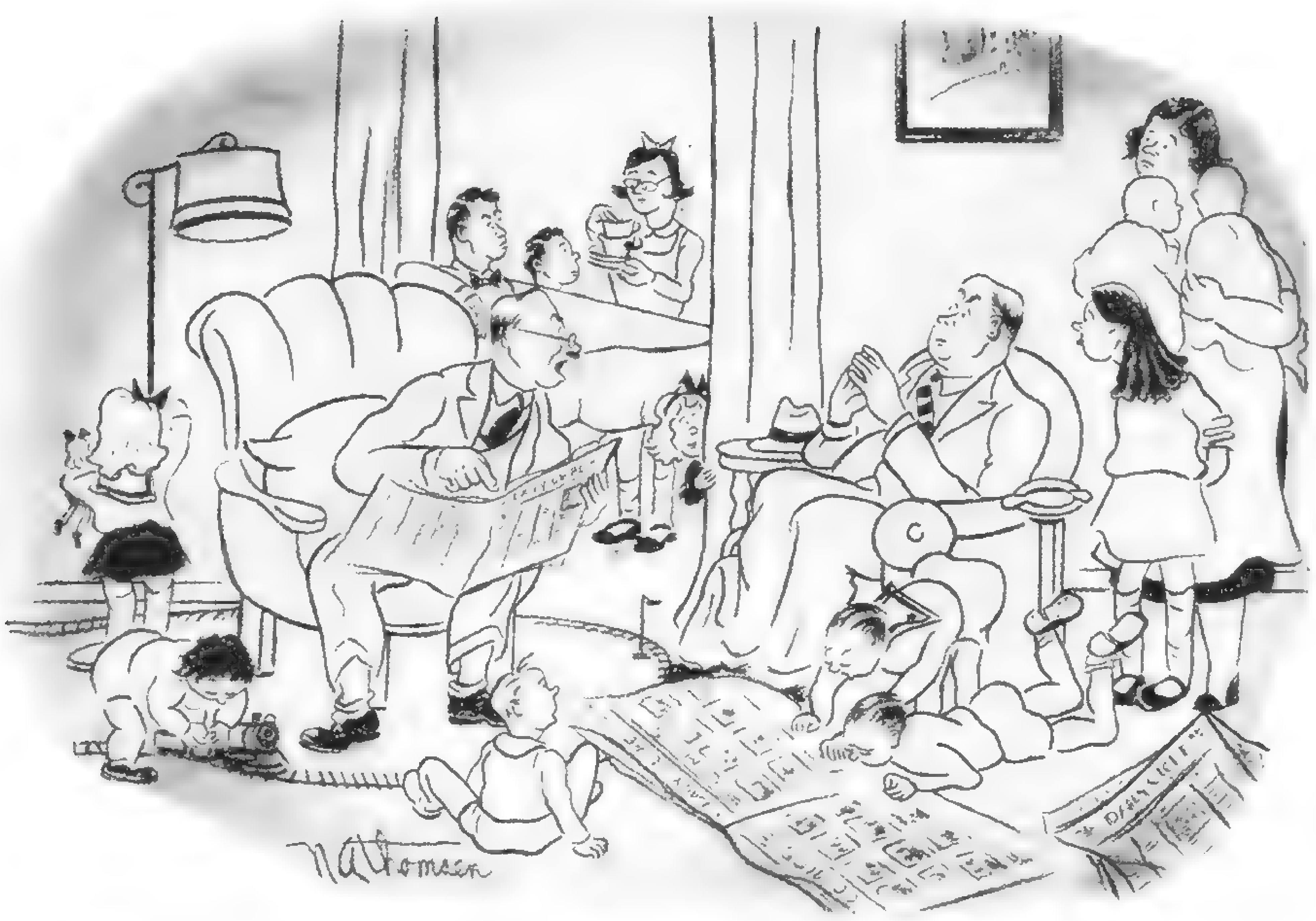
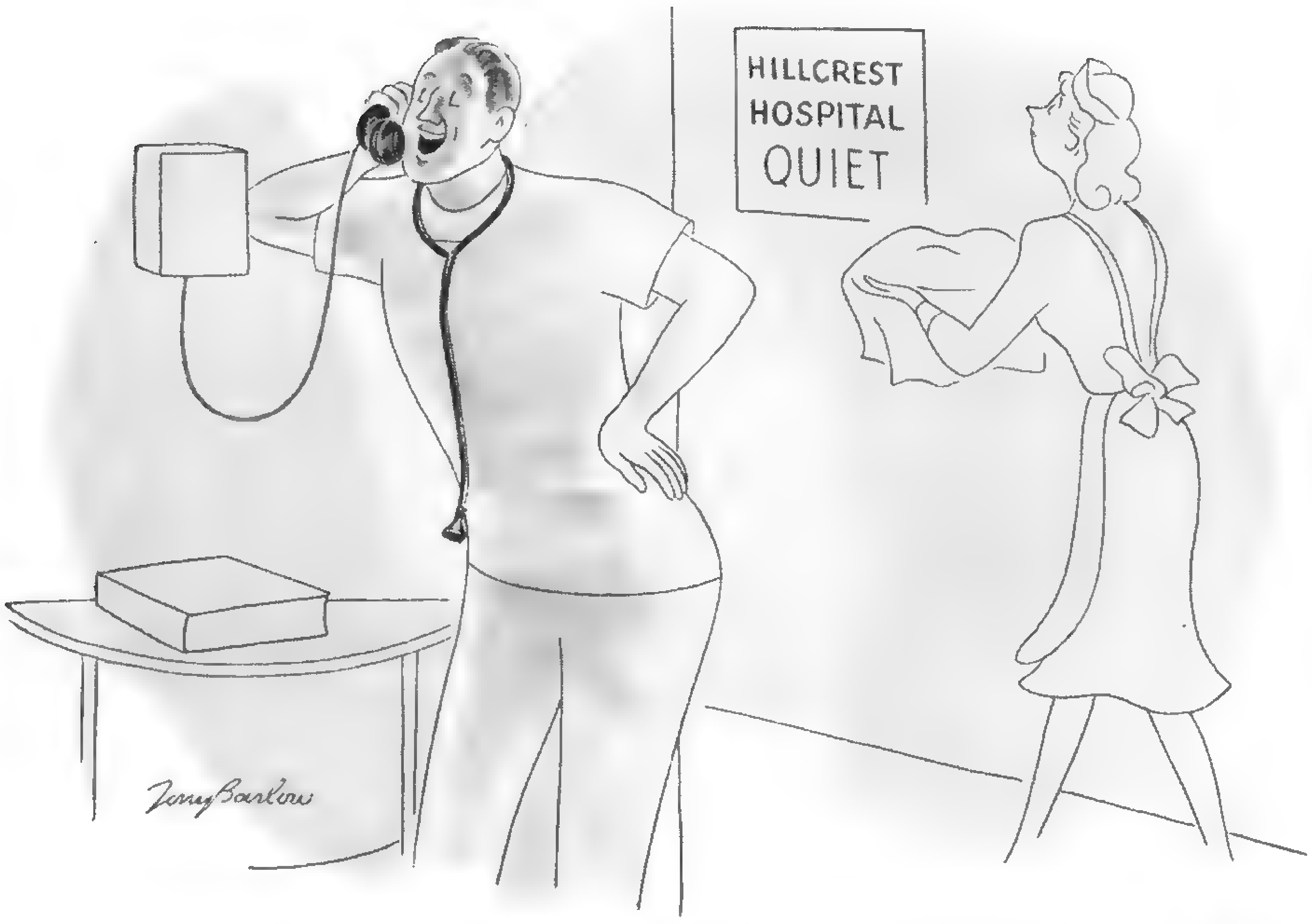


"I asked the manager if there is some doorway you could slip out to avoid crowds and he said you could go out the front doorway past the box office"



"That's what's wrong with this country—overproduction"


HILLCREST
HOSPITAL
QUIET
Tony Barlow

"There's a lovely moon tonight, dear—meet me in front of Contagious Diseases in twenty minutes"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Nothing like Disney's *Fantasia* ever happened before: the world's greatest music and its best living illustrator

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Since the nickelodeon and the target gallery merged to become the cinema, music has given it a stomach-ache. Hollywood chewed photography and pantomime, gulped the drama and color pots with only minor digestive disturbances. Music invariably caused chronic constipation.

Having hired song writers to pen the *A. B. C. of Love, Afraid to Love, Age for Love, Ain't Love Fun? All's Fair in Love, Amazing Lovers, Arabian Love, Argentine Love, Ashes of Love, Autumn Love, Balinese Love, Bettina Loved a Soldier, Blazing Love, Free Love, Free to Love, Friends and Lovers, Fugitive Lovers, Girl I Loved, Goodbye Love, Great Love, Great Lover, Greater Than Love, Greatest Love, Greatest Lover of All, Guilty of Love, Hell Bent for Love. . . .*

And also *Blind Love, Bonds of Love, Born to Love, Broadway Love, Brotherly Love, Business of Love, Cardboard Lover, College Love, Caucasian Love, Counterfeit Love, Cuban Love Song. . . .*

Daddy's Love, Damaged Love, Dangerous Love, Daring Love, Dawn of Love, How Women Love, Husbands and Lovers, I Give My Love, I Live for Love, I Love You, I Love That Man, I'll Love You Always, In Love with Life, Is Love Everything? Isle of Love, Is This Love? Ladies in Love, Lady to Love, Love Aflame. . . .

Easy to Love, Eternal Love, Faithless Lover, Fearless Lover, Fighting Love, It Must Be Love . . . the sahibs on Sunset Boulevard caught their breath: "What? GRAND Opera? We must have it."

Lawrence Tibbett, Nino Martini, John McCormack, Kirsten Flagstad, Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, Helen Jepson, et al., were hustled before the lens. *One Night of Love*, by accident and because it was the first of its kind, made money. Immediately, the nawabs had a cycle; sixteen duplicates of a single story. No matter what route she used in the picture: casting couch, vocal studio, cabaret, or bird-woman in an African jungle (Lily Pons), every Hollywood diva landed in an opera house, inevitably on high B flat. Feeble, fumbling imitations, third, fourth, and tenth rate imprints of *One Night of Love* were made for years. Hollywood failed to discover any other formula and the "craze" ended in the ashcan with Gladys Swarthout playing a straight dramatic role in *Ambush*, a low-budget melodrama that never reached first-run houses.

No West Coast genius reasoned that an opera singer is useful chiefly for his voice—a voice that carries. Since a microphone makes it possible to hear mosquito voices above the roar of bombing Messerschmitts, the movies had little need for operatic stars. What they could use were convincing actors with charm and personality and a modicum of pleasing voice—the Deanna Durbin type!

None of the so-called operatic productions, except Miss Durbin's, made even a gesture in the direction of solving the essential conflict between fast-moving sight and slow-moving sound. At one time or another in their unreeling, all musical pictures ceased being movies and became visual recordings of arias. Action and story stopped for a musical interlude.

The camera roved, passing from a close-up of the singer's epiglottis to a long shot, next to a sidewise glimpse of the orchestra, back to the singer, then away to the audience, now to the chorus, a return to the singer, and so on. This obvious subterfuge was only a crude, unconvincing attempt to conceal that digestive disturbances affect the action-eating camera whenever it tries to lunch on music. As long as the song is not an integral part of the screen drama, motivating the plot and of itself advancing the action, it is at best a distraction.

The fabulous Mr. Goldwyn who brought Maeterlinck and art and Jascha Heifetz to the West Coast avoided the issue by making a double feature out of *They Shall Have Music.* A human interest story was interrupted by dead-pan Mr. Heifetz, playing his fiddle; at the end, the two finally joined.

The revamped *Carmen* and *Cavalleria* never were produced for "casting reasons"—and the less said about the pretentious Eddy-MacDonald extravaganzas, the kinder. They have repeated the musical comedy routine, each time more ridiculous than before, until, thank Esky, it is dying of its own weight.

* * *

Having murdered the operatic cycle, studio bosses effectively choked the makers of incidental music. Taking great pains to avoid knowing anything about music, they suggest that Alec Templeton, because he is blind, write music for *The Light That Failed.* Inquired Mr. Goldwyn, hearing a studio orchestra blaring away, "Why the racket?"

"The music calls for *forte.*"

"Well," growled he, "sounds more like eighty."

The Hollywood Hitlers treat their composers as something resembling a cross between a door mat and a ground hog. Hageman, Copland, Korngold, Janssen, Antheil, and a score of others have been called, ordered about, and kept waiting. What they write must be done in a jiffy, overnight. Music is the last ingredient to be added, and few producers do more than shout when it fails to make a phony scene convincing.

There is never any question of "Can He?" It is always "He must." Front-office guys don't believe that writing music is akin to falling in love. Tell them that actually it is falling in love with yourself, swooning, trembling, waxing wet-eyed over the wonders—the veiled wonders—of your own

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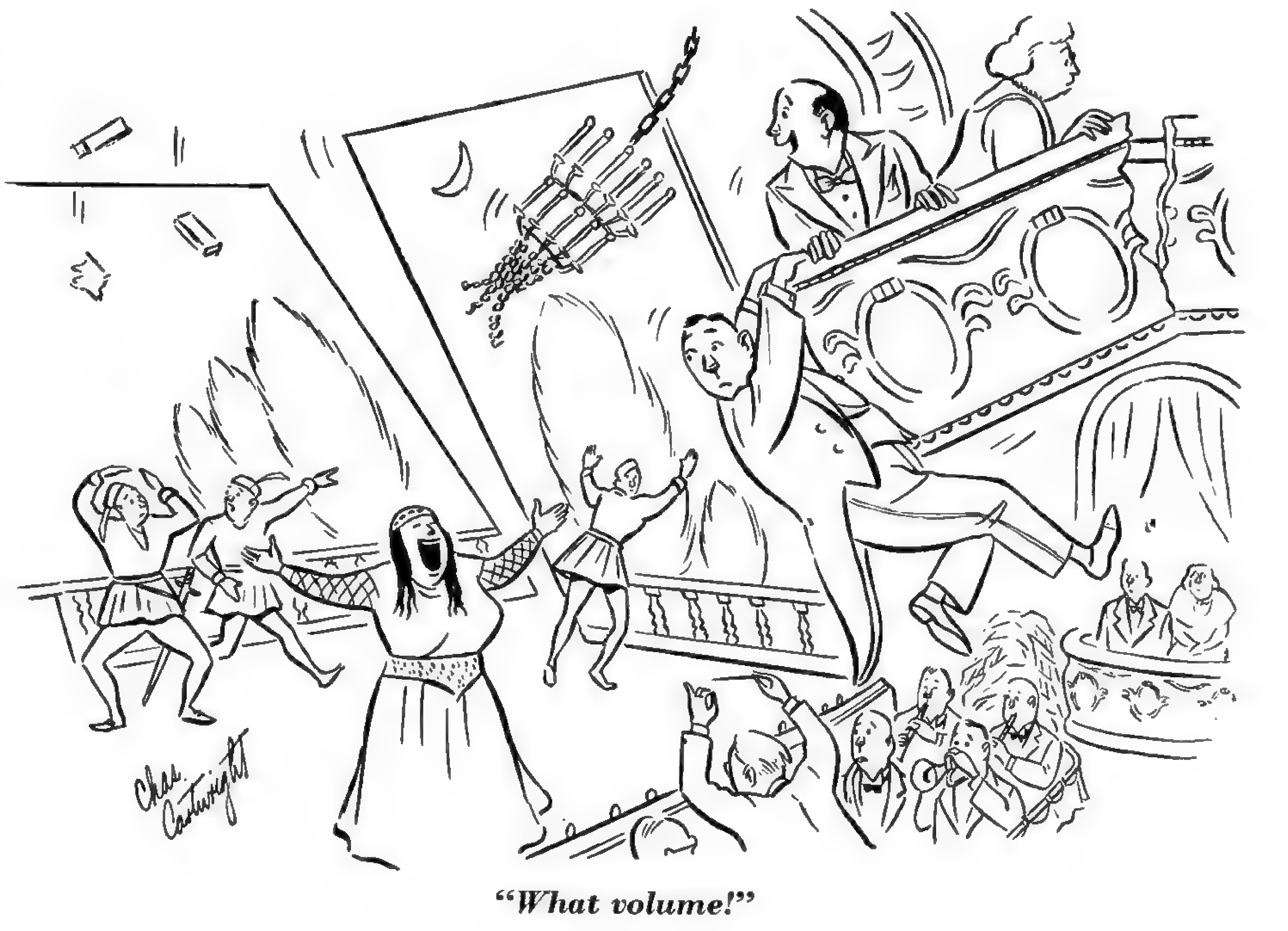

"What volume!"

Air Raid in Twiddenham

"One simply continues to attend one's club, go aloft in one's Spitfire, care for one's garden"

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

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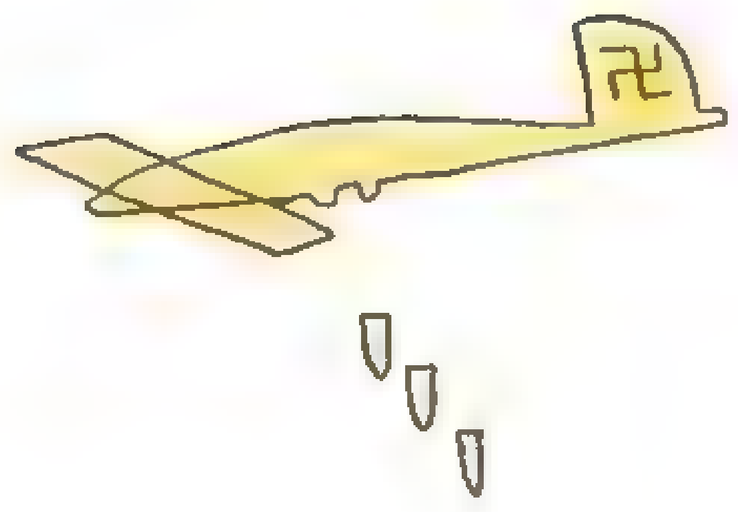
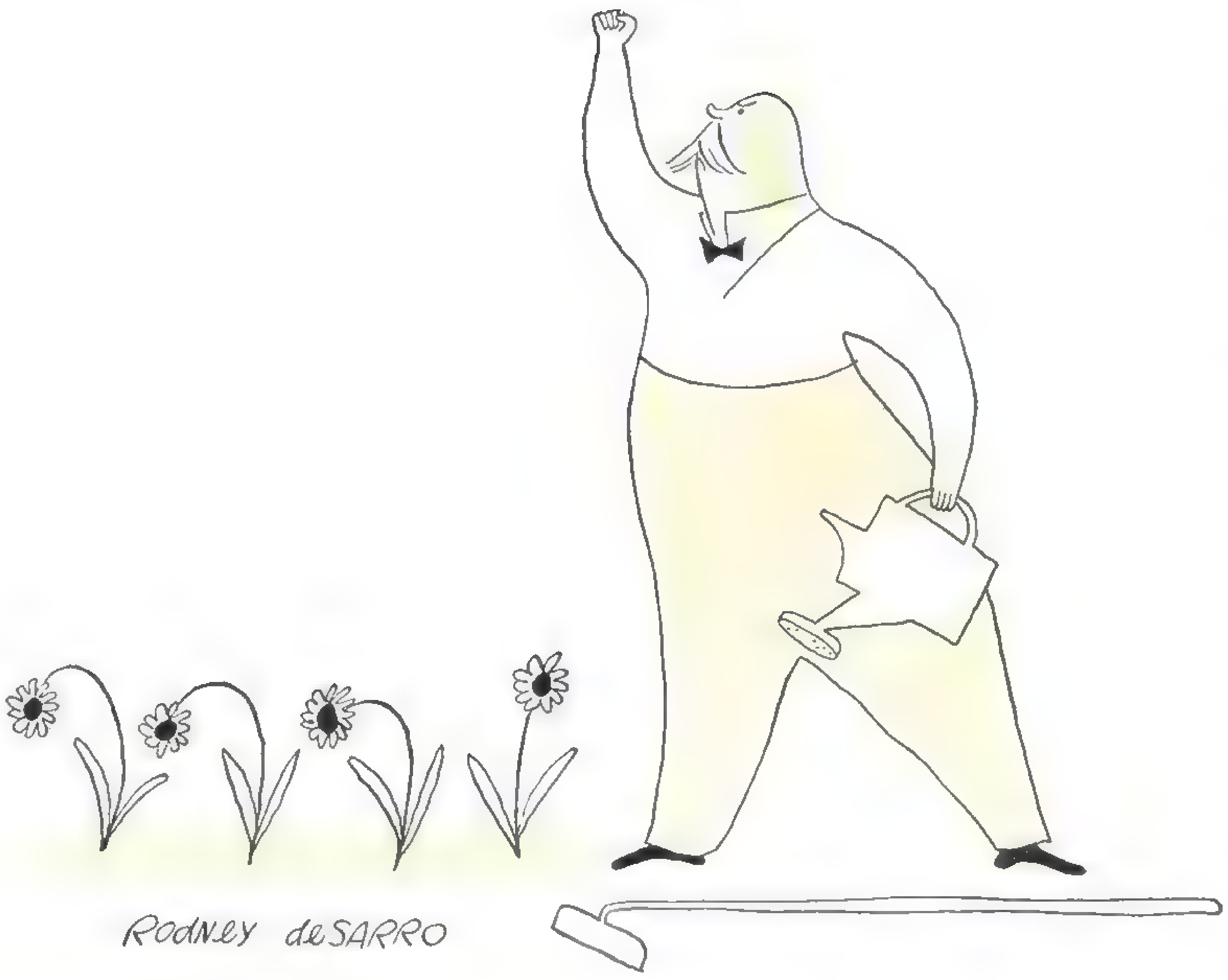


THERE we were tossing down a few at the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham. It was five in the afternoon, and "Sarah" hadn't let out a peep since early dawn. Old Peterson-Jones had been expatiating on the effect the war was having upon his petunia beds. "Damned sensitive, the petunia, you know," the regal white-haired Peterson-Jones explained. "Veddy delicate flah. Doesn't care for noise. Just seems to draw within itself and sulk when Jeddy comes ovah. Take my geraniums, now. The geranium's oltogetheh imparvious to air raids. Rahther enjoys 'em, I should say. Thrives on 'em. The petunia one cahn't say so much for. Extremeleh highstrung flah, you know, the petunia."

The four of us—Peterson-Jones, young Ransome, Lord Broadknoll, Major (Sir Robert) Mawkley, and myself—glanced out from time to time through the broad plate windows of the Gentlemen's Club, windows wired against shattering, onto the pockmarked plaza of Twiddenham. Broadknoll, the young fifth Earl of Chisham, was nattily attired in his new uniform, he being recently attached as an officer to the O. C. in charge of club morale. "Rath-er!" drawled the Earl as he absently continued his favorite pastime of trapping flies beneath his whiskey glass. "I've observed the same thing of lady's-slippahs. Extrodinry sensitive flah, the lady's-slippah."



Sir Robert Mawkley, formerly Major in His Majesty's Secret Service, had also returned to uniform. He was getting on in years, but remained well-preserved, and could imbibe his two bottles of whiskey per day with no worse effect than increasing the twinkle in his bright blue eyes into a sort of brilliant reddish gleam. The Major's duties since returning to active service were relatively light, he being required merely to address the graduating class of spies which matriculated each month from the M.I.D. An old soldier of Mawkley's stripe was something less than content with the superficial role in which the Defense Ministry had seen fit to cast him.

"Well, I say. Flahs," Sir Robert murmured, as he broke the seal on a fresh bottle of whiskey. "Flahs are oll veddy well. But one hardleh considahs the feelin's of flahs when the veddy Empah trembles in the balance."

"Now there I disagree," said Peterson-Jones gently. "What is woah but the business of caddying on? One caddies on until the enemeh makes a fatal mistake and loses the woah. One simpleh continues to attend one's club, to go aloft in one's Spitfire, to care for one's garden. By tendin' to one's flahs, as it ware, one eventualleh destroys the opponent's equanimity, wears out his narves, and reduces him to impotence. Parsonalleh, I cahn't imagine anything more vital to the preservation of the Empah than our flahs."

"Beg pardon, milors," Ransome interjected. "But eyen't the proper method o' winnin' this 'ere war a matter o' muddlin' abot until the Amedicans decide to come in?" Young Ransome was no gentleman and his status as an accepted member of our little group was somewhat peculiar. As a racetrack bookie who never pressed us for the few thousands of pounds we generally owed him he was a welcome guest at our informal gatherings. "Once the Amedicans come in on our side the jig's jolly well up with—Jeddy."

"Extrodinry folk, the Amedicans!" Lord Broadknoll exclaimed. "Remembah convarsin' with a beautiful young Amedican garl. Ravishin' numbah. Cinema star. Mary Pickford or someone like that. Cuddious accent. Made one self-conscious. Cahn't recoll a wad of what she said. Positiveleh astonishin' people, the Amedicans. Sound underneath it oll, probableh." He poured himself another tumbler of tawny old whiskey and sprayed it with a faint mist of soda. "Ravishin' garl."

"Speakin' for myself," the Major shrugged, "I am by no means oltogetheh convinced that our British genius for muddlin' through—"

The sudden frantic wail of the alert siren cut short Sir Robert's speculation. The mournful wail increased to a sustained and rhythmic dissonance which tormented the eardrums unendurably. Broadknoll's jaws tightened. "I say, let's stick it, what?"

Mawkley nodded. "Interferes with a parson's thoughts. Detest the damned sheltah, though. Makes some sort of coward of a chap."

"What I was thinkin'," Broadknoll mumbled.

Ransome had gone to the windows and was peering up at the skies. I felt like two people going in opposite directions. One of me was trying to dash down to the bomb shelter in the basement of the club, the other insisted on remaining to disprove my innate cowardice. "Sarah" moaned in electric agony. My skin felt as though it no longer fitted me properly.

"Cahn't win a woah tossin' silly bombs about!" Sir Robert yelled. "Absurd. Oltogetheh absurd."

"What's absurd?" Peterson-Jones cried.

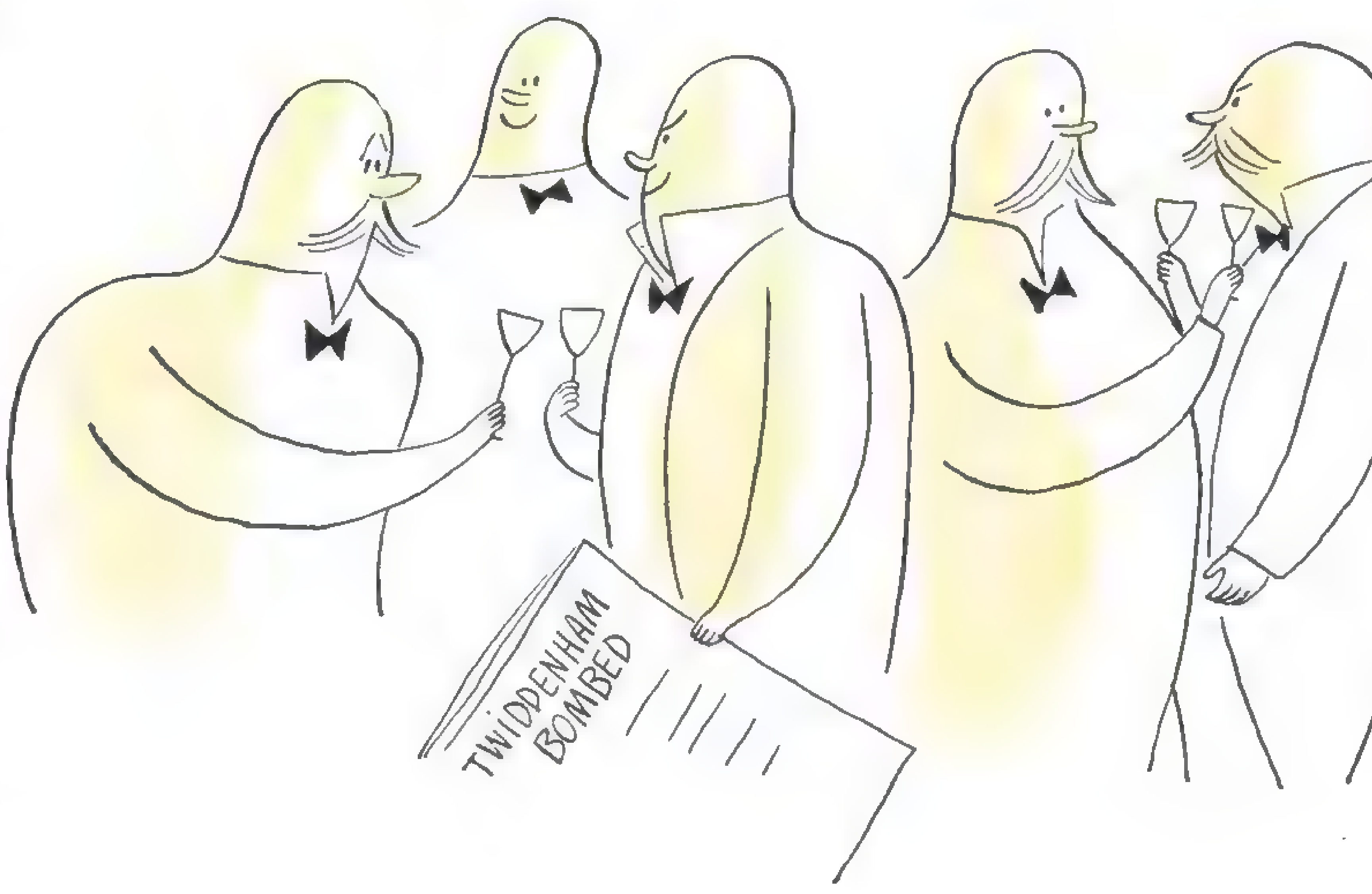
"Tossin' bombs about. Fundamentalleh unsound. Cahn't—"

"'Ere they come, milors. Stukas. They're lettin' 'em loose. Miss us, anyway."

Puffs of black smoke, accompanied by dull exploding roars, were visible in another part of the city. Anti-aircraft batteries burst into action. It was virtually impossible to talk through the din. After a while the planes disappeared, the fast-flying Spitfires in pursuit. Finally "Clara" piped her all-clear signal.

"Ridiculous bore. Cahn't imagine what possesses the Garman intelligence. Made a rahther beastly mess of the lahst woah," Sir Robert shook his head, "but it nevah became a complete bore. One got out and met the enemeh's chaps in battle. Kept up interest in the thing. Great trouble with totalitarianism, you know—becomes monotonous. Don't understand how the Garmans stand it. Hitlah's oll veddy well, but he goes too hard at it. In deadleh arnest. Wears upon a chap, abusin' the intellect; imagine the effect on a chap who doesn't possess one. Frightful thought, you know. Stays up nights and thinks. No sense of humah. Cahn't win a woah that way. Tossin' bombs about and oll that jolly rot—fundamentalleh unsound."

"I say, an intrestin' thiddy, what!" Lord Broadknoll murmured, indicating by the remark that he was still awake. "Damn me, an oltogetheh remarkable thiddy, Mawkleh."



Sir Robert simultaneously downed his whiskey-and-soda and smiled an acknowledgement of the compliment. "Woah's a deucedleh complex business. For exahmple oll generals are taught to win battles, whereas it's an established fact that the side winnin' the most battles is invaddiableh defeated in the woah. Think of Hannibal, Napoleon, Hindenburg, et cetera, offhand. Fact like that might mean something and then it might not. Just cahn't instruct one's generals to lose their battles, though. Like throwin' the game. Unsportsmanlike. Deucedly complicated business, anyway. Keepin' up the morale of one's petunias is probableh oll right as far as it goes. As a piece of militry strategy I shouldn't like to depend entahleh upon it for the defense of the Empah.

"Read the histreh books. Glahnce at the major warks upon militry technique. What do they prove? Veddy little. Remembah a little expiddience I had in the lahst woah, to illustrit. Secret Sarvice, you know. M.I.D. Had wind of a dreadfulleh cunning spah, one Herr von Brauberg by name. Caddiah pigeons, unbreakable codes, oll that sort of thing. Gettin' vital information back to Barlin with monotonous regulariteh. Had to do something. My immediate suppidior, Colonel (later Sir Wilbart) Eddington-Brookings assigned me to the case. Biggest problem meetin' von Brauberg face to face.

"Extrodinry elusive chap," the Major continued. "Finalleh cornered him in Basle. Had tea. Discovahed him to possess absoluteleh remarkable intelligence. Knew right away I shouldn't be capable of outthinkin' the fellah. Shahn't go into details, somewhat morbid. I simpleh slipped into his tea a bit of deadleh poison, a thing we invaddiableh caddied about upon our parsons for just such an emargenceh. Well, I mean, there you are. Muddlin' through has its proponents, but for myself I'm a membah of the school which believes in takin' advahntidge of the supidioddity of the enemeh. Conventional militry technique is useless since the litrature on the subject's available to friend and foe alike."

Sir Robert had become so engrossed in his thoughts that he'd forgotten to empty his tumbler. While engaged in correcting the oversight Peterson-Jones took the opportunity to make an observation. "Slipping a bit of the old deadleh into a lad's tea is one thing," he protested. "Defeating the present Garman woah machine is quite anothah. You cahn't mean to suggest that we simpleh go about poisoning the chaps. Seems to me there's just too many of 'em, Mawkleh. Deuce take it, it's impractical, old boy!"

"Please!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "Much rahther you wouldn't interrupt. Now I don't pretend to an oll-encompassin' knowledge of the procedures of woahfare. Loyalteh to one's countreh, honah, deuteh, allegience and whatnot compel one to look with undeviatin' admiration upon the effarts of the Woah Cabinet and the General Stahff. One must not neglect, howeveh, the possibiliteh of the General Stahff, with its colossal responsibilities, overlookin' the obvious. In addressin' the candidits for the M.I.D. I invaddiableh make this veddy point. 'Be suah,' I impress upon them, 'that you do not overlook the obvious.' I go on to relate the little story of von Brauberg and the poison. I say, 'With oll his deductive brilliance, he made the fatal error of overlookin' the obvious. He simpleh never supposed I should resort to the well-worn expedient of droppin' poison into a fellah's tea. Too obvious. A chap only has to make a mistake like that once.'

"Well, what's it oll lead to?" Mawkley muttered as he refilled his glass absently from the Earl's Ancient. "Marely a thought. Simpleh a bit of a thiddy. I rahther fancy," he said with that certain matter-of-factness which is the characteristic British flair for understatement, "I rahther fancy we might launch an extremeleh successful invasion of Garmany."

Profound silence greeted this incomprehensible assertion. Peterson-Jones was the first to recover. "One doesn't joke about some things," he enunciated with enormous dignity, "even in one's cups, Sir Robert."

"Don't be an uttah ahss!" Mawkley exclaimed. "I'm not in my cups."

"But I say, Mawkley," Lord Broadknoll looked up. "You simpleh cahn't be siddious!"

"Of course I'm siddious. Oll we've had on our minds in the lahst half yeah is the invasion of England. And yet if invasion ware even remoteleh practicable Hitlah should have tried it long ago. I cahn't understand why Herr Hitlah should have a monopoly upon the impossible. We've mareleh bean overlookin' the obvious.

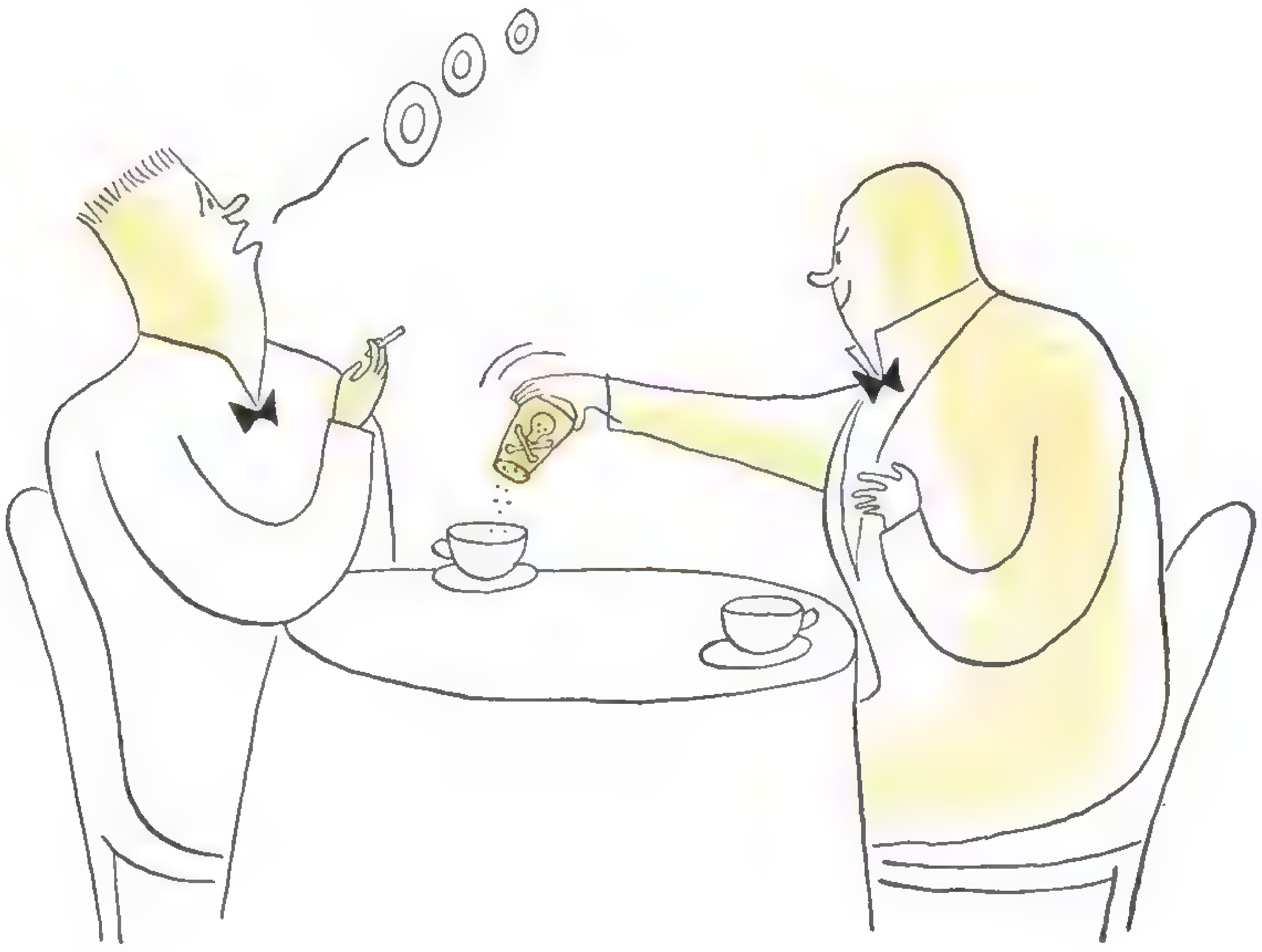
"Garmany is perhaps the most vulnerable nation in the warld today. Bean studyin' the figgahs. Half a million Fifth Column Nazi agents in Amedica alone. Quatah million in South Amedica. Hitlah's armed troops are spread oll ovah the continent of Europe—Norway, Holland, Belgium, and heaven knows how many in the Balkans. A couple of million more in France alone. Cahn't be anybody left in Garmany but old men and cripples and hausfrauen. Hitlah's bean warkin' too hard. Too arnest, as I've said. Cahn't go on abusin' the intellect without frightful results. So busy bein' a conqueror he's probableh overlooked the obvious. No reason to think Hitlah suppidior to von Brauberg in intelligence, every reason to suspect the opposite."

"But method, man!" Poor Peterson-Jones was still bewildered.

"Method is a mattah more properleh in the sphere of the technicians," answered Sir Robert. "For myself, I am farmleh convinced—"

The sirens began shrieking another frantic alarm. In a moment the spattering roar of anti-aircraft batteries made shouting across the table necessary. "Damn 'em!" It was the Major roaring. "Damn 'em they'll nevah win a woah this way! Fundamentalleh unsound. Absurd!" The sharp detonations seemed to be exploding directly outside our windows.

I was looking for the quickest way to the bomb shelter when Sir Robert yelled in my ear. "Come along," he said. "We're goin' up on the roof and watch the blahsted firewarks." ⧺



'Ray for the Red, White and Sweet

It takes competence and reliability to produce sound wines, and there our American vintners really shine

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

During the year just closed, approximately (I may be a jill or two out of the way) ninety million gallons of wine coursed down the American gullet as though by invitation. Yet there are eminent stuffed shirts who will tell you that we crudies of the New World aren't wine-minded. Our palates haven't the proper Continental background. And so on. As for America's being capable of producing wines worthy of the respect of the fastidious, why, how absurd!

To hear them talk, you'd think that ice water—the Glass that Chills—was all we were accustomed to with our meals, all we deserved, and all that lay ahead of us. Especially now, with imported supplies dwindling.

Much as I hate to inflict statistics upon you, the actual fact is that of the ninety million gallons gone to glory last year, less than four million were wines from abroad. Which means, if you are clever at mathematics, that we Americans polished off something like eighty-six million gallons garnered from our own vineyards. And it was the greatest quantity ever consumed in any one year since Viking Leif Ericson came galley-vanting to our shores and, noting the grapes growing in spontaneous profusion, dubbed his discovery Vineland.

Had Leif really taken the trouble to look the place over—all of it, from coast to coast—he'd have found that our soil and climate facilities were little short of infinite. Not only can any and every Old World variety of grapes be persuaded to flourish here, but in addition this vineland of plenty has a swell string of varieties of its own, such as the scuppernong (white) of the South, donor of white wine flavor of an original sort, and the catawba (red) and the Delaware (red), mainstays of more northerly white wine making. Recently I partook of some slim-bottled wines from New York's Finger Lake region which have been developed as American repartees to Rhine wines, and to *my* taste they seemed no mere attempts at copies but refreshingly distinctive—delightful on their own native grape merits, with an aftertaste that was subtlety itself. I felt that Fate had done me a grave wrong in not introducing me to them sooner.

Indeed, the more one's palate gets around among what America has to offer, the less of a soul struggle it becomes to "resign" oneself to the prospect of being "reduced" to drinking domestic. For one discovers that the average of quality is decidedly higher here than in Europe.

One reason for its altitude is the number of American vintners who have won medals and special awards of honor in international competitions. Another is that, lacking a "Continental background," Americans, except during Prohibition, have never consumed nor produced "poor man's wines" of the terrible grade which humble folk on the other side of the Atlantic put up with, and which constitute at least nine-tenths of Europe's vinous volume—as unlike Chambertin, Latour, Yquem, and the other élite as though they had come from a different planet. Fabulous California, vaunting the enormous volume of its output, would shrivel up if it put out stuff like *that.*

Sound wines—and they *have* to be sound if they are to keep and travel—don't just happen as the result of soil and climate. Somehow it takes expert competence to produce them. Not to say reliability. And *there* our vintners really shine. I have run up against many a bottle of foreign which had gone off in the direction of vinegar or sewage, if it was ever in good health to begin with (shoestring importers made a specialty of such out-of-liners, before folding), but I have yet to meet a wine from California which was unfit for human enjoyment. It might be a minor example but it was at least an honest-to-goodness wine, not a bottled bum.

Possibly I am prejudiced, due to fond memories of my early "California red" days, when I used to receive weekly postcards fraught with spirited messages such as:

Dear Friend:

> I am a poor widow with nine children and expecting more. I need your help. Won't you please meet me Monday night at six-thirty at Gonfarone's?
>
> Curtis Wheeler, Secretary
> The Bagdad Club

This earnest little organization, boasting about a dozen members, none of whom boasted more than a couple of years out of college or more than a couple of dollars in his pocket, had taken its name from O. Henry's appellation for New York, *Bagdad on the Subway.* We owned New York every Monday evening whether New York realized it or not, with the aid of the fare dispensed at some inexpensive spaghetti joint or small French table d'hôte, different each week, but all, without exception, serving California red ink (authentic, this being before Prohibition) as the lure. It couldn't have cost much because it was put on the table gratis, but no wine ever tasted so magnificent. And under its optimistic influence we charted brilliant future careers for ourselves—many of the expectations turning out to be not so crazy after all. Three of those hopeful nobodies are now presidents of large publishing houses; a fourth is a noted editor and economist; our secretary was subsequently an aviator in the first World War, wrote a swell book, and died in a crack-up; our one member sporting a moustache, Waldo Frank, hasn't exactly remained obscure; and our red-haired ringleader, who read us the first chapter of his first novel (unsuccessful) has since acquired

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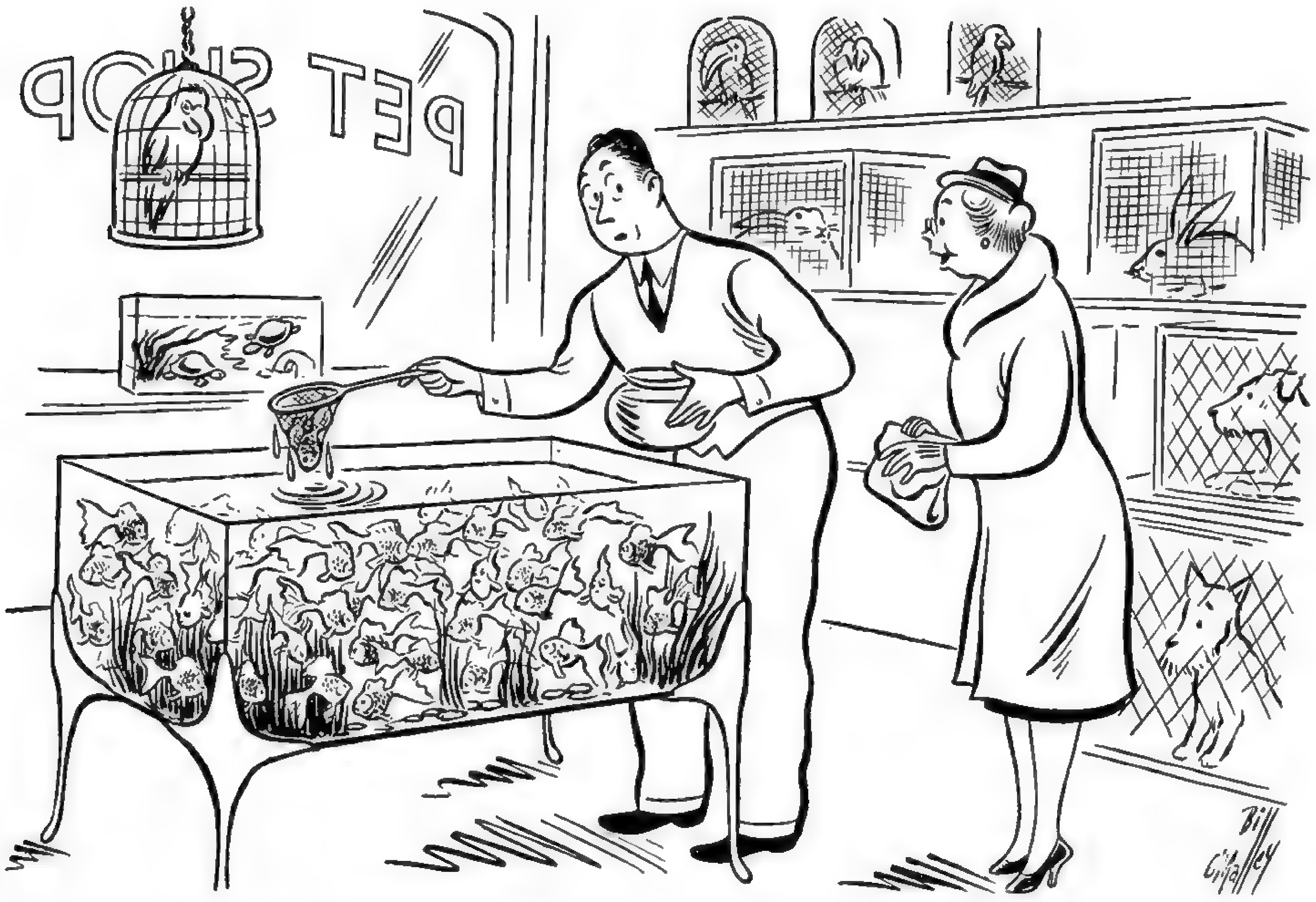
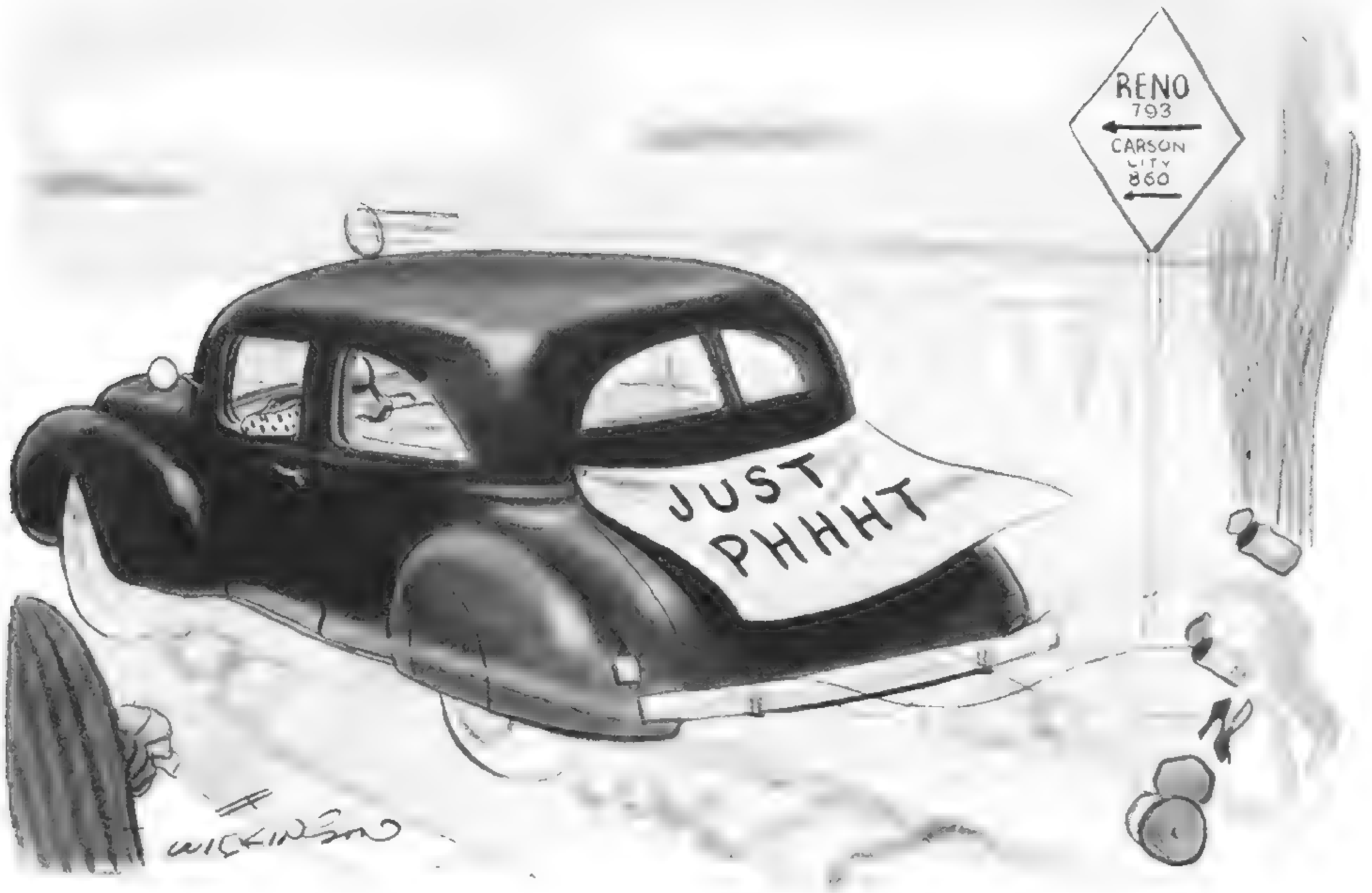
"Well, bottoms up!"


PET SHOP
Bill Galley

"By the way—what's his name?"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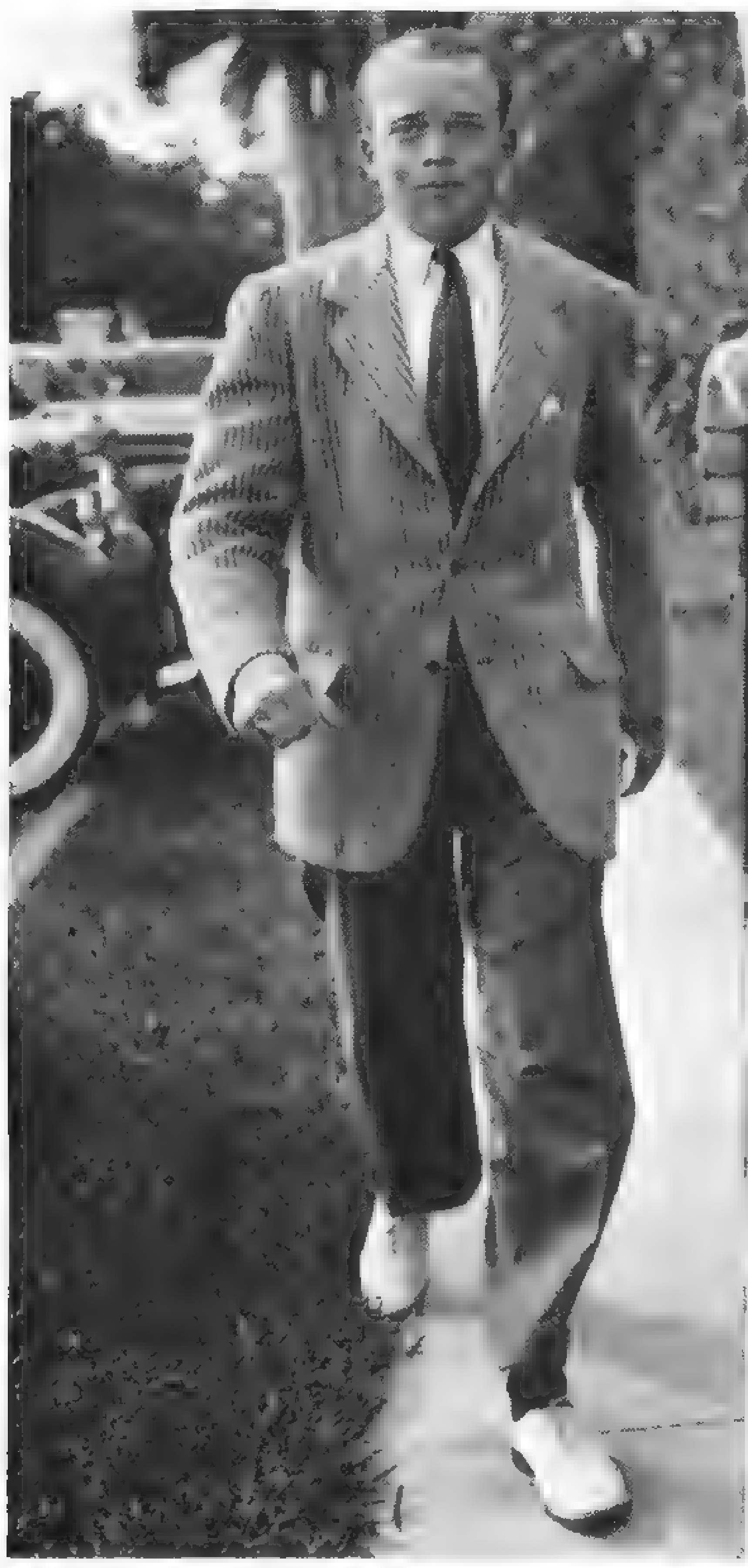
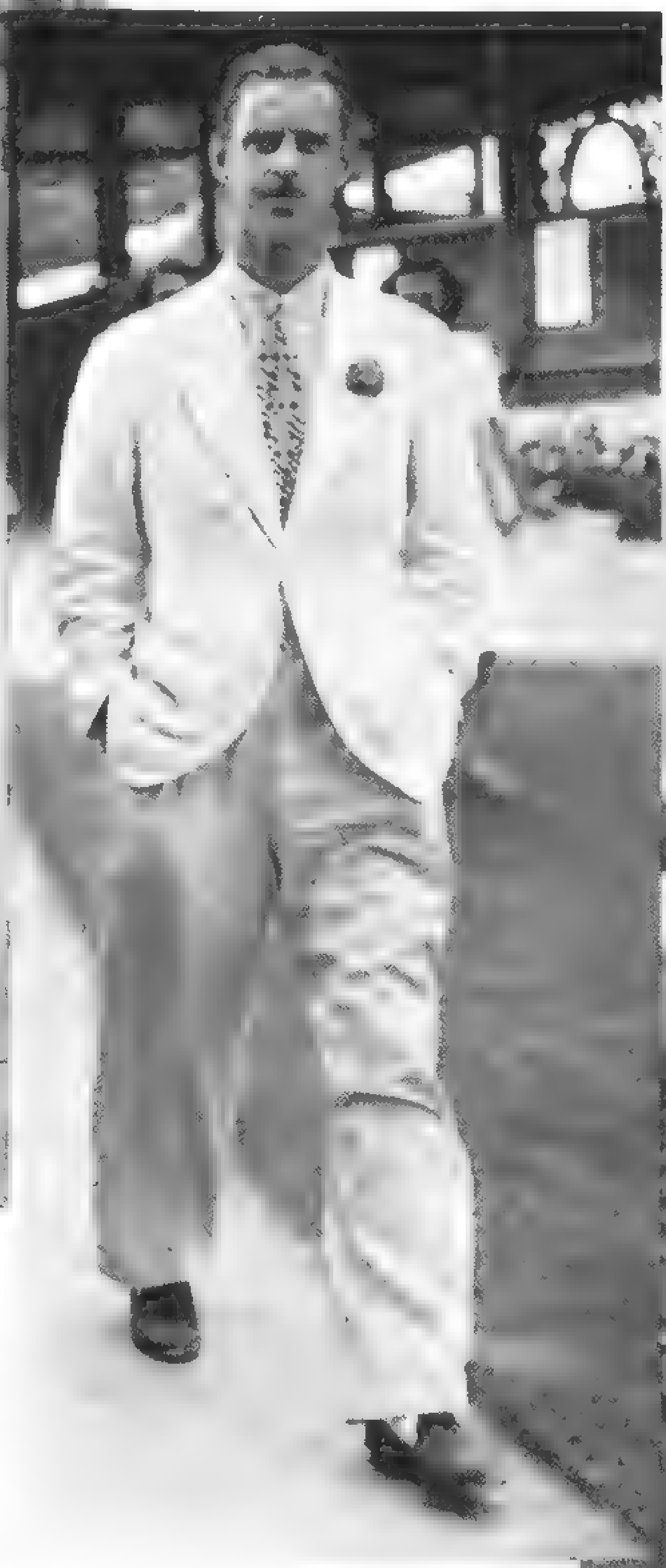
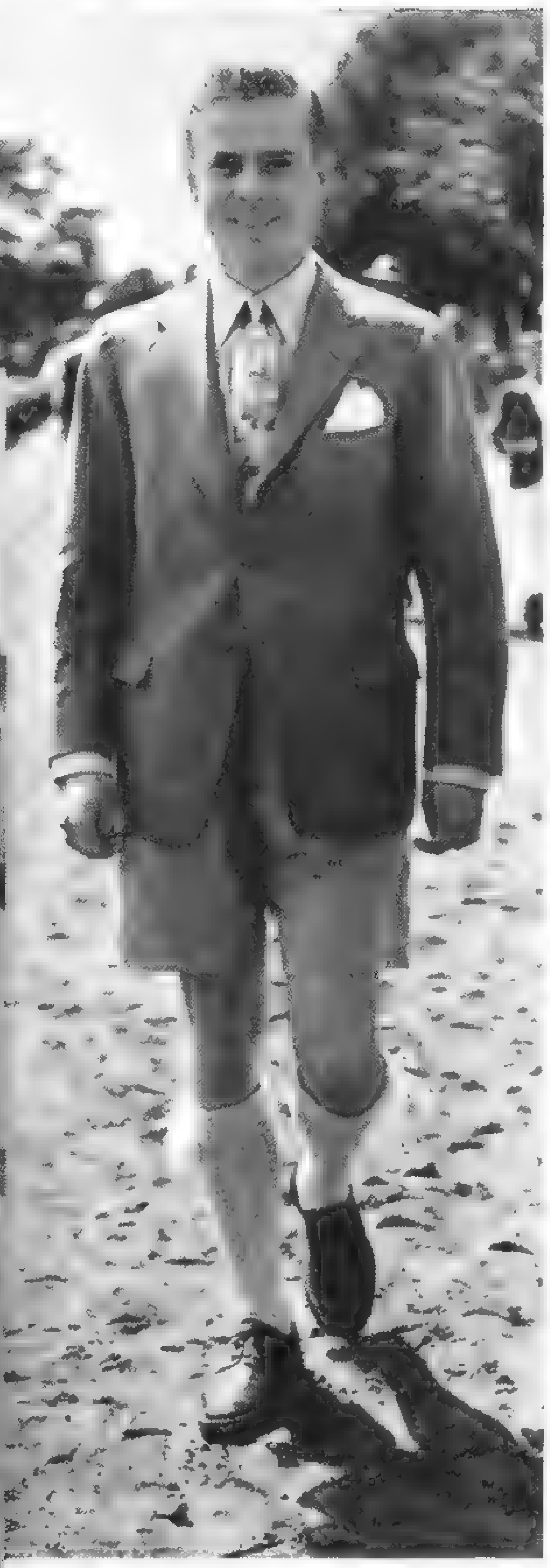


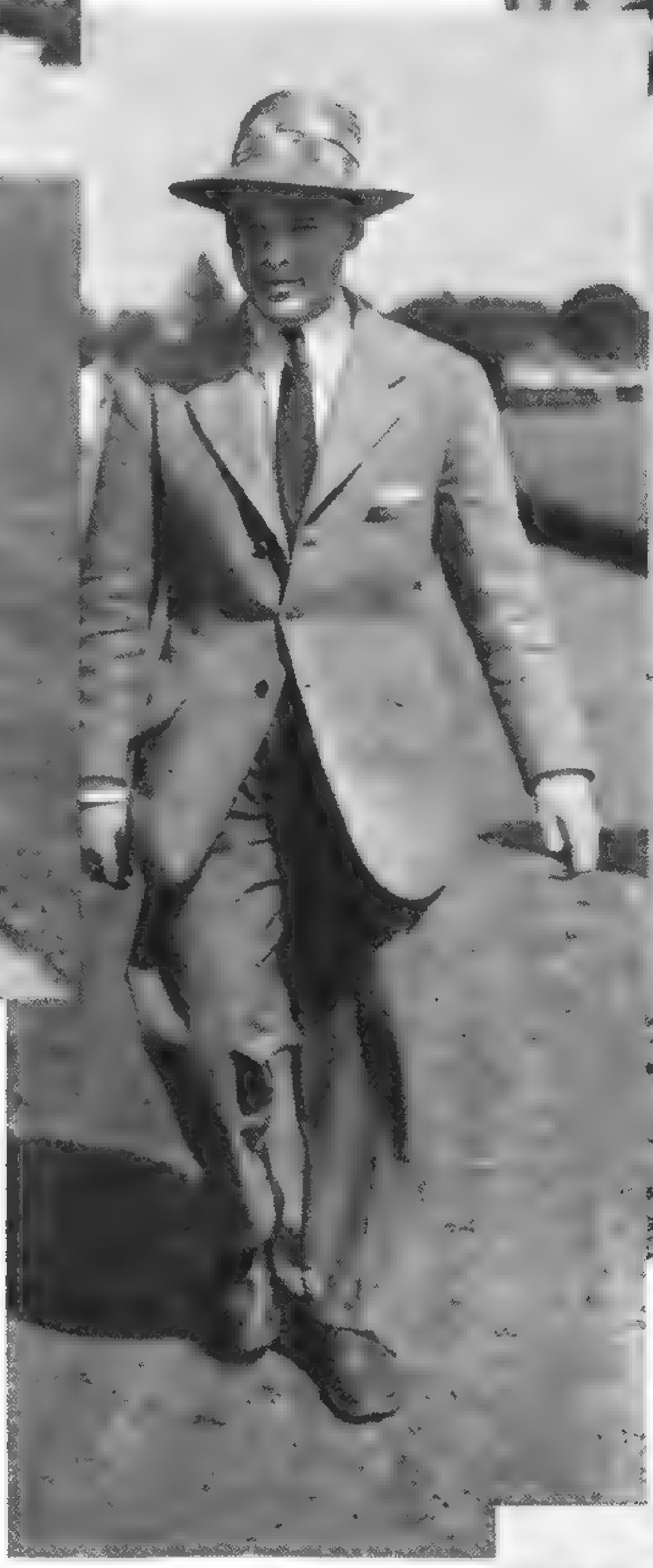
Left—*Striped Shetland jacket and grey flannel slacks.*



Right — *Homespun linen jacket, native pattern tie, moccasins.*

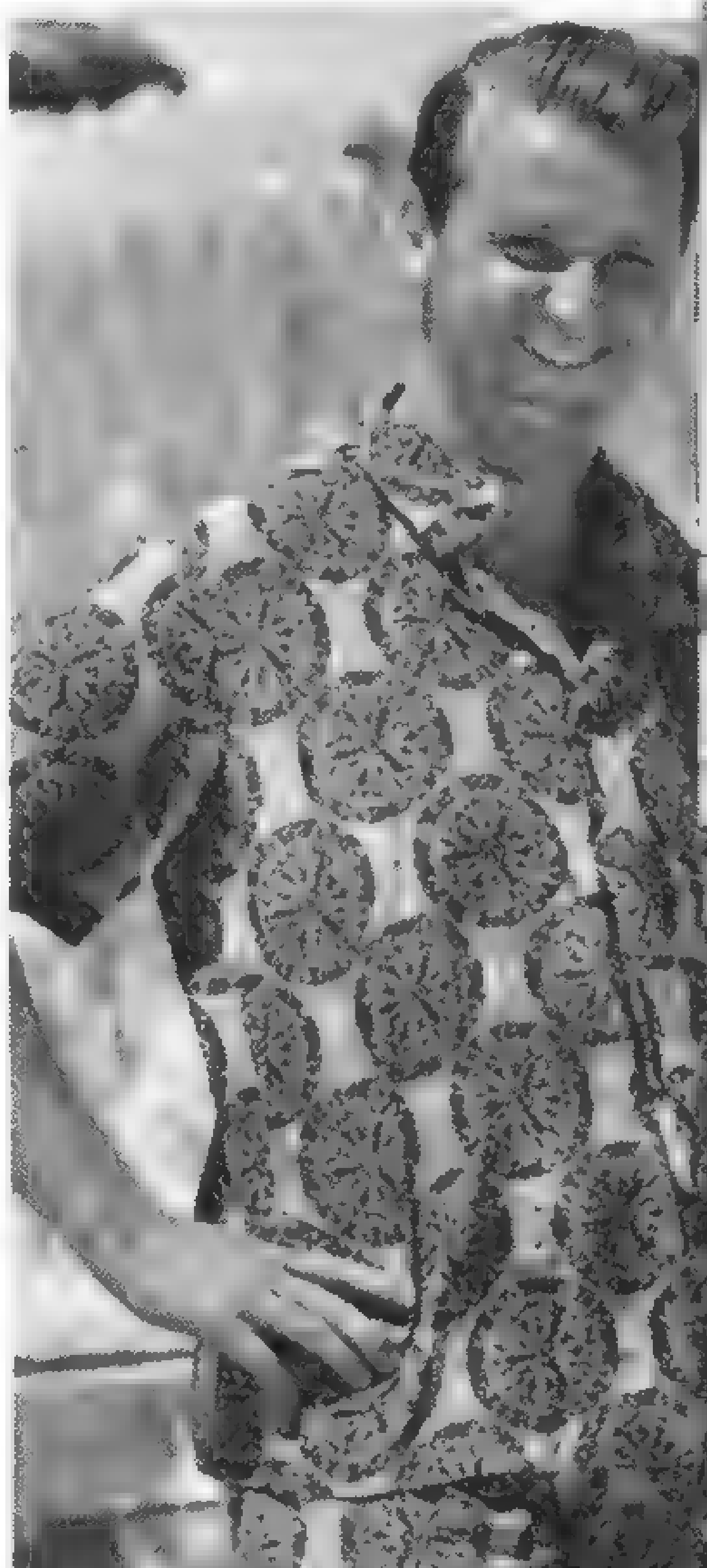


Gabardine jacket and shorts, gay tie, long white wool stockings.



Left—*Long Shetland jacket, coconut hat with Americana puggree.*

Native patterns in beach shorts change the surf scene.



Shirt and shorts of matching native design fabrics.

Tips for Southern Kits

Shetland and Washable Jackets, Native Prints in Ties, Shirts and Shorts, Americana Puggrees, Moccasins, are on list of Accredited Fashions

by FASHION STAFF
• WEARABLES •

IF YOU want really to enjoy your cruise or visit to resorts in the land of balmy breezes and sunshine, you would do well to spend a bit of time in checking over from the fashion angle the clothes you expect to wear. Certain wearables have acceptance.

Shetland jackets are ideal for wear on mild days. The surge toward striped designs in these rough-textured fabrics is becoming more evident, particularly among young men. Plaids of vivid hues, especially blue on brown and natural tan tones, answer present at most gatherings. The best bet as to model is the three-button single breasted one with notched lapels and vented back. Washable jackets come into their own for real tropical days. The white homespun linen or Palm Beach single or double breasted jacket goes well with colorful accessories and slacks.

Native designs bring more color to the resort ensemble. Ties of printed cottons and silks introduce patterns and subtle colors that are characteristic of the native craftsmen from Jamaica to Java. American producers have caught the spirit in this current of fashion. Vivid blues, soft greens, brown and red appear in designs that are on the large side. Similar effects show up in sport shirts. And, as for beach shorts, there seems to be no limit as to brilliance of color and pattern. Shorts for daytime wear are accepted at Nassau, Palm Beach and other resorts. They are usually worn with stockings reaching to just below the knees. Coconut palm hats, with plain and open-weave crown, set off gay puggrees of muslin or silk. The latest color combination is the Americana red, white and blue. Moccasins remain mostly for the reason that they are very easy on the feet.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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NORTH: (extreme right) Clothes for skiing and winter spectator sportswear are lightweight, functional and comfortable. On the left, a processed cotton jacket, worsted gabardine downhill trousers, tartan flannel shirt, wool tie, white gabardine cap, leather-palmed cotton mitts and ankle-strap ski boots. The standing skier sports a knitted wool sweater, tartan flannel shirt, knitted headband, gabardine downhill trousers, leather mitts, brown ski boots. The spectator wears a sheeplined coat, knitted wool muffler, blue gabardine ski cap, dark blue worsted gabardine downhill trousers, woolen mitts, and sheepskin foot muffs.

SOUTH: (at right) Apparel for the southern resorts indicates definite fashion trends in colors and types. The seated sojourner wears a white terry cloth jacket with metal buttons and Americana trim on pocket. His blue knitted shorts have red and white chevron side stripes, which carry out the Americana theme. His rope-soled espadrilles have canvas tops. The central figure wears a Montego native straw hat with raffia band, native print cotton shirt, Sandune slacks and white moccasins. The other resorter wears a red-back gabardine suit with the Windsor cut jacket, native print cotton tie, Sandune colored shirt and mahogany colored coconut palm hat.

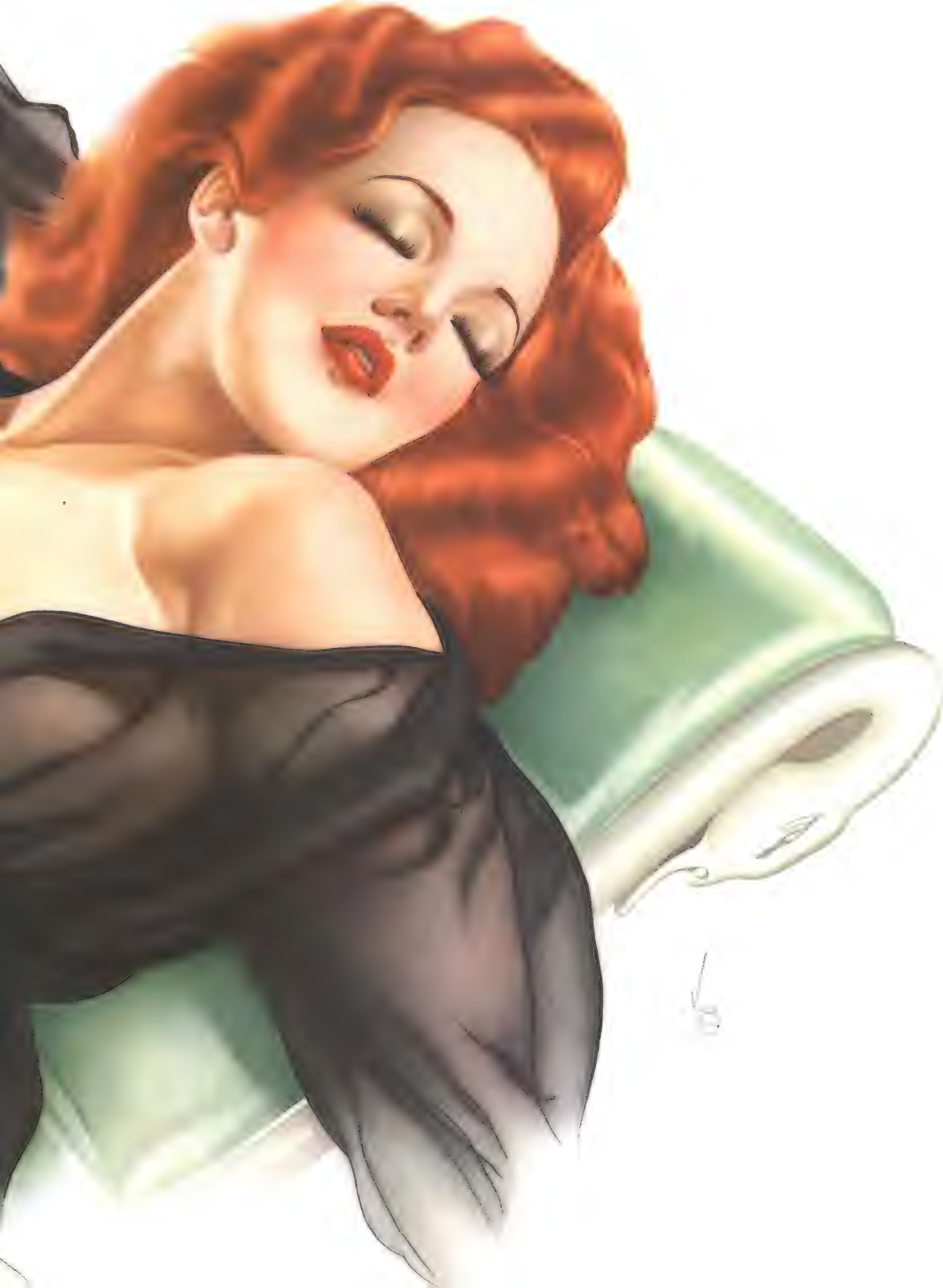
L·FELLOWS.

LULLABY FOR A DREAM

As you go dreaming, save a dream for me,
A dream of gay, inconsequential things,
When all we were to know was yet to be
And young illusion colored all our springs;
Yes, while you dream, I hope that you recall
A moon that dipped across an April sky . . .
That tiny inn we sought when night would fall . . .
The candlelight . . . the wine . . . and You and I . . .

There is an end to laughter in the rain,
There is an end to shadowed streets we knew,
Yet as the past cries out to me again
It is a simple thing I ask of you:
As you go dreaming, save a dream for me . . .
Spun from the gossamer of used-to-be!

PAINTING BY VARGA—VERSE BY PHIL STACK



Man the Kitchenette

If you'll practice these few simple rules, you can carve a roast as well as the next guy

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

TO THE myriad men who are afraid to tackle carving because it looks too complicated I bring this message of hope: You don't have to have special culinary endowments or extraordinary inborn talent to be able to slice a breast of chicken or a leg of lamb neatly. Carving is not an art but a technique, and like surgery, it can be learned by study and practice. If you have dexterous hands and can make quick decisions, you'll learn the technique easily. But, of course, you have to follow some simple rules, which I will talk of later in this article.

Before going any further, I wish to nominate the First Carver of the Nation: It is President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I saw him in a newsreel as he inserted his fork in a giant turkey at Hot Springs, Georgia. He then lifted his carving knife and proceeded to sever a drumstick. There was a vast amount of elegance, ease and dignity, strength and even humor in his movements. He did not take his eyes off the bird (a good carver dare not) yet all the while he communicated with his fellow-diners through a broad smile, and his shoulders and elbows. Only a perfect host can pay attention to carving and to the guests at the same time. I was witnessing truly great art.

The image on the screen lasted only for a minute—the scene changed. I felt regretful, because it is very interesting to little people to see what the great eat and the way they eat it. Historians ought to record more in detail the culinary habits of great men; their approach and reaction to edibles.

Naturally no one can carve satisfactorily without possessing proper tools. Pedants will tell you that you have to own a whole set, very expensive as a rule—I have seen one which cost six hundred dollars—with a dozen different forks and knives for carving poultry, game birds, steaks, ham, etc. This, however, is an exaggerated idea. What you ought to have are two knives; one should be about eight or nine inches long, of stainless steel, pointed and sharp as Saladin's scimitar. The other knife is only six inches long. The former serves in carving steaks, leg of lamb, ham, roast beef and large fowl; the latter, game birds and chicken. The fork is two-pronged and where the handle joins the steel it has a movable guard which can be brought into action when needed. This safety device prevents your fingers being accidentally cut by the knife while carving. The knives should be sharpened each time *before* they are placed on the table, and so you'll need a sharpening steel as well.

All the utensils should have stag-handles. These are easier to grip since they are not smooth or slippery, they last a long time, and they are very handsome. Hammacher and Schlemmer in New York carry twenty different kinds of carving sets, from ten dollars to forty dollars. I own three pieces (together with the steel) which set me back eighteen dollars at Brooks Brothers, but I think they're worth it. They're light in weight and rather small, and were handmade in Florida. However, some men can carve just as well with a fifty-cent kitchen knife bought in a hardware store, as others *can't* with a de luxe edition.

Long ago when good knives were rare and hand-forged steel was made only in Damascus, men carried them on their person as we do fountain pens. No doubt the slogan at that time was: "Two things I don't lend: my wife and my knife." One more thing before we get down to actual business—a good carving knife and fork are definitely necessary requisites of a true gourmet. And please don't smile at seeing the word gourmet. The time is gone when he was treated with mock reverence, smothered smiles and curiosity. Today gourmets are not limited to monarchs, nobility, or country club squires. The gourmet is the originator of all good cookery. He is a culinary pioneer, a discoverer of recipes, an adventurer in edibles. Knives and forks are his very honorable arms.

It is a good idea for the inexperienced carver to practice on a wooden carving board; this offers an even surface, and is not slippery like a china or silver platter. And according to culinary etiquette, it is perfectly proper to bring this essentially kitchen utensil to the table for carving. Many agree that the carver should remain seated while carving, although there is another school, which argues that it is all right to stand up. Even today in English well-to-do middle-class homes, the host or hostess often carves the meat on a sideboard table against the wall. The maid stands by and delivers the plates to the guests, one by one; but the serving never starts before enough meat is carved for the entire company. I recommend the sideboard method to carvers stricken with stage fright.

You must never insert your knife in the turkey while it is still roasting to see "whether it's done." A bird is known to be cooked when the juice issuing from it, if it be held over a plate, is white. Place the turkey on its back on the carving board or the platter so that the drumsticks will be at the left of you. Take a firm hold of your fork and slowly yet without hesitation insert it in the leg diagonally, toward where the turkey's head should be. But insert only one tine of the fork in the drumstick; the other tine should pierce the second joint. Now carve all around the shape of the leg bone; the leg will easily separate from the rest of the body at the hip joint. Forget about everything else except the leg on the tip of your fork for the moment; you must not withdraw the fork; but lay the leg down flat on the board or plat-

Continued on page 118

"Anybody can see that—but will it be a boy or a girl?"

Review and Preview

Annual sports figures acquire some meaning when they are interpreted to show you what's going to happen

by CURT RIESS

▪ SPORTS ▪

AND in the third Annual Dartmouth Invitation Meet, Johnny Woodruff ran the half mile in 1:47.7. Jim Herbert broke the record for the quarter mile in 0:48.4 . . . John Borican lowered the record for the three-quarter mile with a mark of 3:02.6 . . . Cornelius Warmerdam broke the world's pole vault record with a performance of 15 feet . . . The Cincinnati Reds won the National League Flag for the second year in succession and took the World Series from the Detroit Tigers 4—3 . . .

So what? So now is the time for all good men to write an annual sports review, which happens to be easier to write than a preview. Any sports reporter will tell you that. Strangely enough, once something has happened, people know more about it than they did before it happened. Beforehand, all a sports reporter can do is figure out what logically ought to happen and then write his prediction. Maybe there isn't any logic in sports, or maybe sports reporters are bad logicians, but whichever it is, their predictions are usually wrong.

Afterwards it's easy—especially a year afterwards. Then you can say anything. You can say that you knew all along that Gallahadion was going to come through in the Kentucky Derby; that you had a hunch Peewee Reese would break his ankle if he kept trying to cover the whole Brooklyn infield; and that the Yankees wouldn't have a chance. You'll get away with it. Readers' memories usually aren't any better than they should be.

That's why every halfway decent daily newspaper prints an annual sports review at the end of the year—a review as detailed as a census report and twice as dull. I can't conceive of anyone's reading these reviews from beginning to end. You can divide the public roughly into two groups: those who aren't interested and can't take the whole thing seriously; and those who for some reason or other are so nuts about one particular sport that their lives seem to depend on the outcome of any given meet, match or game. The first group naturally doesn't read the sports reviews, and the second knows everything already and never forgets. It's useless to remind such people that:

The New York Rangers set some kind of record in hockey by going through 19 games in a row without a defeat . . . and losing the National Hockey League Race to the Boston Bruins. But they won the Stanley Cup by defeating Toronto . . . Bob Feller of Cleveland won the opening game of the season against Chicago, pitching a no-hit, no-run game on opening day for the first time in baseball history . . .

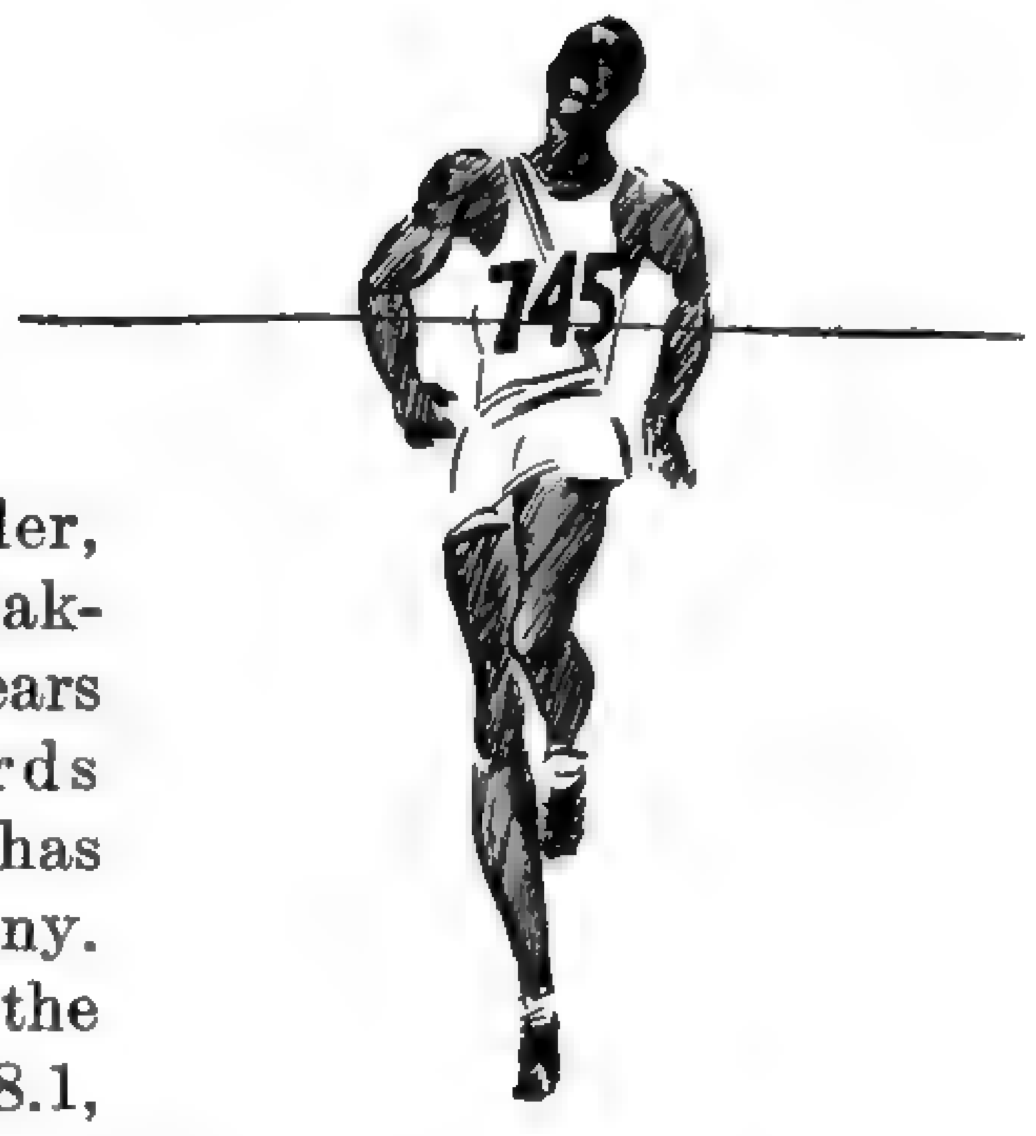
You don't have to remind them. They don't need a review. They know all about it.

Now that we've shown how futile it is to write an annual sports review, we may as well waste no time getting our own down on paper.

Hold on! Please don't run away. It won't be so bad. I don't intend to trot out a hundred thousand figures—mainly because I can't remember them myself. I did have a few notes, but they were destroyed long ago in the Great San Francisco Earthquake.

But even if I did have them I wouldn't dream of publishing them. Figures, times, what happened to whom, when and why, don't mean a thing if they don't tell you something about what's going to happen.

A good review is a good preview.



There's always so much talk about performances in this sport or that and so much cheering for the men or women who make these performances. Too damn much talk, when you consider how fast performances are outclassed. A new record never does more than clear the way for the record that's going to replace it. Take Adolph Kiefer, the back-stroke wonder, who has been breaking records for years—his own records since nobody else has been able to set any. Last year he swam the 100 yards in 0:58.1, the 100 meters in 1:04.7, and the 110 yards in 1:05.5. This year he will probably better those marks.

Remember Paavo Nurmi? Sure you do. You remember that in the roaring twenties he set up a couple of dozen track records—records that knocked all existing marks into a cocked hat. Nobody thought they would ever be beaten. And today they've not only been bettered—that would be remarkable enough—but there are hundreds of ordinary runners who can match Nurmi's fabulous marks in their everyday training routine.

So I don't see the sense of going over individual performances in an annual review, no matter how tremendous they seem at the moment. They aren't nearly as important as a survey of the various sports as a whole. To make myself clear, not only records and the men that make them have a certain life expectancy, but sports themselves. When certain sports are at their peak and records are tumbling every half-hour, you're tempted to think these sports will always be an attraction. But you're wrong, downright dead wrong.

The history of many sports proves it. This last year we could watch it happening: some sports or so-called sports dying a lingering death and others coming up.

A few years ago six-day bike races were big business. Today they're almost wiped out. For the first time in almost forty years there were no bike races in New York. In some of the smaller cities they are still being held—mainly because there is not enough other entertainment. But during these races there were nights when it was hard to tell whether there were more people on the track or in the galleries.

The same thing is true of wrestling. This musical comedy with-

out the music has practically disappeared from the big arenas throughout the country. California is the only exception, particularly Los Angeles. Maybe Californians still have a taste for phony stuff because they're so near to Hollywood.

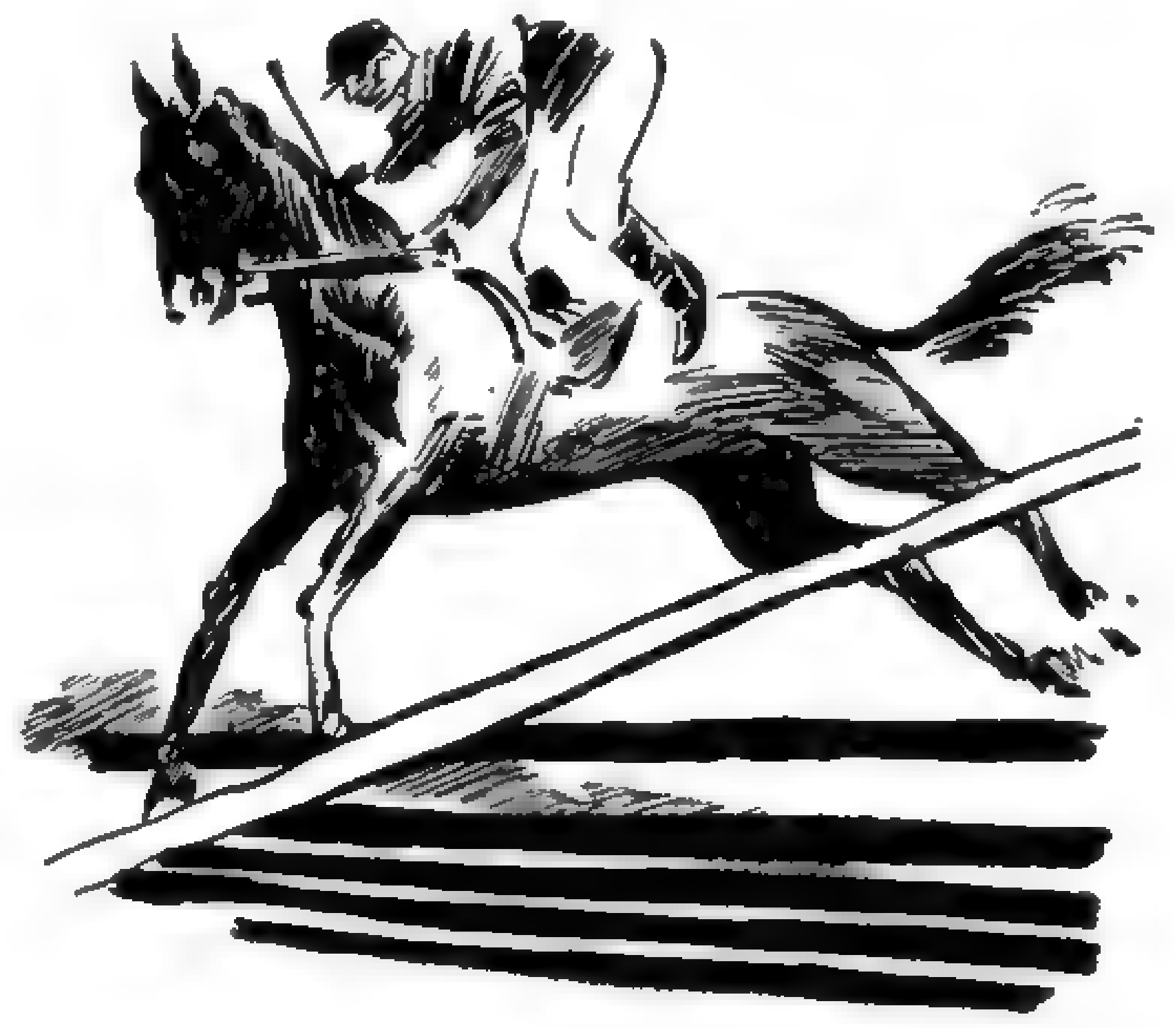
On the other hand, there are the sports that are coming up. Basketball—without question it will be named in the same breath with football and baseball within a year or two. Pro football has been rightly successful—proving once more that the fact that players are paid doesn't make a sport less interesting to the spectator—and makes it a lot more interesting to the player. Softball is packing them in—and what is more important, more and more people are playing it.

We've agreed that it is more important to talk about the rise and fall of entire sports, rather than individual performers and records. What with the enormous *quantity* of sports in this country and throughout the world, we must face the fact that sports is more than a fad. It is an expression of life. Every age and every nation have the sports they deserve. It is very significant that in Germany, Italy and Russia sport is thoroughly militarized. It is just as significant that the million-dollar spectacles of the twenties in our country are on their way out. Though, of course, this also has something to do with a period that was known as the depression.

Speaking of money, there were some interesting financial transactions in sports during the past year—big business deals they were.

Joe Louis beat the South American, Arturo Godoy, twice: the first time on points in a dance-marathon held at Madison Square Garden; the second time in Yankee Stadium by a K.O. . . . Max Baer, the man everybody knows is through, won two knockouts: the first victim was aging Tony Galento who is also through; the second, Pat Comiskey, who up to his fight with Baer was coming—and will keep on coming.

More big business: Joe Medwick and Curt Davis were traded to Brooklyn from St. Louis for Ernie Koy, Carl Doyle and Bert Haas, plus approximately $100,000 . . . Wilbur Shaw of Indianapolis won the 500 mile Indianapolis Speedway Race for the second consecutive time and the third time in his career, winning $20,000 . . . Woof-Woof won the Flamingo ($22,450) . . . Sweepida won the Santa Anita Derby ($50,000) . . . Benny McCoy, famous Detroit rookie, finally signed with Connie Mack for a reported $40,000 and a two-year contract at $10,000 a year . . . Many Stings won the Widener Challenge Cup ($50,000) . . . Seabiscuit won the Santa Anita Handicap ($100,000), breaking Sun Beau's total winning record of $376,744 with $437,730. He was then retired . . . Mel Almada, bought by the Dodgers from the Browns for $25,000, was sent to the Minors . . . Joe Vosmik was bought by Brooklyn from the Red Sox for $25,000 . . . Bimelech quit with a broken bone in his foot after earning $235,095 . . .



And . . . things you won't find in the annual reviews: Jack Dempsey made a comeback, appearing in a match against wrestler Bill Curry, with whom he had a private argument, and knocking him out . . . A Brooklyn fan, a parolee, who didn't agree with a decision, attacked Umpire George Magerkurth with words and fists and was taken back to jail . . .

Nothing new on the tennis front. Alice Marble continued to be unbeatable. Bobby Riggs continued to be undependable, losing the American Championship to Don McNeill whom he had beaten before and who had beaten him before, and will no doubt do so again.

Boxing merry-go-round. An almost unknown boxer from Texas, Lew Jenkins, knocked out Lou Ambers and became lightweight champion, but was knocked out with no title at stake by Hank Armstrong who had already knocked out Pedro Montanez for his welterweight title, but lost it again by a knockout to Fritzie Zivic . . .

They come and go. Ray Robinson, the outstanding Negro boxer, won—for the second year in a row—the Golden Gloves Tournament and must be considered the coming fighter . . . The once famous boxer, Kid McCoy, committed suicide . . . Johnny Vander Meer (two "no-hitters" in a row) was sent back to the Minors . . . Willard Hershberger, Cincinnati Reds, committed suicide.

And what about this year that has just started?

The most important single factor in sports will not be the Yankees' chances of winning the pennant or the name of Joe Louis' next victim. The most important factor will be the war. Of course, there has been a war all through 1940, but somehow its effect on sports was not too apparent because the isolation of American sports was really nothing new. It had already existed for quite a number of years

It was a splendid isolation, all right. The most popular sports, baseball and football, are not even played by foreigners. What foreigners *have* played a big part in American sports in the past several years?

A few tennis players from France and England. A few bike riders from Belgium, Italy or France. Now and then a boxer from England, Germany or South America. Ice hockey players from Canada—but no one thinks of them as foreigners and they aren't, really. American sport could afford isolation—because it was so splendid and outstanding.

Still, there is a difference between voluntary isolation—which comes about because the athletes in other countries are just not so hot—and the compulsory isolation of war.

Men who know the meaning of sports feel it deeply. They know sports are essentially international. The basic idea of sport is: may the best man win. Not the best man from any one street or city or country, but the best man. To live up to that basic idea, you have to have the widest possible range of choice. Limiting sports to any one continent, no matter how big it is or how good its athletes are, is plain, unadulterated nonsense.

The temporary eclipse of the Olympic Games—for we feel sure it is temporary—was taken harder here than in any other country. When our A.A.U. set up an Olympic Team, even though the team had no practical significance, it showed by that gesture that it clearly understood the true meaning of sports and sportsmanship.

And once again, what about this year?

No doubt we will go on running, jumping, boxing, swimming, seeing races, and playing and watching football and baseball. This country always has been, and no doubt always will be a sports loving nation. As long as a game emphasizes clean competition, Americans will play it. And as long as they do, there always will be other Americans on hand to witness the spectacle. But most of these activities probably will be practiced with a sharper eye to physical fitness—just in case . . . If we are lucky, we will just become fit, and nothing more. Perhaps we will be lucky.

But even then it will be strange and somehow senseless to get excited about sports, which after all are supposed to build up the human body, at a time when thousands and tens of thousands of human bodies are being blown to bits all over the world.

This is a problem which no isolation will solve for us. #

GLORIA YOUNGBLOOD
Hurrell Photograph

Esquire on the Record

Perhaps these simple taste tests in music will suggest additions for your library

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

HAVEN'T you often complained, "Why the hell don't they have Jascha Heifetz record that? Or Grace Moore this?"

There may be reasons, but as you pay the bill you should have the say. Whom would you, for example, like to hear sing the Toreador Song from *Carmen:*

Nelson Eddy,
Ezio Pinza,
John Charles Thomas,
Lawrence Tibbett?

If he doesn't, write the recording companies and tell them. Or perhaps a re-recording is necessary.

Whom would you like to hear conduct Beethoven's *Ninth:*

Beecham,
Furtwangler,
Koussevitzky,
Stock,
Toscanini?

None of them do, and it's up to you to yell for your favorite.

* * *

So You Think You Know Music is now on discs (Musicraft R-1) with rounds on Hollywood Operas, the Scandal Sheet, the Agony Column, Musical Geography, the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and other parlor guessing games. We've never been much good at cross-word puzzles and other time wasters, but here are some simple taste tests which, if they don't involve you in a dog fight with your other half, may suggest additions for your library.

If it's too much trouble, or if you'd rather have someone do it for you, RCA Victor is selling two units of a serviceable, though hackneyed Library Building series. Six double-faced discs in a de luxe album cost seven bucks. Unit one is orchestral: Stokowski's latest reading of *Blue Danube* and *Tales from Vienna Woods*, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, Sibelius' *Finlandia*, the *Magic Fire* music from *Die Walküre*, and Toscanini conducting the Berlioz arrangement of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz* and the overture to the *Magic Flute*. The second is filled with well-worn tunes through which no one snores at the opera: *Una voce poco fa* from the *Barber of Seville*, Lily Pons singing; *Largo al Factotum* from the same opera and *Eri tu* (*Masked Ball*) sung by Lawrence Tibbett, *Che gelida manina* (*La Bohème*), Jussi Bjoerling vocalizing; Flagstad's *Liebestod*, and Chaliapin in the *Prayer and Death of Boris*.

If those don't raise the hair on your chest, try this game. After each list of compositions are names of performers or conductors. In every group there is one composition that particularly suits the talents and temperament of a certain artist. Match them, using each performer only once.

Schumann's *Du bist wie eine Blume*
Schubert's *Ave Maria*
Marschallin's Monologue (*Der Rosenkavalier*)
O cieli azzuri from Aïda (Nile Scene)
Faure's *Roses d'Ispahan*
Brunnhilde's Immolation

Marian Anderson
Kirsten Flagstad
Lotte Lehmann
Dorothy Maynor
Lily Pons
Elisabeth Rethberg

* * *

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life
De Glory Road
The Green-Eyed Dragon
Song of the Flea
Brahms' *Serious Songs*
Wotan's *Farewell* (*Die Walküre*)

Chaliapin
Nelson Eddy
Alexander Kipnis
Friedrich Schorr
John Charles Thomas
Lawrence Tibbett

Easy, isn't it? Well, try *these:*

Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*
Brahms' *B flat Major Piano Concerto*
Chopin's *Polonaises*
Debussy's *Preludes*
Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 3*
Tschaikowsky's *Concerto No. 1*
Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies*
Chopin's *Ballades*
Brahms' *G major Sonata, Op. 78*
Beethoven's *"Emperor" Concerto*
Chopin's *Preludes*

Brailowsky
Cortot
Gieseking
Hofmann
Horowitz
Paderewski
Rosenthal
Rachmaninoff
Artur Rubinstein
Schnabel
Serkin

* * *

Air for G string
Caprice Viennois
Beethoven's *"Kreutzer" Sonata*
Paganini's *Caprices*
Bach's *Unaccompanied Sonata No. 1*
Mozart's *"Adelaide" Concerto*
Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Flight of the Bumble Bee*

Adolf Busch
Elman
Heifetz
Kreisler
Menuhin
Milstein
Szigeti

Here you may use one conductor twice, but not three times:

L'Arlésienne Suite
Afternoon of a Faun
Also Sprach Zarathustra
Ravel's *Bolero*
Brahms' *Third Symphony*
Death and Transfiguration
Ein Heldenleben
Eine Kleine Nachtmusik
El Amor Brujo
Enigma Variations
Fountains of Rome
Fire-Bird Suite
Isle of the Dead
La Damoiselle Elue
La Valse

Continued on page 100

"Shut off Winchell, dear, Mrs. Flanagan is broadcasting"

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 99

Poem of Ecstasy
Pohjola's Daughter
Rhapsody in Blue
Rosenkavalier Waltzes
Sacre du Printemps
Scheherezade
Swan of Tuonela
Symphonie Fantastique
Till Eulenspiegel

Barbirolli
Beecham
Furtwängler
Koussevitzky
Mitropoulos
Monteux
Ormandy
Rachmaninoff
Reiner
Rodzinski
Stock
Stokowski
Toscanini
Bruno Walter
Weingartner

And this is a real test. You are the casting director and the following repertoire is to be recorded: What artists would you choose?

Violin Concertos:
Beethoven
Brahms
Mendelssohn
Prokofieff
Schumann
Sibelius
Tschaikowsky

Vocal:
Musetta's Waltz (La Bohème)
Lohengrin's Narrative
Ich sah' das Kind (Parsifal)
O Sole Mio
Oh! Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?
Schubert's *Serenade*
Di Provenza il Mar (Traviata)
Prize Song (Die Meistersinger)
Du bist der Lenz (Die Walküre)
Batti, batti (Don Giovanni)
Ol' Man River
Estrellita
Strauss's *Zueignung*
Casta Diva (Norma)
Ave Maria (Otello)
The Last Rose of Summer
Strauss's *Traum durch die Dämmerung*
Ritorna vincitor (Aïda)
Prologue to Pagliacci
Deep River
Bach's *Bist du bei Mir*
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark
Schubert's *Die Winterreise*
Mendelssohn's *Oh Rest in the Lord*
Weiche, Wotan (Das Rheingold)
Mozart's *Das Veilchen*
Pamina's Aria (Magic Flute)
Che Faro (Orfeo)
Songs My Mother Taught Me
Drink to Me Only
Brahms' *Die Mainacht*
Flower Song (Carmen)
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Chamber Music:
Haydn's *Emperor Quartet*
César Franck *A Major Violin Sonata*
Debussy *Quartet in G Minor, opus 10*
Mozart *Sonata No. 42, in A Major*
Beethoven *Quartet No. 2, in G Major, opus 18, No. 2*
Smetana *E Major Quartet*
Bartok *Quartet No. 2, in A Minor*
Schubert *Quartet No. 6 in D Minor*
Beethoven *Quartet No. 16, in F Major, opus 135*
Schumann *Piano Quintet*

Orchestral:
Overtures to *Semiramide, William Tell, Figaro, Benvenuto Cellini*
Preludes to *Traviata, Die Meistersinger, Lohengrin, Merry Wives of Windsor*
Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*
Good Friday Spell (Parsifal)
Venusberg Music (Tannhäuser)
Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*
Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*
Brahms' *Fourth Symphony*
Schubert's *"Unfinished" Symphony*
Mozart's *"Jupiter" Symphony*
Beethoven's *"Pastoral" Symphony*
Tschaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*
Sibelius' *Fifth Symphony*
Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust*
Brahms' *Requiem*
Mozart's *Requiem*
Verdi's *Requiem*
Haydn's *"Surprise" Symphony*
Siegfried Idyll
Polovetzian Dances (Prince Igor)
Leonore Overture, No. 3
Nutcracker Suite

It is a tall job, as you can see, even in an ideal world where only artistic considerations are important. And, besides, there are people who claim this whole business of interpreters is a racket. They say that if labels were switched on symphonic recordings, you and I would never know the difference. We might think Stokowski was conducting *Sacre du Printemps* when it was Stravinsky; or Toscanini, the overture to the *Magic Flute* when it was Beecham.

That may be. I've noticed critics, especially, have a horror of blindfold tests and positively disdain invitations to practical demonstrations of their discernment. In general, they are trusting souls, willing to depend on their eyes and labels. For a long time, they accepted compositions of Fritz Kreisler as original seventeenth century masterpieces because he chose to label them with names of supposedly seventeenth century composers.

There are, of course, conductors who are easy to "spot." Toscanini, for instance. The steadiness of his rhythm, the exceptional clarity of the texture, his feeling for form, and so on. Koussevitzky, for his dynamics, his exaggerated brass, the way he balances a string chord, his unabashed romanticism. When you've heard them a few times, you can find them in the dark, label or no label. With the limited repertory now in use, only about sixty pieces, there is little left to examine but differences in the readings of Mr. X and Mr. Y.

The public, unable to read scores, to get at a work in the original, has come to idolize the translators and, quite naturally, to confuse them with the creators. Mozart is not at the concert in person. The conductor is. Moreover, he is visibly working hard. The listener, therefore, associates him with the pleasure he has just had from the *G Minor*, and more or less credits him with having created it.

In time, the unsuspecting come to imagine that a masterwork in music is merely a blank page upon which the performer writes himself, with a grand flourish to his signature at the finish, and a kind of lofty "Given at Symphony Hall, Boston"—or Cleveland, or Denver, or Pittsburgh, as the case may be—"this so-and-so day of so-and-so." This is not actually the case. The conductor himself, however good and important and necessary he may be, is the smallest of small fry in the presence of the composer. A piece of music is not something that has no existence until *he* calls it into being, nor can it be made any greater than it is in itself by anything that *he* can do to it. It has, for musicians, an objective life of its own, independent of any and all performances.

This does not mean that there is no difference between one conductor and another. On the contrary, it is because works have an objective existence as well as a subjective life-principle of their own that it occasionally happens that a particular conductor who, for one reason or another, is built temperamentally on much the same lines as the composer, will give his hearers an authentic picture of that composer's mind as revealed in a particular work. Other conductors will lack the key to this mind but will have a key to the mind of another great composer. However, these cases of a

Campus Choice

When not concentrating on the curriculum, collegians "coke" and chat, usually to the accompaniment of "canned" music. Owners of these spots know that to be successful they must keep their music boxes supplied with the records requested by their rhythm-conscious customers. Typical are these popular hangouts, selected at random, telling which of the current crop of records are nicking collegians for the most nickels.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
"The Coffee Shop"
Chicago, Illinois

Begin The Beguine; Artie Shaw; Bluebird 7746
Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10876
Maybe; Ink Spots Decca 3258
Hawaiian War Chant; Guy Lombardo. Decca 3330
Giannina Mia; Allan Jones. Victor 4380
Fats Waller's Original E Flat Blues; Fats Waller. Bluebird 10858
The Same Old Story; Eddie Duchin. Columbia 35724
Boogie Woogie; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 25054
Tonight; Tony Martin. Decca 3119
Our Love Affair; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10845

YALE UNIVERSITY
"George & Harry's Restaurants"
New Haven, Connecticut

Rhumboogie; Andrews Sisters. Decca 3097
I Want My Mama; Andrews Sisters. Decca 3310
East of the Sun; Dorsey's Sentimentalists. Bluebird 10726
We Three; Ink Spots. Decca 3379
I'll Get By; King Sisters. Bluebird 10856
I Could Make You Care; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26717
The World Is in My Arms; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26717
Whiffenpoof Song; Rudy Vallée. Bluebird 7135
The Breeze and I; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26641
When the Swallows Come Back; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26641

BROWN UNIVERSITY
"Marty's Restaurant"
Providence, R. I.

Trade Winds; Eddie Duchin. Columbia 35628
Maybe; Ink Spots. Decca 3258
Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Will Bradley. Columbia 35530
Medley, Brown University Songs; Victor 21017
Beer Barrel Polka; Glahe Musette Orchestra. Victor V710

BUTLER UNIVERSITY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Al Goodman. Columbia 35418
Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10876
Practice Makes Perfect; Eddie Duchin. Columbia 35702
Crosstown; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10832
Maybe; Sammy Kaye. Victor 26643

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT
"Peter Pan Restaurant"
Detroit, Michigan

Frenesi; Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Pompton Turnpike; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird 10825
Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10876
Trade Winds; Bing Crosby. Decca 3299
Only Forever; Bing Crosby. Decca 3300

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY
"Beal's Grill" &
"Creighton Cafeteria"
Omaha, Nebraska

Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech; Dick Powell. Decca 2025
Maybe; Gene Krupa. Okeh 5643
Five O'Clock Whistle; Duke Ellington. Victor 26748
Trade Winds; Eddie Duchin. Columbia 35628
Shanty in Old Shanty Town (New Version); Johnny Long. Decca 3409
Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10876

special sympathy and community of understanding between a performer and a composer, plentiful as they are, do not change the truth that the enormous majority of standard concert works have an existence entirely independent of the contributions of Mr. X and Mr. Y.

The bulk of most great works sounds essentially the same under every *competent* conductor—so far as the composer's ideas are concerned. There will be many differences, of course, according to the quality of the orchestra, the psychical temperature of conductor and players on a certain afternoon, what they have played before or are going to play after, etc., etc. But what is important is that the things in the music that give it its real life have been left to reveal themselves in their own way. The fewer the idiosyncracies that enable one to say "This is Mr. X conducting," the better.

Too often, in this game of famous names, we find ourselves more absorbed by how conductor Y or conductor Z does it than by what the composer is saying. That is our loss.

* * *

The greatest and most immediately rewarding contemporary work recorded last year is Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody *Schelomo* (Victor M-698). It addresses itself to the heart, speaks of the resentments, resignations, and torturings of an oppressed race. King Solomon the Prophet meditates eloquently and bitterly on the vanity of all things: he will be heard by many who understand. The recording is a triumph for Mr. Feuermann and the engineers; unfortunately, Mr. Stokowski has not been content to let the music speak for itself. He cannot resist doing things to make it more exciting.

In this respect, Mr. Stokowski fares better with his arrangement of Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Victor M-706). He complains that Ravel's instrumentation, though a "masterpiece in Gallic manner," does not "preserve and express" the indigenously Slavic character of the composer's thoughts. This, he does, at the same time showing off, like the superb salesman he is, the wares of his orchestra.

In less hectic and vehement regions, Don Pablo Casals and Mieczyslaw Horszowsky play Brahms' F Major Sonata for cello and piano (Victor M-410). There may be some shaking of the head among orthodox Brahmsians with regard to the Latin's view, but the playing is Casals'—and that brings home the realization of what we have missed in the years he has been away from our shores.

* * *

The Gramophone Shop is bringing over from England 500 sets of Famous French Songs: Debussy's Proses lyriques: *De Rêve*, *De Fleurs*, *De Soir. Cinq poèmes de Baudelaire:—No. 3 Jet d'Eau;* Berlioz' *Les Nuits d'Été, Opus 7*, *Le Spectre de la Rose*, *Absence;* Duparc's *L'Invitation au Voyage*, and *Phidyle*, sung by Maggie Teyte. These are musts for those who love the France of the French and for those who have heard Miss Teyte's *Songs of Debussy* with Alfred Cortot at the piano.

Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*—as they like it in Rome—with Toti dal Monte, Beniamino Gigli, and Mario Basiola, has been re-pressed and made available (Victor M-700-701) at seventeen dollars for the whole show.

Oh! They're Making Me Over in the Army is the newest topical song (Bluebird 10925).

Singles worth your money:

Overture to *Don Giovanni:* The London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

Jussi Bjoerling singing Sibelius' *Saf, saf, Susa* and *Svarta Rosor.*

The Harvard University Choir, A. T. Davidson conducting Byrd's *Sing Joyfully Unto God* and Lotte's *Miserere.*

John Charles Thomas' ringing delivery of *Preach Me Not Your Musty Rules* from Dr. Thomas Arne's *Comus.*

Two Evening Pictures The Mission and Fiesta from Harl McDonald's *San Juan Capistrano*, well played by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Emmy Destinn singing Schubert's and Mozart's *Wiegenlied:* perfect gems re-pressed by the International Record Collectors Club.

* * *

As if the election hadn't proved it, the Linguaphone Institute reminds us that the "spoken word has recaptured the critical attention which for some time was devoted to the written word alone." Their catalogue is full of notable examples and collector's items:

George Bernard Shaw reading *Spoken English and Broken English* ($7.50).

The Abdication Speech of King Edward VIII ($1.50).

John Barrymore in *Hamlet's Soliloquy* ($1.00).

Gertrude Stein: *The Making of Americans*, *A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson*, and *Matisse* ($2.50 each).

Street Cries of vegetable, flower, crab and fish hucksters recorded in Charleston, S. C. ($1.50).

Archibald MacLeish: *America Was Promises* ($4.50).

Doctor Albert Einstein, on the day when he became a U. S. A. citizen ($2.00).

Esquire's distinguished book editor, William Lyon Phelps, reading an *Interlude on Cats* and *The Joy of Teaching*, from his *Autobiography* ($2.50 each).

You can hear the voices of all our presidents from Roosevelt I, P. T. Barnum's *Message to Future Generations*, T. A. Edison, Mahatma Gandhi, James Whitcomb Riley, Will Rogers, Marconi, Florence Nightingale, William Jennings Bryan, Nellie Melba and Schumann-Heink, Andrew Carnegie, Sarah Bernhardt, each for five bucks, and my vote for first-prize: James Joyce reading *Anna Livia Plurabelle* ($15.00).

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
RCA Manufacturing Company, Camden, N. J.	
Lily Pons in Operatic Selections and Songs; Lily Pons. Victor M-702	*Only Forever; Trade Winds;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26666
Rondo—From "Haffner" Serenade in D Major; (Mozart-Kreisler): Fritz Kreisler. Victor 17220	*Our Love Affair; That's for Me;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26736
Symphony No. 4 in B Flat Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-676	*Adios, Mariquita Linda; Frenesi;* Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
The Donkey Serenade; Giannina Mia; (Harbach-Friml) Allan Jones. Victor 4380	*Old, Old Castle in Scotland; If It's You;* Artie Shaw. Victor 26760
Schelomo (Ernest Bloch); Emanuel Feuermann with Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-698	*God Bless America; The Star Spangled Banner;* Kate Smith. Victor 26198
When I Am Laid in Earth (*Dido and Aeneas*, Act 3, Purcell); *Se Florindo E Fedele.* Marian Anderson. Victor 17257	*The Call of the Canyon; Our Love Affair;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10845
Symphony No. 2, in D Major (Brahms); Eugene Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-694	*Moon Over Burma; Down Argentine Way;* Shep Fields. Bluebird 10886
	The Same Old Ranch; Tumbledown Ranch in Arizona; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 10830
Boudreaux's Music House, Lafayette, Louisiana	
Questa o quella; La donna è mobile (*Rigoletto*); Caruso Victor 500	*Blueberry Hill; Maybe;* Sammy Kaye. Victor 26643
El Capitan; Washington Post March; Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor 4501	*Rhythm on the River; Ain't It a Shame About Mame;* Wingie Manon. Victor 10844
Lucia di Lammermoor; Lily Pons. Victor 7369	*New San Antonia Rose; Bob Wills Special;* Bob Wills. Okeh 05694
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Stock & Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album G-4	*Pennsylvania Six Five-Thousand; Rug Cutter's Swing;* Glenn Miller. B-10754
Che gelida manina (La Bohême); *Salve, Dimora* (Faust); Beniamino Gigli. Victor 8769	
Riedling Music Company, Albuquerque, New Mexico	
Blue Danube Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Maybe; Whispering Grass;* Ink Spots. Decca 3258
Scheherazade; Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-269	*Blueberry Hill; I'm Home Again;* Russ Morgan. Decca 3290
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life; Indian Love Call; MacDonald & Eddy. Victor 4323	*Frenesi; Adios, Mariquita Linda;* Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; Koussevitzky & the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album M-245	*Only Forever; Trade Winds;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26666
The Music of Johann Strauss: Eugene Ormandy & the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-262	*I'll Never Smile Again; Marcheta;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26628
Cliff Johnson Music House, Laramie, Wyoming	
Blue Danube Waltz; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*God Bless America;* Kate Smith. Victor 26198
Ave Maria; Air for G String; Victor 7103	*Star Dust;* Dorsey-Goodman. Victor 25320
Afternoon of a Faun (Debussy); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 6696	*Trade Winds;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26666
Finlandia (Sibelius); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 7412	*Call of the Canyon;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26678
	When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10776
	And So Do I; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird 10778

Faster Than the Wind

Continued from page 42

this country. From that eventful night on, upstate New Yorkers really enjoyed the cold months, deducting for a broken limb here or there and a few scattered cases of pneumonia.

The first craft they used greatly resembled those employed earlier by the ice yachtsmen of New Jersey, but it was not long before the best carpenters and blacksmiths of the town were pressed into service to build bigger and better "banjos." For Vassar and his cronies had discovered that, given a good sail and a little wind, they really could go to town. Now these lads weren't particularly interested in visiting any of the neighboring towns so they devoted the major part of their spare time to racing with the railroad trains —still in the wheezing stage—that labored up and down along the Hudson's shores. And it is said these new-fangled "sleds" really made the choo-choos look a bit foolish when it came to speed.

Regular racing soon became a feature of the club's programs, which each season reached their climax in a spectacular series of contests for the club championship pennant. Soon challenges began to fly back and forth between the New Yorkers and the good men of the Shrewsbury and within a year or two the sport had spread up through the New England States and into Southern Canada.

As builders continued to make improvements in the craft, with an accompanying pick-up in speed, ice-boating enjoyed a real boom until about the turn of the century, when ice breakers muscled in and insisted on keeping river channels open for commercial traffic. Then the sport waned a bit in the East except in such places as the North Shrewsbury, Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood in New York, the Mystic Lakes of Massachusetts, Lake Champlain and Canada. But just about that time sharp runners were beginning to hum across frozen surfaces in Scandinavian Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, three states where racing still flourishes.

Eastern ice-boating enjoyed another revival in the 1920's, with more and more summer yachting enthusiasts discovering that here was a sport in which they could satisfy the urge to get hands on a tiller again and feel the thrill of winds singing in stretched canvas. Then, too, owners of lake summer resorts in New England, upper New York and Eastern Pennsylvania had come to realize that picturesque retreats could be turned into real profit in the winter by luring week-end guests with the prospect of exciting races staged in a carnival setting on frozen lakes.

For ten years or more the sport grew in leaps and bounds, many interclub and intersectional championships being staged by the "old-timers" and the converted summer skippers who had learned that it no longer was necessary to wait for the first spring thaws to get in a bit of work under sails.

But when Old Man Winter proved such a sissy along there in 1936 and 1937, carrying very little ice on his visits to the East, several thousand hardy, and usually cheerful men became disgruntled. There was a little good ice here and there, but few skippers heard of it in time to take their craft out for spins, with the result that ice-boating was practically nil.

Steps to remedy this situation were taken late in 1937 when representatives of clubs from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut met and organized the Eastern Ice Yachting Association, fashioned after the very active and successful Northwest group.

Are we headed for a world revolution in weather? Could the world's coastal cities vanish under water? Read the article by Martin Stevens next month.

Winter yachtsmen were determined to find ice and the new organization was the answer. Their secretary promised to keep them well posted as to just where and when racing conditions prevailed. An up-to-the-minute chart is kept, and now, a member can tumble from his bed of a Sunday, call the secretary for ice, and, with the good ship *Susie Q* fastened atop a trailer, go skidding off to some river or lake where the other boys are putting on a little competition.

It's inviting trouble to keep a rabid ice yachtsman idle for long, and asking for a sure crack on the beak to suggest some other sport as a substitute for his new-found love. He likes his winter racing—and plenty of it. "Championship pennants are getting dusty hanging on the same wall year after year," one sailor remarked when we questioned the sanity of leaving a warm bed and driving fifty miles just to get in one or two rides over the ice and possibly a few broken limbs. Yes, these fellows really like their frigid fun.

A Christmas card sent out by one club champion portrays pretty much the character of these "demons of the ice": "The season's greetings, with best wishes for a long, cold winter." I guess there's just no way of stopping them.

Take the case of Starke Meyer, once commodore of the Northwestern I.Y.A., who was almost killed when his great *Paula II* upset in 1933, losing her tall mast and crashing her hull down on him. The accident caused a great shaking of heads among his friends —and quiet talk of a memorial race the next season. But 1935 found a new and faster *Paula* rocketing across the ice, with the huddled, grinning Starke in the cockpit.

At the time of his crack-up Meyer had plans for a lot of experiments with ice boats, and, although his four brothers, Arnold, Chris, Henry and William, had aided him before, I guess old Starke just couldn't see passing out of the picture and leaving his work unfinished.

Credited to the Meyers, chiefly Starke, is the idea of putting the guiding runner at the front instead of at the stern so that when the wind does lift your rear off the ice you still can keep control and avoid the whirling dervish spins so characteristic of rear-steering machines.

This same family group is responsible for the real development of the modern skeeter, a sporty front-steering racer. Inexpensive, streamlined and light, it carries seventy-five square feet of sail and can be disassembled quickly for moving about the countryside. The skeeter does not cover the ice like some of the larger craft (a few of them reach gigantic proportions) but it will attain a speed at least twice the velocity of the wind in which it is sailed.

The appearance of the skeeter furnished a tremendous impetus to a sport which has overcome many handicaps. Some regattas last season attracted as many as one hundred of these modern fliers. The "back-bone" no longer is a mere plank, but is a long, slim hull, shaped like the fuselage of an airplane. The driver and passenger, if the skipper desires a companion, sit in individual cockpits so deep that only their heads come above the level of the "deck." The mast is raked sharply aft and carries only one jib-headed sail. Runners, of the very best steel, are practically straight on the bottom, not rockered like early types.

The new boat is streamlined to an extreme. No bolts or cleats mark her exterior and the spruce mast and boom are hollow. The mast is rounded on its forward side, like the leading wing of an airplane as are the laminated wood pieces supporting the runners. This latest creation from Western yards to intrigue Eastern enthusiasts with its potential speed is only seventeen feet over all.

The great improvement in boats has taken none of the thrills from riding in this fastest non-mechanical means of transportation known to man. There still are sudden gusts of wind to catch one unaware and a cold ducking lurking up ahead for one who gambles with thin ice. The new-found speed really has added to the thrills, and our modern skipper really can hit it up. Give him a good freeze, a thirty-mile-an-hour blow and he'll skim along at a mile a minute.

One unaccustomed to handling sails never should venture forth alone in a skeeter, or any ice boat for that matter, for it's no mean task to fight wintry blasts in your rigging and try to keep going in the right direction at one and the same time. The novice's reward for "bravery" usually is a bad spill or a cold bath in the drink.

Slipping and sliding starts off a ride, for the pilot must push his boat, running alongside until it gathers up speed, then he leaps into the cockpit and away he goes. Sheets are always hauled well in and sails kept trimmed at all times. The big thrill of the sport comes in "hiking," or raising the windward runner, then boat and rider sail along while leaning against space. It can be done (at least veteran skippers say it can) simply by hauling the sail flat, the drumhead canvas catching the wind gust and tilting the boat over to the "desired" angle.

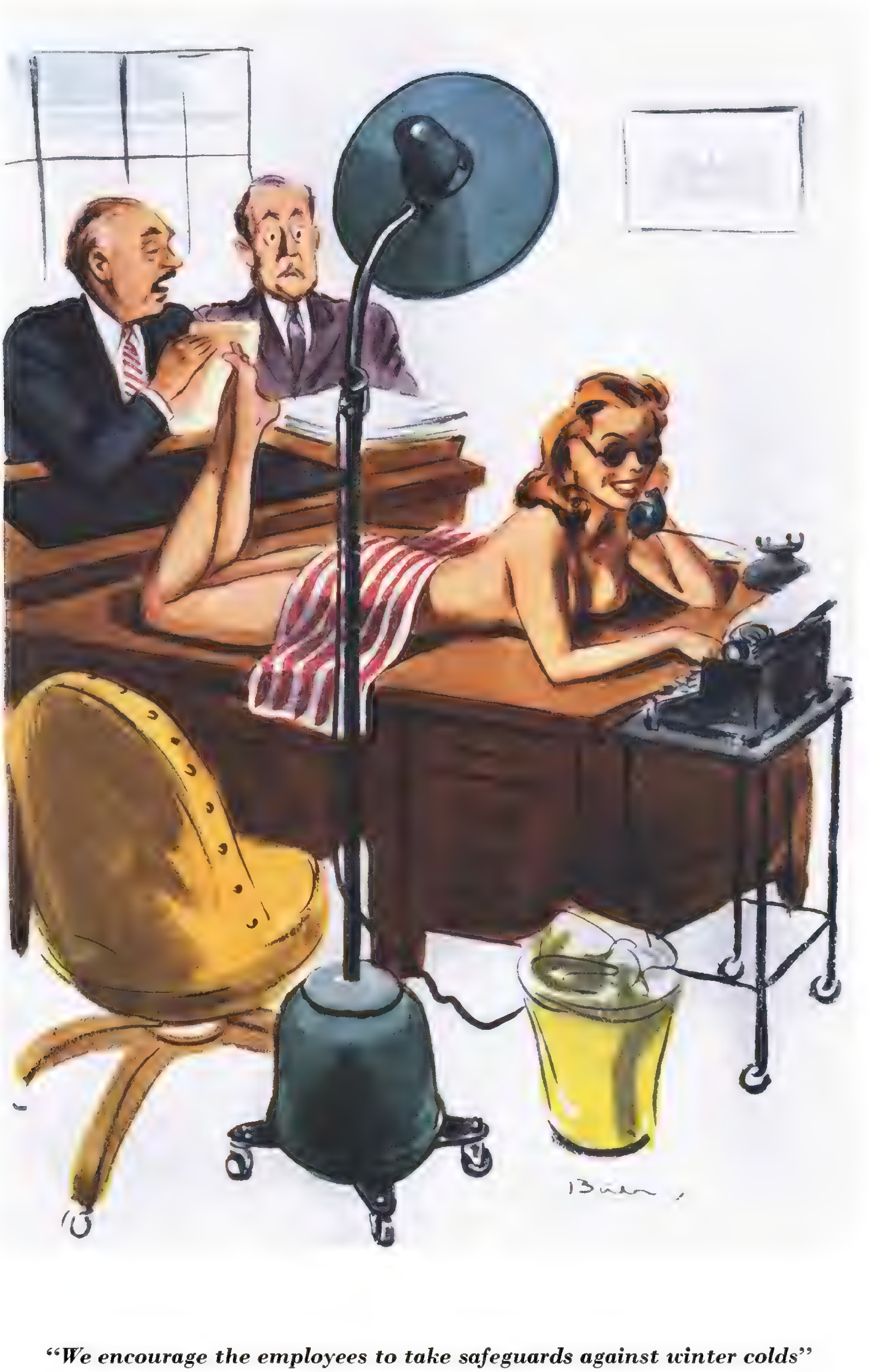
One little lapse on the part of skipper and the good *Marie III* bounces into a spin, whirling about like a leaf in an October storm. Nine out of ten times the novice spinner will capsize, scattering pilot and crew all over the ice.

Then there is another very important factor to be considered—the stop. Sooner or later one tires of outspeeding the wind and must slow down the fleeting contraption. The experienced sailor will point her right into the wind's eye and by so doing dump the breezes out of the canvas. This slows down the boat considerably, but she continues to coast along under her own momentum for a short time. To bring her to a standstill simply swing a spiked boot overboard and drag it for a few yards.

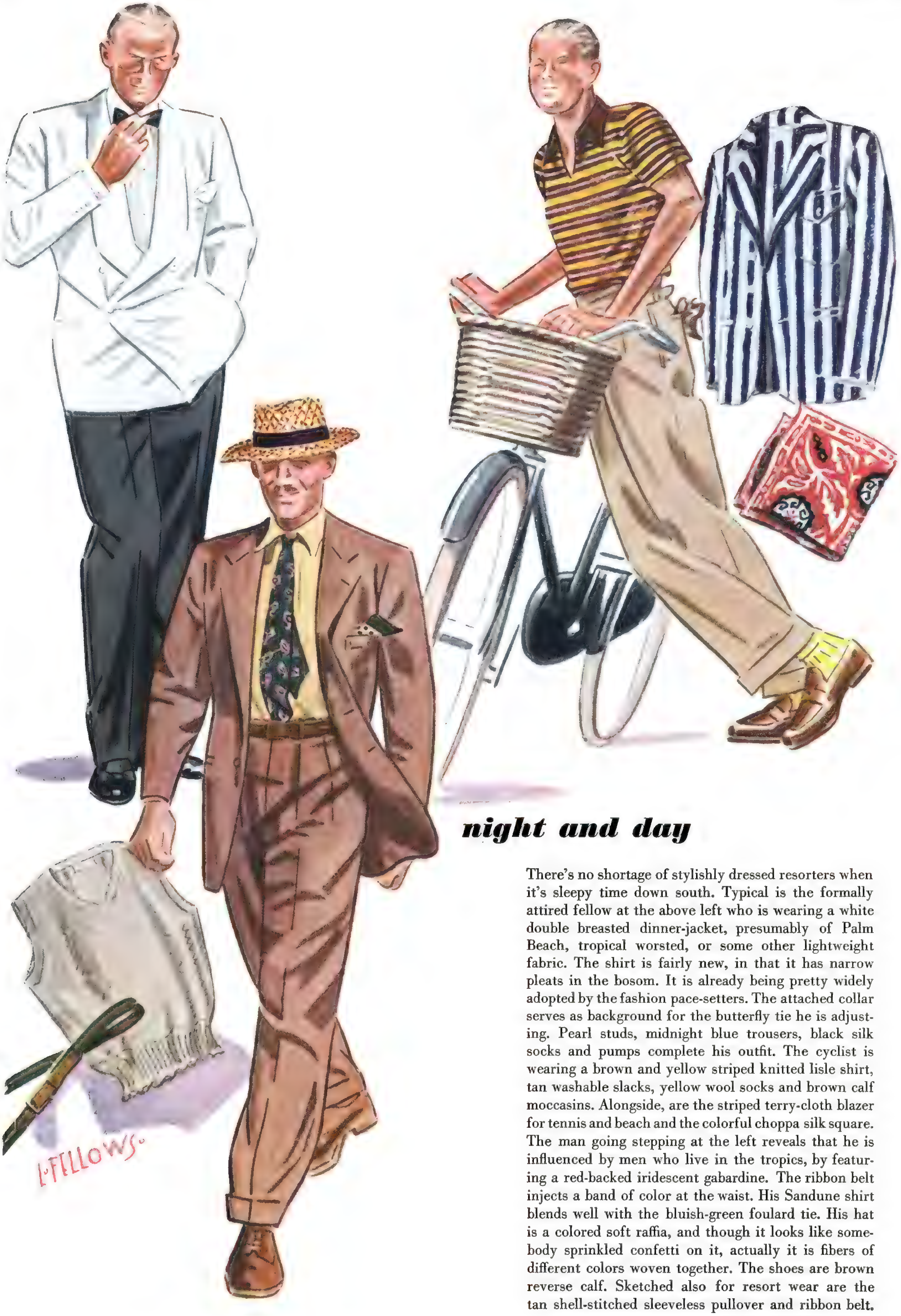
Despite all the pre-race enthusiasm we find that skippers do very little talking just after coming in off the ice. Perhaps it's because they seem to carry all their breath in glistening little crystals on their coat collars and mufflers. But they soon thaw out.

Bartenders for ice yacht gatherings sure know their drinks—and how to heat them. One's blood melts slowly after coming in from the winds, but after a cup or three it really begins to run along rather smoothly again. As a matter of fact, we often wonder if this "thawing out process," or what the veteran skippers call the climax to a perfect day, isn't what lures men into this growing sport.

You know, something like the little Southern boy whom the good parson discovered sitting on a barbed wire fence. When asked why he had chosen such an uncomfortable place to sit the darky replied "Cause ah'll feel so good when ah gets off." #



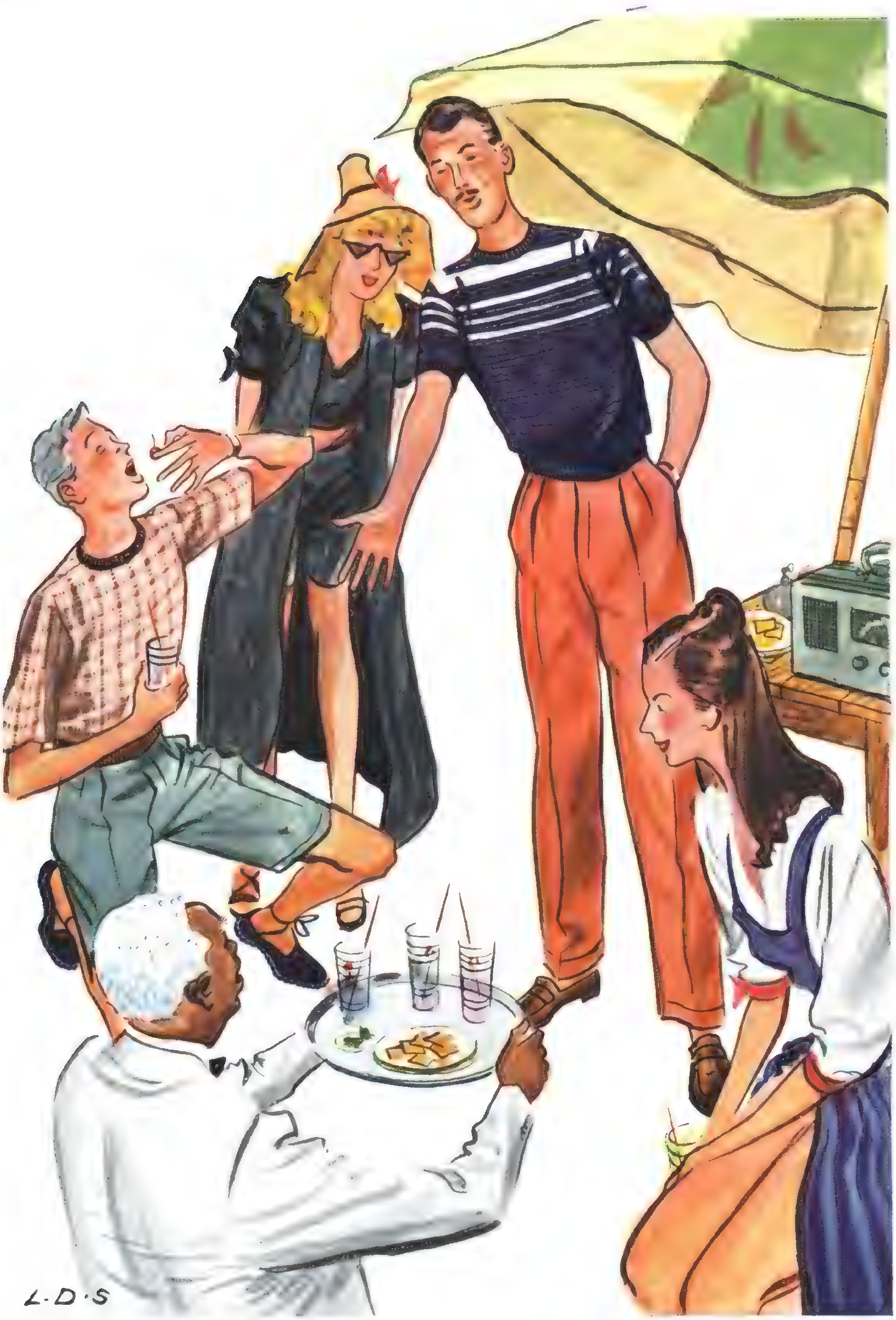
"We encourage the employees to take safeguards against winter colds"



night and day

There's no shortage of stylishly dressed resorters when it's sleepy time down south. Typical is the formally attired fellow at the above left who is wearing a white double breasted dinner-jacket, presumably of Palm Beach, tropical worsted, or some other lightweight fabric. The shirt is fairly new, in that it has narrow pleats in the bosom. It is already being pretty widely adopted by the fashion pace-setters. The attached collar serves as background for the butterfly tie he is adjusting. Pearl studs, midnight blue trousers, black silk socks and pumps complete his outfit. The cyclist is wearing a brown and yellow striped knitted lisle shirt, tan washable slacks, yellow wool socks and brown calf moccasins. Alongside, are the striped terry-cloth blazer for tennis and beach and the colorful choppa silk square. The man going stepping at the left reveals that he is influenced by men who live in the tropics, by featuring a red-backed iridescent gabardine. The ribbon belt injects a band of color at the waist. His Sandune shirt blends well with the bluish-green foulard tie. His hat is a colored soft raffia, and though it looks like somebody sprinkled confetti on it, actually it is fibers of different colors woven together. The shoes are brown reverse calf. Sketched also for resort wear are the tan shell-stitched sleeveless pullover and ribbon belt.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Bahamian coral, Nassau green

Our job here has been made doubly difficult. Your attention has been diverted to appetizing drinks and tantalizing girls (not in the order of importance). But sooner or later, you're going to want the lowdown on what these zestful male resorters are wearing. And that time has arrived, beginning with the next sentence. The fellow on his knee, who isn't proposing, unless it be a toast, combines a lace-stitched pullover of white ground and brown plaid with a pair of Nassau green shorts. The coloring of these was inspired by the cool shade of the water around the West Indies. His blue canvas espadrilles have rope soles. His friend, signaling for a drink, is wearing a dark blue knitted lisle pullover with raglan shoulders and white stripes across the top. It contrasts with his Bahamian coral slacks, whose shade stems from the coral of the islands off Florida. The moccasins he is wearing go very well with the rest of the outfit. The colors are admittedly of Bahamian derivation, but the ensembles that these two men are wearing are smart at any southern resort, and should gain in popularity as the season progresses.

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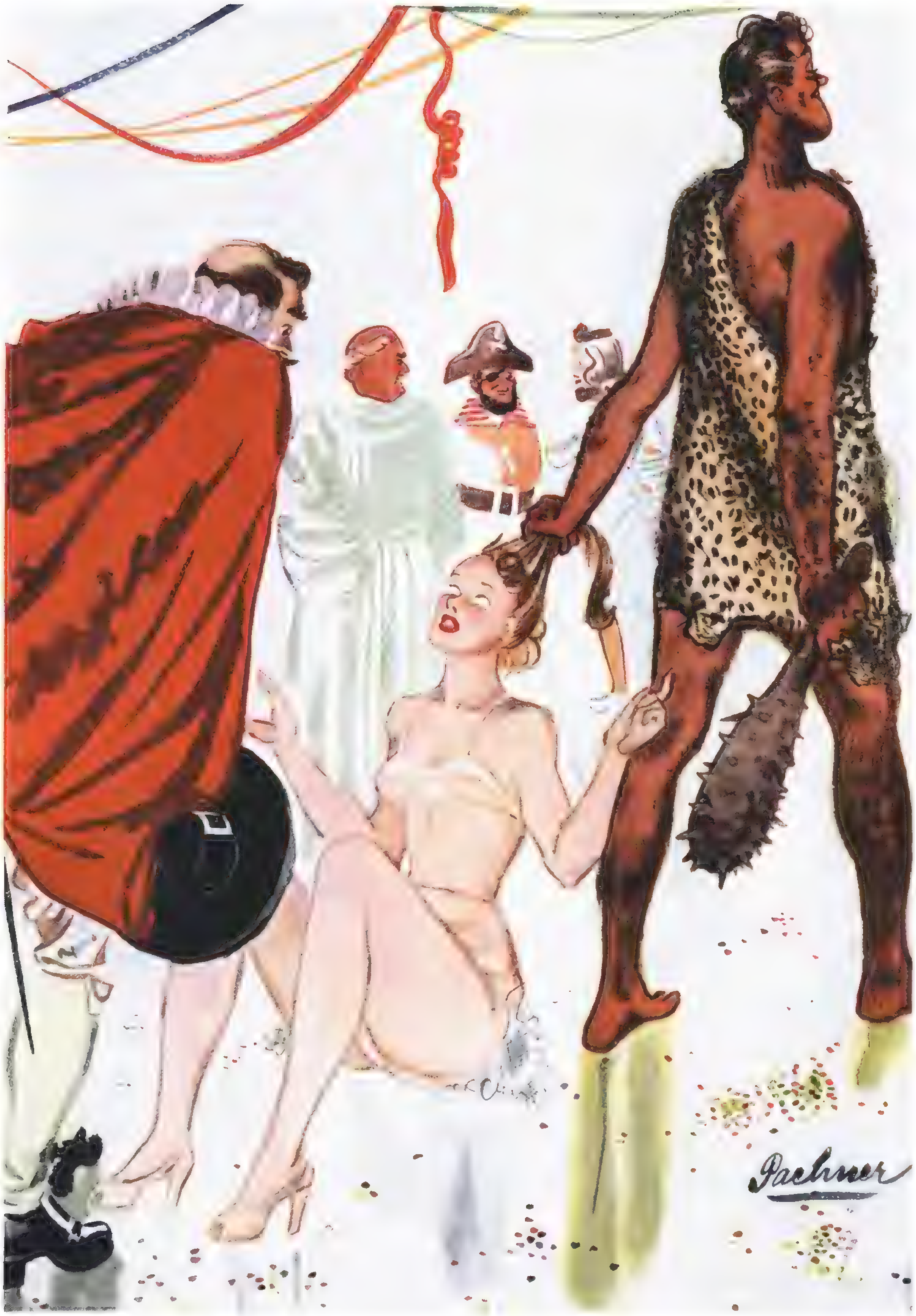

"Sorry, but this dance is taken"

The Cholo Caddy

Continued from page 54

his scrambled eggs the waiter gave him the morning paper.

"Looks like that fellow, Franco, finally got in over there," the waiter said.

"Yes?" Carpegna scanned the headlines with satisfaction.

"That guy sure had a tough run, though, you gotta admit that. Lucky for him he had all those Italian and German soldiers working with him on the Spaniards. Boy what a mess."

Carpegna was slightly irritated. He tasted his coffee.

"Coffee isn't very hot," he said coldly.

"Oh yeah!" The waiter's voice suggested surprise and concern. "Well let me take it back. Cook'll sure as hell warm it up for you." Carpegna nodded and the waiter disappeared with the coffee pot. He reappeared in a few minutes. He brought a fresh cup and poured some coffee for Carpegna.

"I guess Mussolini and Hitler are sure patting that guy Franco on the back this morning, and all the time somebody else is patting a lot of people with a spade. All over Spain, I guess, they're patting people with spades."

Carpegna opened the paper so that he couldn't see the waiter. But he could not escape the voice.

"Wonder how long those poor damn Spaniards are going to have to take that guy Franco. Jeez it really is too bad. The cook, he's a Mex, says that they had a regular election and this guy Franco didn't like the result so he started the fighting. Boy it's good they don't work that stuff here. It'd sure as hell ruin a pretty good country, just like it balled up Spain."

For a full second Carpegna was tempted to answer the man. But then he changed his mind. What good would it do to tell him that it was the hand of God that guided Franco against the anti-Christ communists in Spain. "Would you mind," he said rather curtly, "allowing me to read the paper."

"Oh sure," the waiter said, "oh sure boss, help yourself. I guess I was shooting my mouth off. But it's a free country." The waiter laughed, snapped his napkin, and went back into the club house. He failed to hear Mr. Carpegna's "unfortunately," and he was quite happy knowing that he had annoyed the Italian. He told Joe about it in the kitchen, and they both laughed.

"Jeez," Joe said fingering a long knife, "I hope some day all those little boys will get their turn."

Carpegna ate his breakfast, and when he had finished reading the *Examiner*, he was quite happy again. He played excellent golf the second nine, feeling fit and strong. His legs were in fine condition and the day was truly perfect.

The caddy behaved flawlessly. He got quite wet retrieving a ball from the water hazard on the fifteenth hole. Carpegna did not forget *not* to thank him. He only increased his tip. And he went home happy, remembering only the Mexican caddy with his wet trousers, and forgetting the insolent waiter who had come so close to spoiling the day.

In the time that followed, it seemed to Carpegna that the danger of his days being spoiled grew in direct proportion to the betterment of the world. He had the feeling that he was being isolated more and more in this disrespectful land, so that all that remained was his morning *Examiner* and the Mexican caddy.

With every step of improvement in the world at large he found that he was drawing into seclusion more and more. Everyone was in some way an enemy, or a blind boor, unconscious of the wonder and glory of the whole renovating process that was taking place.

The fall of Czechoslovakia was a fine day. God proved that for it was sunny, and Carpegna broke ninety for the first time in his life. But the day was nearly spoiled by the starter, the waiter and even the golf pro. They were all belligerent, loud in their condemnation of Hitler and the Nazis. They swore openly at the Axis, and although he never once answered them, he made his antagonism felt by looking about more sharply, criticizing the service more loudly, and acting with a greater disregard toward their aspirations to speak with him. Although sometimes the golf club seemed an ordeal, he prided himself in persisting and playing as regularly as ever.

The Albanian campaign made them all his open enemies, but the beginning of the war would have done it anyway, he later supposed. The Albanian thing was short-lived when compared to the hatred and indignation he felt early in September. The man in the parking lot, the starter, the waiter, and even the professional were always on the verge of insulting him. He would have found it impossible to play at all in these times, if it hadn't been for his caddy. The Mexican boy never once opened his mouth. In contrast to the others he went about his job, silently and efficiently as ever. At all times he showed the respect and distance that made Carpegna proud. It was a relationship and a bit of the world that remained correct, and admirable.

After the fall of Warsaw, Carpegna thought that the attitude of everyone couldn't possibly be worse, and that the state of the world couldn't possibly be better. He had no idea of what was to come. That morning he thought the club had reached its peak. It started with the parking lot boy who failed to greet him. He merely slipped behind the steering wheel of Carpegna's car, and said, "Boy, I wish this was a plane. I'd take it over and get a shot at those German bastards."

"Have it greased and washed. Don't play the radio," Carpegna said with difficulty.

"Play the radio?" the boy answered, "you can't play that thing anymore. All you can do is listen to what those sonsabitches are doing, that's all."

Carpegna didn't answer him. He walked through the lounge and out into the golf shop. The man behind the counter did not even bother to greet him.

"Them Nazis. Jeez," he said, "Ain't they ever gonna get it. Are they gonna be allowed to run the whole damn world into the ground."

"Three balls," Carpegna said.

The starter was no better. "Sure I know," he said, "you want that Cholo caddy. O.K., O.K. He's coming up."

"Thank you," Carpegna said sarcastically.

"Jeez, I don't know why anyone wants to shoot a golf ball, when we should all be shooting Germans."

Carpegna wanted to mention America's neutrality, but he thought better of it. There was no use encouraging these people.

Of course he played rather badly that morning, and only enjoyed his caddy's presence when he could stop thinking of everyone else. After the waiter had served him his coffee he couldn't think of the caddy at all. He was so angry that he quit at the thirteenth hole, and walking back to the clubhouse he could hear the waiter repeating what the cook had said. "We should poison every damn German in this damn country," and he could hear the waiter laughing, "yeah he means it. He says it should be the sacred duty of every cook in the damn world to poison those rats. Yeah, and the Italians too, just for talking so loud."

The many weeks that followed were indescribable. Often Carpegna played only nine holes. Once, having missed an easy shot, he lost all control and threw one of his clubs into the air, and watched the shaft fold as it landed. That was after the Norwegian campaign had broken the war of nerves. And then followed Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. It was wholly incredible to Carpegna, and although he felt the mounting bitterness of the people about him, he could not feel anything but jubilance. His arrogance became truly marvelous, and his cold disregard of the people about him was more effective than any hot reply, however brilliant, could have been. He even began to enjoy it. All these men were frustrated, sitting in their round silly lives, swearing and saying absurd things that had no force, while the world was changing under their feet. They were all a hopeless bunch, squashed every time they dialed the radio. He alone among them was part of the new fine world that was moving onward, and their stupid insolence was as impotent as the Allied artillery.

Nevertheless his golf was occasionally bad, but that didn't matter anymore. He enjoyed it, even when his score soared to terrible heights. He would have gone on walking around the course, not playing at all, only enjoying the caddy, for he now found a deeper significance in the relationship. Right in the midst of their democratic world he had created and carried out the ideas of privilege and service. Right in the midst of their insolences he had a silent young Mexican who served him, and kept an undemocratic distance. It made Carpegna strong.

He withstood the remarks they made about Mussolini right to his face. When they laughed about Caporetto, and the Italians not having won a battle since the days of Caesar, he looked at them blandly with no sign of anger. He didn't answer them once. They prayed and cursed, Carpegna told himself, and fought their doubts, while he was unmolested by doubts and fears. France was crumbling, and then the fateful day arrived that was supreme above all other victories. Italy declared war.

Carpegna knew, that now, as an Italian he was in danger, that he was caught deep in the camp of the enemy. On this day he walked stiffly, making himself taller, accentuating his arrogance. He was an Italian and Italy had taken the great active and victorious step. Now the new discipline would be spread over the world by Italians as well as Germans. This was a crowning day, the highpoint of living. He had a passionate desire to walk among these Americans and listen to their stupid, impotent talk. He wanted to enjoy this moment to the full. He snapped his golf jacket shut with a gallant air of defiance, as though it were a uniform to be displayed before the enemy.

The boy in the auto park outside the club was sprawled in someone else's car listening to the radio. He didn't even attempt to shut it off without being seen as he usually did. He didn't care whether Carpegna saw him or not.

"Leave it there, Benito," he shouted, "leave it there and I'll get it as soon as I finish listening." As a final show of impertinence he gave the Fascist salute, ending it with a rude jesture.

Carpegna turned the motor off, and lifted his golf clubs out of the back seat. "Have it filled with petrol," he said calmly, "and you might wash the windshield for a change."

He moved on across the gravel of the parking space, listening to the grating sound of his spikes and enjoying the militant rasp of the metal. Still listening to the sound of his spikes he entered the golf shop.

"Three balls," he told the young man behind the counter.

"Well, your boyfriends sure had it timed right. If they'd waited another day it might have been all over. They sure got a lot

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The Cholo Caddy

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of guts, those stinkers," the man said.

He paid for the balls and started to move out of the shop. The professional had just come in, and he nodded to him.

"Hey Ernie," the professional said, disregarding his nod, "better be careful what you say around here. They got enough Italians in this country to make a lot of trouble."

"Those guys start trouble? Why there ain't enough liquor in this country to get their nerve up so's they would attack an infantile paralysis hospital."

It didn't matter. It wasn't even surprising, Carpegna told himself, not if you listened to their President. He said almost the same things. Still he was irked. When he reached the starter's hut he was quite angry. "Get me my caddy," he said evenly.

The starter looked at him in surprise. "How do you like that," he said, "on a big day like this you ain't even in uniform. Didn't you hear old Musso bellowing? You guys are going in there and tear them up, and here you are asking for your caddy. Why I thought sure as hell that you were going to show up in a tank today, and run all over the course just to show how tough you guys really are."

"I don't know why I am forced to listen to the rantings of insolent fools," Carpegna said fairly quietly, "when all I require is a not unusual amount of service. Now send for my caddy."

The starter was quite dumbfounded. It was the longest speech he had ever heard Carpegna make. "Who d'you want?" he said dully.

"The Mexican boy that has been carrying for me for a long time." It was typical of them to forget everything, it was so typical of their stupidity.

"The Cholo, you mean," the starter said, "well, he ain't here." And then his face grew bright. "And you know what," he went on, "he ain't coming back. And he wasn't a Cholo. He was a wop, just like you, only a hell of a lot different, cause he's gone up to enlist, not in Benito's army either, but in the Canadian army, so's he can fight all your pals in their blackshirts. So you'll have to have someone else to lug your bag."

"That isn't true," Carpegna said, "that's ridiculous."

"Oh yeah, well read the papers. 'Italian boy signs with Allies.' Tells you all about how he saved his pennies so's he could buy a ticket up to Canada. Seems like him and his family ain't so nuts about old Benito. Here, read it."

Carpegna reached for the newspaper, and then he thought better of it. It wasn't that important. An American caddy would of course be an inconvenience. Otherwise the incident had no significance. It was unimportant, damned unimportant.

"Send up anyone," he said, "and tell him to keep his mouth shut while I play. I am not looking for company, I am looking for someone to carry my bag."

That was true. He wasn't looking for company. He was quite self-sufficient. He needed no human ties with this world of democrats, he had headlines as allies. #

The Lepers in the Wilderness

Continued from page 47

with us?" the old man asked.

"For all things am I prepared."

"And you fear not?"

"I fear not."

"And you choose the life of an outcast of your own free will?"

"I choose those who suffer. They are my people."

The old man gazed hard at the stranger, then he sank to his knees and bowed his head.

"Forgive me," he said. "I did not understand. And even now I do not understand; but I know one thing. You come to us as a friend and not as an enemy. This wilderness is our home. But were it a valley green and rich we would still welcome you; for no one has yet come out of the world to live with us. Only one thing. Do not ask us to praise the Lord. Would you have us thank Him for our wretchedness? For this!" He waved his arm to indicate the wilderness about them.

Then one of the women spoke up boldly: "He has forsaken us. He has turned a deaf ear to our prayers. Oh, Lord, what have we done to be punished so!"

And the second woman, with skin as white as that pillar of salt that was once Lot's wife, spoke: "I have wept and I have prayed. Now I am hardened. The Lord is an evil Lord. He seeks vengeance. He destroys the good, the innocent. He gives riches to the vulgar. He gives life and health to evil ones. And He brings white leprosy to us who have lived modestly and blamelessly. Such human havoc the devil himself could not accomplish."

Then one of the four men spoke and said: "We do not need to pray. The beasts of the forests do not pray. The fish in the ocean do not pray. Foxes who live in holes do not pray. We are creatures lower than the beasts. So why should we pray?"

"The son of man hath not where to rest his head. So has it always been and so will it always be." He spoke these words as He sat in the purple shadow of the great rock. Ten outcasts were before Him.

"There are those," said one, "who live in palaces. And some in houses and others in huts. Even the oxen are given a shed for the night. But what have we?"

"I bring you life; that alone and nothing more. Suffer the little children to come unto me."

He held out His arms and the two young children ran toward Him. He embraced them and stroked their heads. Suddenly the children burst into tears, but did not leave His side.

"Are you afraid of me?" He asked in a soft and gentle voice.

"No," they said.

"Then why do you weep?"

They did not reply.

"Tell me why you are weeping?" he asked again.

Finally they dried their tears.

"I do not know," said one.

But the other looked into His face and said: "A strange feeling, almost frightening, came over me. It was as though a million needle points were rushing through my veins. And every toe and finger had inside it a little heart which was beating hard. And in my head, before my eyes, the heavens seemed to open. And your words were true. He who sits on the throne in heaven loves everyone, everyone. Even we who are poor and sick and have nothing; He loves even us. And I will pray to Him."

She sank to her knees and clasped her hands in prayer. And as she prayed the blood seemed to return to her hands and face. And those who stood about looked on with wonder and astonishment.

"He loves you all," He said. "And you who are poor and sick and have nothing: you are no longer poor and no longer sick, and the world that belongs to all people now also belongs to you. Go, show yourselves unto the priests and let them see that you have been cleansed."

All who were standing now sank to their knees and held their white arms up toward heaven. And slowly, very slowly, the red of life entered into their limbs and inch by inch crept upward, glowing, warm, throbbing, until it had reached the very tips of all their fingers. Twenty arms aglow with the red of life pointed toward heaven. And the voices of the women were the first to break the silence with shrill and exalted song. Then all joined in the singing and their voices resounded through the length and breadth of the wilderness.

When they had finished singing they rose and kissed each other and some danced about, so great was their joy. The children, who only a short time before came forward with weary and sick bodies, now ran with full vigor and chased each other in and out between the great rocks. Piercing happy voices filled the air.

The outcasts lost no time. So hateful was this wilderness to them that they prepared to leave at once. Each tied his few things together in a square of cloth and very soon they stood again before Him.

One of the women, whose face was now radiant, spoke: "You are the Master who has given us a new life. What would you have us do with this life?"

"Live the life that you have been given."

"And we who have been lost in this dark valley, how would you have us live now?"

"In peace and with love."

"That we will do willingly. But we who have been damaged so much, so much, and carried a sorrow so great, are we really fit to return to our people? Can we be human again?"

"You who have suffered will understand those who are now suffering. So many tears have washed your hearts pure. Each man has a wilderness within him. Go, comfort those in need and remember the long dark years of your lives. Thy faith will make thee whole."

One by one they came and bowed before Him and kissed the hem of His robe. And one by one they rose and walked silently between the great rocks of the wilderness.

The ten lepers were now leaving the wilderness. The outcasts were returning home.

But the old man, the one who had stood over Him on the great rock and waved his staff in the air, ran back and fell down at His feet.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "I have done more than the others. It was I who forbade you to tarry. It was I who even threatened you. And it was I who gathered the other nine together to frighten you away. Envy and hate were in my heart. Forgive me."

"You are forgiven. Go, join the rest and return to life."

He rose and cried: "Now we will live. Oh, how we will live!"

"With joy?"

"With great joy. The fruits that have been denied us will taste very sweet indeed."

"And you will forget your dark days?"

"Yes. As soon as we can, we will forget."

"And you will forget that one passed here by chance and you were all healed and given back your life?"

"Master, I am ashamed. We will forget. Everything that we were and this great thing that you have done for us we will in time forget. It is not that our hearts are evil. But there is a blindness in the nature of man and gratitude melts with time."

"How long will you remember?"

"Perhaps a year, perhaps longer. That is the nature of man. Oh, Master, I am ashamed! We are not worthy. Send a curse after us and let us return to our wretchedness."

"I have come to bring you life. Go. Hurry. Join the others and live once more. Forget or remember, it matters little. Only one thing matters. Believe and have faith." #

The Un-Promoter

Continued from page 35

it! Find out how long it takes you to get a farm going! Have the land tested! Hang onto your money! Look around a while and see whether you can do better!" Few of the customers heard him, but even as they tore by, greenbacks in hand, they caught the general drift of what he was saying. To them, at that time, he seemed a Jeremiah. Later many of them, chastened and poorer, returned to ask his advice before they made their second try to become Californians.

In this metropolis of peculiarity Clements held almost the queerest position conceivable: he was paid to undo the work of his employers. Thirty years ago the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, now a straight-laced and almost painfully statistical organization, was a whooping gospel team of land pushers. No claim was too extravagant for Southern California. Her air was the patent medicine among climates; it could cure anything. This health matter was one feature of the consistent overselling of California that Clements never was able successfully to fight. His personal example stood in the way of his logic. The climate had, in fact, cured the doctor himself.

He came out from Nebraska as a young doctor, having earned part of his tuition by working on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. His interneship had been passed at Bellevue Hospital in New York and in the cripple and rupture wing at Northwestern University. Then he fell sick and had to suffer an operation. He arrived in California with only one kidney. His wife and he took a tiny shack at Riverside, spending eighteen hours a day outdoors. He was expected to live not more than a year. His nerves were so bad that he used to test himself by counting his fingers. When he first arrived he could never finish counting to ten—it was too much concentration.

California gave the doctor back his health, and in return Clements gave California, not the unchained enthusiasm of its other devotees and their priests, but an ascetic devotion to facts. He saw that California's land was not inexhaustible nor even very cheap. He knew that in the whole West, as he phrased it later: "Water and not land is the determining factor; with us it is life itself—and without price." He knew that no land was good in California unless there was water obtainable nearby and that good land even then was scarce and water even scarcer. It was these facts which he continually thrust under the nose of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and so indefatigably and courteously did he display them that he was eventually selected to found and head an agricultural department.

It is difficult, now, to understand what the fixture of a personality like Clements in a Chamber of Commerce of that period meant. It was as though a circus should hire a rigid evangelist to debunk its claims; it was in its way as startling as if Tammany had put Lincoln Steffens on its payroll and invited him to spill the dirt and act as the spiritual advisor of Boss Tweed. This was, remember, twenty-five years before big corporations thought of having consumer representation on their boards of trustees. Clements was the first paid un-promoter in the history of the United States. How could such a post be created anywhere, above all in Los Angeles?

Some day an unofficial history will be written of the Chambers of Commerce of Omaha, Los Angeles and Honolulu, and if it tells the truth, it will make a hair-raising narrative. During the 80's, when the Santa Fe was trying to wipe out the Southern Pacific in a rate war, the cost of a trip to California was hacked down at one time from $300 to a single silver dollar. For eight bits cash you could go from Omaha to Los Angeles, and with not a great deal more you could go on to Honolulu. This assembly line of ballyhoo had three sweating, shouting foremen, George Francis Crane of Omaha, Frank Wiggins of Los Angeles, and Alexander Hume Ford of Honolulu. Forever talking, their spirits resonant with manic elation, these three super-salesmen passed the Appalachian and corn-belt rubes along from hand to hand, exchanging their money for land, settling them down temporarily and then passing them on again when they were unable to make a go of small-time farming.

There was no intentional collusion in this assembly line; Crane, Wiggins and Ford were totally independent regional patriots. Indeed, there was reason to believe that they disliked each other strongly, finding their identical techniques mutually repellent. In Omaha, when Clements first met the Orpheus of Southern California, Wiggins was traveling with a tent show of county agricultural products. Everything that was grown in Los Angeles, from grapefruit to the passion flower, had a little throne in his traveling exhibition. Unfortunately, when the young doctor and the California-touched seer met at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha, a heavy fall of snow had just descended on the tents. The canvas had given way, depositing a blizzard in the heart of Los Angeles, and Wiggins, frantic over the harm being done to his precious persimmons and dates, was wildly clawing the snow from the exhibit. The young doctor fell to and helped him dig out. Before Clements knew what was happening, the lanky bard of Southern California was singing his sweet song of an ever-loving climate.

Before he caught Californitis, Wiggins had been a harness maker in a small town in Indiana. He wore handle-bar moustaches and looked something like a lost barbershop chord, but when he spoke about Southern California he became an enraptured troubadour. He told Clements how he had gone out to California with tuberculosis and built up his health. He whispered in Clements' ear the sound of the waves lapping on the shore at Long Beach, communicated to him the odor of orange blossoms at San Bernardino and described even unsalable portions of the Mohave Desert with almost a neo-Arabian fervor.

The young surgeon, in spite of himself, was enchanted.

Some years later Clements, speaking as a physician, was to dim the zeal but entrench himself forever in the conscience of the dynamic harness maker by informing him that all his claims that Southern California had cured his tuberculosis sprang from a monstrous delusion. He dared to tell Wiggins this terrible news only after years of friendship. Clements sometimes afterward regretted somewhat not allowing Wiggins to keep his faith in his favorite parable of health, his own salvation story. A few years after learning from Clements that his recovery did not bear an authentic sun-kissed seal, Wiggins, exhausted by overwork, went on a cruise into the Caribbean and died in Panama.

Clements is very far from being the conventional type of reformer. Theorists and crackpots terrify him. He never has associated himself with any party or uplift movement. From 1902 to 1918 he worked his own farm at Riverside, a place which cost him six hundred dollars. The land was cheap, but he found that in order to get ten inches of water, the bare necessity for a crop, he would have to pay $3,000 more. That was a lesson in the relation of the cost of water and the cost of land in California. He had to develop five inches more of water before he could make the farm pay. He dabbled in horticulture, and developed a new fruit known as the Klondike melon.

After his own farm was going he began to look about and saw realtors selling land to people without experience and without money to buy indispensable water. Putting himself in their place, he slowly began to kindle to anger. He was an old friend of Wiggins. He began to visit his office frequently, uninvited, and to shake a scolding doctor's finger under the nose of the galvanic Indianan. "If you don't get after those realtors and make them behave themselves, you're going to be sorry, Frank," he would say. Wiggins would yank furiously at his bicycle moustaches, stand up and roar, "You'll be the death of me, Clements, with your harping on the cost of land. People don't have to buy a lot if the price is too high, do they?"

Only the accident of the World War forced Wiggins to put his unsparing good angel on his staff. (Clements refused to accept a salary.) The government was bent upon speeding up industrialized crop production to supply foodstuffs for the Allied countries. The war cabinet looked to the Northwest and California to supply the needed surplus. For a long time it had been Wiggins' standing rule, when asked about the agricultural powers of his paradise, to reply without let or qualification that Los Angeles County grew in abundance and could furnish in un-

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"Wonderful job of camouflaging they did on this model"

The Un-Promoter

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stinting quantity anything that could be shipped. He made it a point of honor to have no exceptions in the entire vegetable kingdom, and to promise to have Luther Burbank invent anything that seemed lacking.

When the government sent Wiggins a long category of articles needed, everything from beef for the doughboys to castor oil for airplane engines, asking which could be had from his area, the harness maker responded instantly that Los Angeles could supply it all. As far as Wiggins was concerned, Los Angeles County was ready to furnish the entire total aliments for the campaign abroad.

When with some surprise Wiggins discovered that the government was not merely requesting a confession of faith, but actually expected him to make all his promises come true he hedged slightly and asked for time. Then he suggested the aid of an agricultural advisor. When Washington appointed his own conscience, Dr. Clements, to make his promises come true, Wiggins learned the news with mingled discomfiture and pleasure. He had long wanted to make their friendly association a closer one, but had never dared to face the Chamber's wolves with Clements baaing in his arms. Now finding responsibility taken out of his own hands by the government's initiative, after a pretty show of helplessness to his realtor colleagues, Wiggins accepted. Clements managed to make a decent proportion of the Indianan's magic beanstalks actually grow and the government was satisfied.

When the armistice came it rescued Clements from having to realize the entire dream of Wiggins' impossible agronomy. His unsalaried term of office was due to run until 1921. He saw a chance to put the business of selling land in Southern California on an honest basis. Wiggins saw it too, and recoiled. The land business was booming again, and he shuddered at the mettlesome look in the doctor's eye.

Clements took the initiative. "Listen, Frank," he said one day, "you and I have talked for years about having someone in this office to protect you from yourself." He did not hesitate to use such terms, for he considered Wiggins no more responsible than a man continuously under the influence of liquor. "Don't you think it's about time we did something?"

Wiggins grunted. "All right, you've scrubbed our mouths out with soap," he said. "Where do you want to hit us next?"

"Don't you think you fellows could make this office more scrupulous about the way it advertises Los Angeles County?" asked Clements softly.

Wiggins covered his eyes wearily with his hands. "All right," he said, "take over. I blame myself for this; I encouraged you. It's all yours, Doc. Too late for me to stop you now. But—" he lifted his head and extended his hands in one piteous plea—"please spare something, some fragments, at least, of this beautiful thing I've given my life to create."

Letters were pouring into the Chamber of Commerce from all over the country. The writers, from Bangor to Birmingham, had been sold on California by reading Wiggins' electro-magnetic praises. All of them, however, were not quite so ready, as Wiggins intended them to be, to pack their carpet bags forthwith and dash for California. They still, especially the New Englanders, had a few native inhibitions; a tiny doubt or two remained hanging in their minds; they even offered a few hesitating questions.

For the sacks of eastern mail that raised these timid questions and aired these prying doubts Wiggins had what seemed to him an amply descriptive term: *junk letters.* Writers often asked how much of any given crop, whether lemons or cotton or grapes, was grown in Los Angeles County. Wiggins had carefully instructed the girls answering the junk letters as to the method to be used in computing the answers. First of all, he said, all their questions were silly. Any statistical survey about California's harvests seemed trivial to him. A harvest was something not to look up in a trade report, but to dance and sing about. There existed no authoritative figures for crops in Los Angeles County, anyway; it was necessary to make some up. Wiggins had a simple rule. He told the girls to take the total amount of the fruit in question produced in California and divide it by 3. This third, whether it was avocados or walnuts, was the figure for Los Angeles County. To Wiggins it seemed a modest and conservative method of computation.

One day Clements happened to be walking through the department. The girls, the Welcomettes of their time, were busy answering the junk letters, using the unique Wiggins' rule of 3. Glancing over the shoulder of one of the girls, Clements pointed to a letter from a man in Alabama who was asking a question about the amount of cotton raised in Los Angeles County. The girl was working out the answer by the usual simple division when Clements inquired: "Aren't you going to answer his other questions?"

"Oh, this is just from some poor Negro sharecropper that's read our literature," said the girl. "We don't bother with such letters. There's hundreds of questions like that. We just ignore them."

"That man asks intelligent questions and they ought to be answered intelligently," said Clements. "Just send all letters like that to my desk, will you?"

He little knew the oceans of correspondence he was undertaking to swim! For this first rescued inquiry, however, he got quick satisfaction. The "poor Negro sharecropper" proved to be an experienced and substantial cotton-grower from Tennessee. Within a year, having received Clements' carefully documented and qualified reply, he came to California with $10,000 in cash, purchased a 1,000-acre farm in the Imperial Valley, and made good.

A few months after taking over the job of intelligence officer, Clements formed a State Advisory Committee on Agriculture. It was composed of all federal government agents and state agricultural officials. Using this body as a lever, Clements tried to force upon the Chamber of Commerce his favorite thesis that the Chamber should be not a panel of boosters but a smoothly-operating link between industry and industrial agriculture. When Clements first presented Wiggins with his list, the Indianan was flabbergasted. There already had been an agricultural committee, but it was actually for the purpose of realty whooping. Its stooges included, with a kind of lugubrious appropriateness, several members interested in land because they were undertakers. When Clements insisted that this committee should be scrapped, Wiggins flared: "All right then, George, go pick your own damn committee, if you think you know so much." When he saw the imposing roster of real experts he stammered: "Good God, man, don't you realize what you've done? There isn't a name on this list that you can *control!*"

"I must have left my driver's license in my other suit"

This committee is still alive and active today, possessing fourteen sub-committees on every subject from migrancy to transport. Long before John Steinbeck's Joads became the best known family of Californians, Clements' advisors were occupying themselves with the problem of the migrants. The committee's ideas are the more potent for being without political status. All discussion is off the record, but newspapermen are allowed to be present. Only one newspaperman has broken the voluntary vow of silence. The only power is one of recommendation—unanimous.

In time the Agricultural Department became the only division of the Chamber which Wiggins, a man who kept many dogs but always insisted on doing his own barking, allowed to find its own way. With astonishing self-control this combined Phineas Barnum, get-rich-quick Wallingford and helpful Harry kept hands off.

The theme of the unpropaganda sent by Clements to would-be home buyers was not always one of dyspeptic warning. He was optimistic, but he was precise, too. He told inquirers simply that California was a fine place to come if they wanted to live with one foot in a job and the other foot in a garden homestead, what he called "halfway back to the land," but to try to live wholly from a patch of earth was an impossibility. Before the importance of diversified crops and the kitchen garden came to be recognized, Clements was already telling his correspondents that "running a one-crop small farm is exactly like running a store where you sell only a single article; you have to be lucky to break even." He set the realtors gnawing their nails by letting every innocent east of the Sierra Nevadas in on the secret that citrous orchards take at least ten years to begin to pay for themselves.

Bales of promotional literature

about California have been thrown away, but Clements' pamphlet *The Small Farm Home in Los Angeles County*, a straightforward analysis of the gamble of shoestring homesteading, remains an authoritative document of research, having a place of unique honor in libraries and university courses throughout the country. With the aid of a young assistant named Ross Gast, who recently made for the commissary division of the United States Army a subsistence report on the Hawaiian Islands, Clements mercilessly fought "the one acre and security" promotional material that was skyrocketing Los Angeles values. Perhaps the cleverest of his truth-telling propaganda was the pamphlet adroitly entitled *The Pocket-Handkerchief Farm.* This modest bulletin of research was sent for by thousands of easterners and foreigners in the belief that it would chart them a way to the rainbow's end. When they found that it was actually a realistic treatment of their dream, they began by being angry, then came slowly around to being grateful. A man in Boston was so astonished that he had it translated into Swedish and later it reached three different languages.

For real estate men who sold worthless land, Clements had a relentless hatred. He caught a gang of pseudo realtors selling alkaline bog land to home owners who were told that they could raise abundant orchards of figs. The land was worth about twenty-five cents an acre; they disposed of square miles of it at the rate of $1200 an acre. He got results by having his weeping correspondents make claims through the federal courts on charges of using the mails to defraud. Seven men served terms averaging eleven years in Leavenworth as a result of his activities.

Time after time he would dispute with Wiggins about the Chamber's endorsement of a questionable realtor. "You can't back the name of that man, Frank," he would insist. Wiggins would wring his moustaches desperately and shriek to the ceiling: "You're ruining California's future, don't you realize that?" Repeatedly Clements was summoned before what he called the Star Chamber, the trustees of the board, and found himself facing angry realtors who claimed that the physician was a public menace. The honest realtors were in the majority, and naturally were particularly irate. When Wiggins would let it be known that he more or less agreed with them about Clements, the doctor would unrein his own temper: "What you want is an office boy!" he would shout and turn in his resignation. Through never being accepted, this rubber resignation became a way of patching up quarrels between the promoter and the un-promoter.

Clements used to tell Wiggins, whose political acumen was much greater than his own, about many of the overtures he had received from realtors who had shady land deals in view. The method generally used to approach Clements consisted of three steps: (1) the realtor would ask him to visit a plot of land about to be sold and ask his opinion on its agricultural values, ending by a quiet invitation to chisel in on the profits. (2) This having failed, the realtor would denounce him before the "Star Chamber." (3) This failing, after rejection of the rubber resignation, an open bribe would be placed in the doctor's hands in such a form that even if he refused it, the scandal of its having been offered would come out in the papers and in the scrambled minds of the Los Angeles herd, would eventuate in some pitch sticking to the doctor's hands.

This latter subterfuge was the kind Clements most dreaded handling. A scandal was one thing that the Chamber of Commerce would not stand for. It remained for Wiggins to show him how a naughty soul can sometimes give lessons in behavior to his own good angel.

One day when Clements opened his mail there fell upon his desk a $1,000 check made out to his order by a realtor. Clements took the check into Wiggins' office, placed it on his desk, and suggested that the continued imputation that he was bribable might better be avoided by having a neutral executive open all his mail before he received it. "You're talking like a virtuous fool," said Wiggins flatly. "I know exactly what to do with that check."

The signature, Wiggins had noticed, was that of a sucker-hawk known among his colleagues by a certain peculiarity: for unaccountable reasons his rocky career had given him a deep aversion for the movement and humanitarian principles of the Salvation Army. He particularly detested Evangeline Booth.

"Now George, I'll dictate a letter for you to sign," said Wiggins. He called in a stenographer and began to pace up and down the room, steering himself by his moustaches. "Dear Evangeline Booth," he dictated, "a dear friend of mine" he gave the realtor's name and address, "has sent me the following contribution to your cause with the request that I see to it that it is placed directly in your hands. For years he has been a fervent admirer of your lassies, and a generous, though anonymous contributor to your cause. I am sure that a word of acknowledgement from you personally would come to him as an unexpected honor as well as a delightful surprise. Joining my hearty wishes for your success to those of your benefactor, I am, etc." Dr. Clements thought a little while. Finally he signed the letter. #

Doing a Royal Job

Continued from page 25

to see what the sky would spout upon you. No high-falutin' heroisms! It is a "job," to be done as efficiently and thoroughly as may be. It is your work, for which you draw pay, for which painstaking specialists trained you through what seemed then to be tedious months. You fretted then at comparative inaction; now you bless the thoughtful care that insisted on hard efficiency before entrusting you with a fighting job.

And through the blur of unconscious thought, you see suddenly that here is what you came out to find—death or victory. Hatred has fled; possibly—I've felt it—there is even a limp sympathy with what you intend shall be your victims—your bag, for the fact that you are wishful to slaughter fellow-humans doesn't register in human terms. For all emotion to the contrary, these flickering glints around you might be partridges.

The fight itself is a series of flashes: none definitely registered at the moment, all taking orderly shape as your trained brain clears to accept individual facts. A man is on your tail—and you spin around to give him the works. You maneuver without conscious volition, until you see him within range, your nose bearing fairly; you touch the button and give him the burst. You follow the stream of death, pouring in another. It is your enemy or you. A flitting impression—"She'll be sorry if—" then you choke with a red heat as you see you've killed him: a fighter. He's down; diving like all hell, flaming, smoking—there's a hint of a deathly stink that is as fleeting as a thought. No time for thought—below is a clutch of bombers, intent on death. You dive eight thousand feet in a breathless plummet-sweep. You don't know you're doing it, except for the drumming of air-pressures in your ears. You use oxygen as a something within you, superior to your will, dictates.

You range for attack, and still you're not murderous, only a craftsman. You cut a bomber clean in two, watch him down; you get on to another, spitcher him. The clutch breaks formation, with every indication of panic. You chase—you settle on a big fellow's tail; but it is the instinct of that careful training that directs your synchronized movements, not your sentient self. Your brains are iced, but they work more slowly than your actions. You cannot distinguish details—the blur returns, you kill, you wriggle clear by side-slipping or cloud-seeking, of a furious attack by enemy fighters; and you steady yourself to conserve your ammunition, because to race back for fresh supplies just now might seriously affect the situation below.

You see a fighter sleeking along on some devilment and you give the gun, calling to your bus for every inch of extra speed; if you see yourself overhauling the quarry you are vaguely glad; if you drop speed you are vaguely disappointed; but not angrily so. It's just the luck.

Out of all my fights—and there have been plenty—I cannot remember either fear or elation. Not at the moment, that is. I have felt my mouth dry like a lime-kiln when the hazard's over; I have felt my heart thrusting like a hammer in my throat; but that was when in security.

One impression does stand out curiously and clearly, though. It was the other day, when I saw a German bomber deliberately wreck a hospital ship. The Red Cross was plainly evident to me, who was higher than the Heinkel. He could not help having seen it; but his downward dive had all the determined purpose of a man attacking a definitely hostile target. He killed that sacred ship. He machine-gunned nurses and wounded men—some of them Germans—as they made for the boats. He swooped and machine-gunned people—women, too—in the oily water. He was worse than any mad dog—his dastardly assassinations were by wholesale.

I felt hate—like a fire. I felt I'd kill him if it meant flying fairly into him and bringing him down in a blind grapple. I sat on him, cut him in two. He dived in a spiral; and as he dived I gave him another burst to make sure. Then the Heinkel hit the sea and disappeared, in a scum of strugglers and oil and debris—a horrible broth of death and torment.

A rubber boat popped up and clinging to it were two men: the men who had made that holocaust. A second before I'd been swearing blue murder—that if I got a shot I'd hit them in the stomach so they'd die slowly and agonizedly. The kaleidoscope fluttered.

"Poor devils! They're doing as they're told." But as I spared them I saw retribution overtake the Jerrys. Erect in their rubber boat they floated amongst swimmers, hands up—Kamerading hard. And two swimming sailors—I saw this in a lightning-flash of conscious thought—grabbed the boat, capsized it, held the airmen down until their writhings ceased.

But even then I was aware neither of pity nor satisfaction. This air-game is bigger than its player. The one sure thing about it all is the absolute, sterilized forgetfulness of one's own self. A perfectly processed machine would feel that way if it could think. It has a function to perform: clean, precise, inevitable. That is the emotion underrunning all a fighting airman's thoughts. There is no such thing as death—the only conscious feeling you have on that subject is that you might not be ashamed to face good comrades in the next unknown dimension. #

Fun in an Artist's Studio

Continued from page 64

mind sitting on this stool?"

Reluctantly Pat got up, took down the highball, somewhat thwarted by the thin taste, and moved to the stool.

"Now sit very still," she said.

He sat silent as she worked. It was three o'clock. They were running the third race at Santa Anita and he had ten bucks on the nose. That made sixty he owed Louie, the studio bookie, and Louie stood determinedly beside him at the pay window every Thursday. This dame had good legs under the easel—her red lips pleased him and the way her bare arms moved as she worked. Once upon a time he wouldn't have looked at a woman over twenty-five, unless it was a secretary right in the office with him. But the kids you saw around now were snooty—always talking about calling the police.

"Please sit still, Mr. Hobby."

"What say we knock off," he suggested, "This work makes you thirsty."

The Princess had been painting half an hour. Now she stopped and stared at him a moment.

"Mr. Hobby, you were loaned me by Mr. DeTinc. Why don't you act just as if you were working over at the studio? I'll be through in another half-hour."

"What do I get out of it?" he demanded, "I'm no poser—I'm a writer."

"Your studio salary has not stopped," she said, resuming her work, "What does it matter if Mr. DeTinc wants you to do this?"

"It's different. You're a dame. I've got my self-respect to think of."

"What do you expect me to do —flirt with you?"

"No—that's old stuff. But I thought we could sit around and have a drink."

"Perhaps later," she said, and then: "Is this harder work than the studio? Am I so difficult to look at?"

"I don't mind looking at you but why couldn't we sit on the sofa?"

"You don't sit on the sofa at the studio."

"Sure you do. Listen, if you tried all the doors in the writers' building you'd find a lot of them locked and don't you forget it."

She stepped back and squinted at him.

"Locked? To be undisturbed?" She put down her brush. "I'll get you a drink."

When she returned she stopped for a moment in the doorway—Pat had removed his shirt and stood rather sheepishly in the middle of the floor holding it toward her.

"Here's that shirt," he said, "You can have it. I know where I can get a lot more."

For a moment longer, she regarded him; then she took the shirt and put it on the sofa.

"Sit down and let me finish," she said. As he hesitated she added, "Then we'll have a drink together."

"When'll that be?"

"Fifteen minutes."

She worked quickly—several times she was content with the lower face—several times she deliberated and started over. Something that she had seen in the commissary was missing.

"Been an artist a long time?" Pat asked.

"Many years."

"Been around artists' studios a lot?"

"Quite a lot—I've had my own studios."

"I guess a lot goes on around those studios. Did you ever—"

He hesitated.

"Ever what?" she queried.

"Did you ever paint a naked man?"

"Don't talk for one minute, please." She paused with brush uplifted, seemed to listen, then made a swift stroke and looked doubtfully at the result.

"Do you know you're difficult to paint?" she said, laying down the brush.

"I don't like this posing around," he admitted, "Let's call it a day." He stood up, "Why don't you—why don't you slip into something so you'll be comfortable?"

The Princess smiled. She would tell her friends this story—it would sort of go with the picture, if the picture was any good, which she now doubted.

"You ought to revise your methods," she said, "Do you have much success with this approach?"

Pat lit a cigarette and sat down.

"If you were eighteen, see, I'd give you that line about being nuts about you."

"But why any line at all?"

"Oh, come off it!" he advised her, "You wanted to paint me, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, when a dame wants to paint a guy—" Pat reached down and undid his shoe strings, kicked his shoes onto the floor, put his stockinged feet on the couch. "—when a dame wants to see a guy about something or a guy wants to see a dame, there's a payoff, see."

The Princess sighed. "Well I seem to be trapped," she said. "But it makes it rather difficult when a dame just wants to paint a guy."

"When a dame wants to paint a guy—" Pat half closed his eyes, nodded and flapped his hands expressively. As his thumbs went suddenly toward his suspenders, she spoke in a louder voice.

"Officer!"

There was a sound behind Pat. He turned to see a young man in khaki with shining black gloves, standing in the door.

"Officer, this man is an employee of Mr. DeTinc's. Mr. DeTinc lent him to me for the afternoon."

The policeman looked at the staring image of guilt upon the couch.

"Get fresh?" he inquired.

"I don't want to prefer charges —I called the desk to be on the safe side. He was to pose for me in the nude and now he refuses." She walked casually to her easel, "Mr. Hobby, why don't you stop this mock-modesty—you'll find a turkish towel in the bathroom."

Pat reached stupidly for his shoes. Somehow it flashed into his mind that they were running the eighth race at Santa Anita—

"Shake it up, you," said the cop, "You heard what the lady said."

Pat stood up vaguely and fixed a long poignant look on the Princess.

"You told me—" he said hoarsely, "You wanted to paint—"

"You told me I meant something else. Hurry please. And officer, there's a drink in the pantry."

. . . A few minutes later as Pat sat shivering in the center of the room his memory went back to those peep-shows of his youth—though at the moment he could see little resemblance. He was grateful at least for the turkish towel, even now failing to realize that the Princess was not interested in his shattered frame but in his face.

It wore the exact expression that had wooed her in the commissary, the expression of Hollywood and Vine, the other self of Mr. DeTinc—and she worked fast while there was still light enough to paint by. #

Navajo Goes to Town

Continued from page 63

in the gods' own good time. He had heard that all his life.

Well, there was much to do. There was food to be had at the Indian camp—barbecued beef, broiled and stewed mutton, squaw bread, beans. His several hot-dogs were merely an appetizer; now he needed a full meal. He must care for his horse, too, because he would race this afternoon and tomorrow and the next day. If he won each day, he could win as much as one hundred dollars, cash. He could also win a new saddle and a bridle.

He enjoyed himself thoroughly, eating, sleeping, laughing and talking with his friends. One of them had bought a bottle of whiskey from a bootlegger. He had several drinks and it made him feel good —warm and gay, with a desire to sing and to laugh. He listened idly to some of the talk. It was against the law to sell liquor, even beer, to Indians, he heard. Some of the Navajos resented the law. They said, "Why can't we buy what the white man buys?" They talked much about it.

Jim Slim's Son, lying at ease on his back, contributed one observation to the discussion.

"What does it matter?" he inquired. "You have the whiskey. What do you care what the law is?"

He won the two-mile race, that afternoon, easily. His horse was the fastest on the track. Better still, he won some money from the man who came in second—a boastful schoolboy from Gallup who thought he was smart, thought his horse was a real race-horse. His friends congratulated him, flocked around him. He felt good. He felt like gambling. They started a game over in the Indian camp, and he won more money. He bought a bottle of whiskey and passed it around.

At another's suggestion, he joined a group and strolled over to the carnival. There was one large tent set aside for gambling, but Indians were not allowed in there because that, too, was against the law.

However, there were many slot machines that they could play. Jim Slim's Son dropped nickels and dimes and quarters into them until he thought the machines must burst. But he won nothing. Shrugging, he led the way to a hot-dog stand and ordered soda pop, red and ice-cold. The whiskey made his throat hot and dry, although it certainly made him feel fine otherwise, and the red pop was cooling.

He looked at the flapping canvas sign again. The dancing girl was very alluring. One of his friends pointed out that when the breeze stirred the canvas, the movement of her body was interesting.

Jim Slim's Son decided he must see that show, all fifty cents worth. But—but he certainly hated to risk the loss of his eyesight. Without vision, what could he do? What would he be? No; he had better not go in there.

A man in strange clothing was standing on the platform before the nautch girl's tent. He had a long pointer in his hand and he was talking at furious speed, in a loud voice. Jim Slim's Son couldn't make out a single word; but the man kept pointing to the girl's picture.

Curtains behind him opened, and a girl came out. She didn't look like the picture. She was a tall, thin girl, with blonde hair and a long, bony face. She was wearing a robe of some thin stuff. When the man pointed to her, she opened her lips. She wasn't smiling, but her expression might be called a smile.

Jim Slim's Son looked at her, then at the picture. They were quite different. There was quite a crowd in front of the platform. The man kept on talking. The girl made some motions with her body and opened her robe, so that you could see one white leg. Then she went into the tent.

The crowd bought tickets and also went in. One of Jim's companions took his arm and pulled him forward. But he made an excuse. He felt warm and uncomfortable. He was not willing to risk his sight. He said he had to feed his horse. He went back to the camp.

The next day, he won the two-mile race again and took second place in another. He gambled, he drank pop and ate sandwiches, he sang and danced in the squaw dance almost all night. He rode on the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel, he went into all the sideshows—and even saw the same woman getting her head cut off for the second time.

Oh, he had a good time!

But there was still that dancing girl to be seen. Being honest with himself, he knew that she was the reason for his coming to Flagstaff. It was not just to run a race, not merely to win money, not to ride on such strange things as a merry-go-round. No. When Tony had told of these things, he had listened with some interest. But it was Tony's description of the dancing girl who removed all of her clothes that had truly amazed him. He couldn't believe it; could not believe that a Beligano girl would do that. Or, if she did it, that men who looked upon her could retain their sight.

He was hesitant about asking others who had gone into her tent about her. They would laugh at him. They would tell him to go see for himself. Or perhaps they would not tell the truth. Maybe it was all a trick, like that of the beheaded woman.

He thought a good deal about it, even while he was doing other things and enjoying himself.

Being a gambler, he put it to himself in this way: "If I win the race tomorrow, it will be a sign I am lucky. Then I will go in there and see her. It will be a sign I am so lucky I will not go blind."

On that decision, he slept.

He remembered it at the start of the third day's race. He was suddenly afraid. He almost hoped he would not win, because if he did he would have to risk his eyes!

But he won. He couldn't help winning. His horse could beat anything on the track. And, the race once started, he felt a wild urge to win that he himself could not have controlled—it was an impulse, wild and glorious, deep inside him.

He heard the people clapping and shouting for him. He heard the announcer try to pronounce his Navajo name. He laughed. He accepted the new saddle and bridle he had won; a white man told him he could get his prize money at the office.

There were some smart schoolboy Navajos, Tony among them, waiting to get him into a game, eager to win his prize money. But he turned them down. His uncles would be very angry if he came home without it, for they would surely hear he had won. If he gambled, it must be with his other money, not with the hundred dollars he had won in the race.

He did gamble, that afternoon, but in a cautious way, risking little. He won. His luck was good. Well, tonight he would put it to a real test: he would go to see the dancing girl.

He admitted that he was afraid. The teaching of the elders was firmly, deeply, lodged in him. They said a man would go blind if he looked upon a naked woman. They were wise. They knew.

Still, others had looked at her. They still had their sight.

It was a problem, and one he could not discuss with the others.

He had come here to see her. He had made a vow that he would look upon her if he won the race. He must keep that vow or ride away toward home, tomorrow, acknowledging himself a man of weak will.

Outwardly happy, full of merriment, he was inwardly perturbed. Perhaps Tony, at school, had forsaken the old gods and had acquired new ones. Perhaps his new gods had new rules. That might be why he had not gone blind. That might explain why the others had not lost their sight. If they no longer believed in the gods, then the gods may have given them up as a bad job—perhaps they no longer punished them, merely ignored them.

But he, Jim Slim's Son, believed. A man who looked upon a naked woman—

"Ee-yah!" he said.

He postponed his ordeal to the very last, until almost midnight of the third day. Then, alone, he left the Indian camp, where he had been eating, and walked to the carnival tents. It must be now or never. He must go in now. Soon they would take the tents down. Tomorrow the carnival would be on the road to another town.

He stood before the dancing girl's tent. He slowly smoked a cigarette.

Tony Peshlakai, very drunk, his arm around the Navajo schoolgirl he had been with before, came out of the tent. He saw Jim and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Go on in, hosteen!" he said. "It'll do you good. You'll never see anything like dat on Black Mesa!"

"Yah-teh! I am going."

But still he hesitated. After all, a man's eyes—

It was strange, after all, how easily the problem was solved for him. A boy he knew well, a boy like himself—long-haired, wild, one who had never been to school, a boy who lived near the trading post at the foot of the trail, was standing at his side. They clasped hands, murmured greetings, and then this boy said, "Let us go in there. I will pay."

Jim's reluctance to express his fear, his dread of ridicule, disappeared. This boy was his friend; they were much alike.

"They say we will lose our eyes," he said.

"Yes, that is true," the boy replied. "But this is the way to do it. Look!"

Jim Slim's Son looked at him. The boy was holding one hand over one eye.

"A man with one eye can see enough," the boy said.

Jim Slim's Son laughed. Why hadn't he thought of that?

"Why, of course!" he said. "One of my uncles has only one eye. He can see everything. Come on!"

They went into the tent. There was a small crowd inside. The girl was moving about on a small platform, slowly removing garments.

Jim and his friend held their left hands over their left eyes. Jim saw that other Navajos, in there, were doing the same thing. The risk of one eye was not too great.

The girl stood there, at last, wearing only breast-plates and a jeweled girdle. That was like the picture, but she was not. She was not voluptuous, like the girl in the picture. After all, there was nothing to see but some bare white skin.

She began to talk. This was what Tony had described. Jim and his friend could not understand what she said, but she was very earnest about it. She looked hot and tired. The paint on her cheeks and around her eyes was running.

Many of the men walked out. She seemed to be calling them a name. Jim Slim's Son guessed that she thought them cheap, stingy. But a few men walked up to her and dropped fifty-cent pieces into her hand. She looked at Jim and his friend, she said something. Another Navajo interpreted it.

"She says," he explained, "she's goin' to put on a real show now, somethin' you won't forget. But it'll cost you fifty cents apiece. You pay or get out."

Jim pulled out a dollar bill, put it into her hand. For a brief moment, he was close to her. She opened her lips, gave him her automatic smile. She had a strange smell.

But not once did he remove his hand from his eye. It was all very well to risk one eye to see what he then saw, as breast-plates and girdle joined the pile of clothing on the floor, as she went through a series of contortions and writhings.

It was a very brief exhibition. The girl was tired. She reached down, suddenly, and caught up her robe.

"That's all, boys," she said, yawning. "Good night!"

The men, laughing and talking, walked out of the tent. One or two lingered behind to talk to the girl. She answered them in a bored, brassy voice.

Jim Slim's Son and his friend went out.

"*Yah-teh!*" said Jim. "I have seen it. The Beliganos—"

Well, he didn't know what to think of them. He didn't know how to say it. So he gave it up and walked over to the merry-go-round.

He thought he would enjoy one last ride on the pretty little painted ponies. He bought tickets.

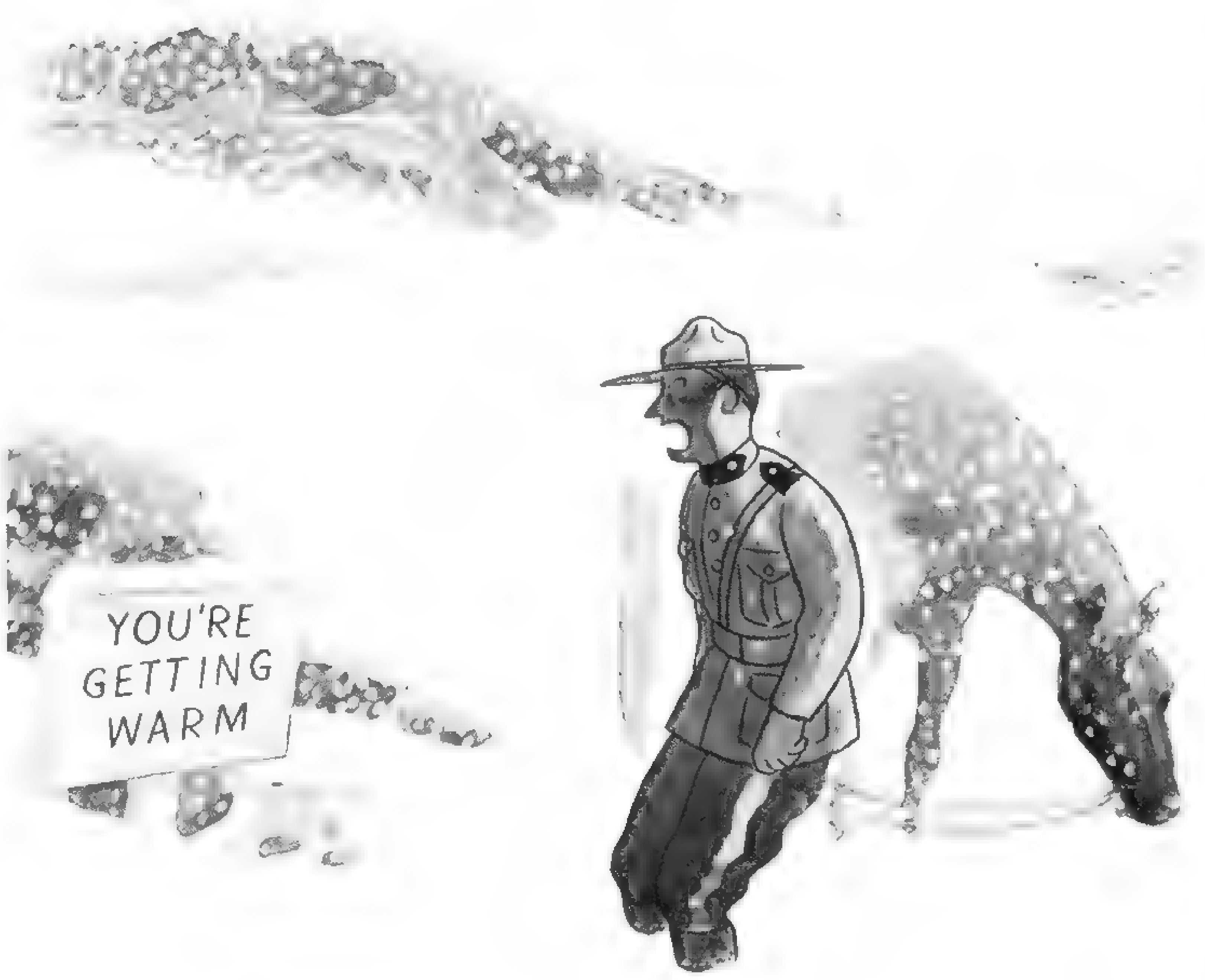
Then he and the other boy, laughing, singing, pretending they were riding to a squaw dance, rode around and around.

Well, he had seen everything. It was all as Tony claimed. Now he could believe anything.

Best of all, he had saved his eyes. At least, one eye.

He put his head back and laughed. His friend joined him and then they both sang. It was time to go over to the camp. The squaw dance would be starting. They would dance and sing all night. And tomorrow, they would ride toward home.

Jim Slim's Son would certainly have things to tell about, there on Black Mesa. ##



"Wise guy, eh?"

Parallel: A Revolution in Skiing

Continued from page 37

have thrown away the tricycle. You see?"

Yes, the writer did see what Loosli was getting at, but how does he teach people to stop and how do they turn if he won't let them Plow or Stemm?

"For that, my friend, you had better come out with us tomorrow. Then you will see."

The next morning we piled into the buses and headed out to Lac Beauport, nine miles away. It was a clear, cold morning and the snow was well packed on the popular slopes. Fritz and his instructors, dressed in the red wind shirts and the white flannel caps of the school, took small groups to different parts of the rolling terrain. Fritz, taking a class of beginners so that this expositor might see the system as worked by the headmaster himself, led the way to a gentle hill with a particularly hard-packed surface.

"Here," he explained, "I teach them how to run straight downhill without stopping or turning."

This he did, then, illustrating how the pupils should allow their skis to run with them freely. While they were doing this he explained this first step.

"You see, there is no need for a Snowplow here. The hill is so gentle that the pupils can let the skis run and they will stop naturally on the flat at the bottom. Psychology plays a big part in ski instruction, more so in my system than any other. What I am doing now is mentally holding these pupils on that bicycle I told you about, until they have mastered their balance and acquired enough confidence so that I may let them go. The rest is easy."

Loosli returned to his pupils, pointing out faults and illustrating the proper running position. After ten minutes or so of this, he then began to introduce flexibility into their positions. He started to show them how to slide alternately the left and then the right ski forward while running and he introduced the knee bend, showing the pupils how to change their running position from the erect to the crouch, constantly going from one to the other.

He was about this quite a while, lining the pupils up at the top of the grade and sending them off together. Down the hill the dozen would go each time, bobbing up and down like horses on a carousel, sliding first one and then the other ski forward.

"These pupils," Fritz said, "are beginning to feel more at home on their skis. Their sense of balance has improved and the stiffness has flown out of their bodies. Now that they are sufficiently relaxed, watch what happens."

Again he lined them all up at the top of the grade and explained that he wanted them to change their running positions in unison, according to his commands. "Down! Up! Down! Up!" he shouted throughout each run and the skiers responded, all bobbing together. Suddenly it happened.

As the pupils came out of their crouch, just at the moment when they reached the apex of one of the up-movements, Fritz shouted at the top of his voice, "Turn!" Turn they did, the most surprised bunch of turners one ever saw. All they knew was that suddenly they were standing sideways on the hill.

"Oh-ho!" hollered Fritzie, laughing, "you see you have turned. You have just made a Parallel turn. You see?"

Well, most of them didn't see, but they were so happy about it they didn't care. This observer did see, however, and what it was he saw convinced him that here was a minor miracle. In as quick a time as it has taken to tell it, he had seen these pupils, on their first day out, make a Parallel Christiania. True, it was an awkward looking maneuver. The point is, they had turned.

Back at the Château that evening, over another porter, Fritz explained what the writer had seen.

"That turn you saw those beginners make today on their first day out is simple—so simple I often wonder why I didn't think of it before. It is based on the fact that on a hard-packed slope, at the moment when the skis are almost completely unweighted and moving lightly over the surface, they can be turned with practically no effort. That is the simple secret of it and the beginner has made a Parallel Christiania.

"Now that is a very clumsy Christiania, so I'll explain how I go about perfecting it. I have divided my course into three phases. That was the first phase that you witnessed, in which I emphasize the motion of the skis only and purposely avoid concentration on knee and shoulder action. I only stress enough knee action to accomplish that first turn on the first day, because making that initial turn so soon makes my pupils so enthusiastic that they are much easier to teach from then on.

"Now the second phase concentrates upon getting that inner or uphill ski well forward and it emphasizes the weighting and unweighting of the skis by the knee action. It stresses the smooth transitions from the erect position to a forward crouch and back again. It is as that unweighted moment is approached, you understand, that the inner ski is slid forward which is followed by the skier sinking into his knees and plunging into the turn.

"Then, when the pupil has the down-up motion mastered and when he is loose and at home on the skis, I bring in the shoulder swing. This, you know, is simply a swinging of the upper part of the body led by the shoulders in the direction of the turn. It supplies more momentum for the turn and is a great aid to the beginner. Later on, to more advanced classes I teach what we call a 'reverse shoulder action.'

"This reverse shoulder action is employed to remedy the fault that exists when the tail end of the skis, due to the exaggerated shoulder swing, pass the line of running and give the turn a dragging appearance. It simply means that instead of bringing the downhill shoulder around—that is, the right shoulder around when you turn left—the uphill shoulder is shoved forward with the uphill ski—that is, the left shoulder is moved foreward with the left ski for a left turn. That adds much more grace and is much less tiring than swinging the upper body from one side to the other. It places the emphasis on the down-up movement, really the most important factor of a graceful turn."

"Blue Boy, will you please stop looking so darn noble and give me a hand?"

Thus did Fritzie Loosli explain in a few words this revolutionary method of ski instruction.

The little man himself, out of Lausanne, Switzerland, has been skiing since he was three years old, teaching since he was twenty. An all-around athlete, he was in the Swiss four-oared shell that won the 1924 Olympic title at Paris. In skiing, in his younger days, he won more medals and cups for jumping, cross-country and downhill competition than his wife, Eve, can now keep polished. He taught first at St. Moritz where, when he had to teach French movie stars to ski in one week, he first realized the need for a rapid method of instruction.

Throughout 1928-29-30 Vancouver, Banff and almost all of Alberta passed beneath his boards. In 1932 he came east and, as they say around Northern Ontario, "put Muskoka on skis." They were skis he made himself from logs split by hand. In 1936 he was called by the Canadian Amateur Ski Association to develop the new Georgian Bay Territory, surveying, cutting trails, teaching. It was in 1937, however, that the Toronto Ski Club, the largest in the world, called him and it was there, that he came across Parallel Skiing.

It was all very undramatic. One night he came across a short sports article refuting a claim by Emile Allais, Federation Internationale de Ski, downhill, slalom and combined champion, that skiers might be instructed from the start in parallel turning. Loosli never met Allais, never heard his side of the argument. The refutation was sufficient to stir him into experimenting with the idea.

"A day or two later," he said, "I took a class of twelve beginners and divided it into two groups. The six least proficient I started to teach Parallel, the other six I continued to teach the Snowplow system. To my surprise, after four hours, the first group could ski as well as the second and by the next day, with two more hours of instruction, they had surpassed them.

"When," he added, "at the end of the first week the Snowplow people could no longer go on the same hills with the others—then I knew I had something."

He continued to teach the Snowplow system to the greater number that desired it, but he experimented with Parallel whenever he could with groups of all ages. During the next summer he received the call from the Château.

After many hours of gyrations on the office rug and many more hours of demonstrations on the Beauport hills he convinced George Jessop, director of skiing, that the Château should take a chance on this new idea. There have never been any regrets.

Throughout all of last winter,

he perfected his method. He tested it thoroughly day after day, under all conditions, never quite sure of his system, shunning publicity that might do it, while it was still in the formative stage, more harm than good.

No better testing material could be found anywhere than that which frequents the Château. It naturally attracts a clientele drawn from the more leisurely walks of life. Many of them are not naturally athletic and are unaccustomed to exercise. A dainty movie actress from Hollywood, a rotund manufacturer from Boston, a middle-aged banker from New York—these and others went out to spread the word.

Out of all of this there came continually new discoveries.

"For instance," said Fritz, "I found that the young took to my system at once, even more quickly than adults, and then I realized that for years I had been watching children learning to ski naturally by the Parallel method.

"A child will ski by instinct. He won't bother with a mechanical method, and therefore the closer a system of instruction can be brought to these instinctive motions of a child, the sooner the adult skier will ski with feeling and co-ordination. I know this to be true, because I taught my system successfully to a sixty-five-year-old man who never had been on skis before and I found that there is a grace in the skiing of a Parallel pupil, no matter what his age, that only about one out of thirty Snowplow pupils ever attains.

"Now this is logical," he went on, "because in its early stages of instruction the Snowplow system teaches many movements that are directly the opposite of movements that are taught later. In the Snowplow itself, for instance, the skier is taught to lean back and brace himself against the hill. The steeper the hill, the more he leans back. Later, when the Christiania is introduced, however, he must be taught to lean forward, to plunge into the turn—the greater the grade, the greater this forward lean. Parallel Skiing teaches this from the start, there is nothing to correct later on and so it is the simplest, most direct and most efficient method."

A skier brought up on the Snowplow will want to ask how one stops or slows down without braking one's speed by Plowing.

"The answer to that," explained Fritz, "is by parallel turns—little check turns and complete Christies. You must remember that the instruction is started on a gentle and smooth hill with a clear outrun where there is no need, ever, for the skier to slow down or stop by employing a Plow.

"Now, when the skier has perfected the turn, in both directions, on this hill, I then take him onto a slightly steeper grade and show him how to link these turns to right and to left into what is known as a series of parallel check turns. These serve to regulate the skier's speed and he can stop at any time by simply turning sideways on the hill. By sideslipping—letting the skis slide sideways down the hill—he can add a smoothness to these checks and stops, lengthening them or shortening them. The necessity of any Plowing or Stemming, you see, has been completely eliminated.

"In this respect," he continued, "I will admit, too, that there are a certain few occasions, on a narrow trail where the skier is hemmed in by trees, for example, where a full Christie is inconvenient. I have no objection to a skier going into a Plow at such a time and I have yet to find a Parallel skier who couldn't naturally go into a Plow without having to be taught. My contention is that the actual need for a Snowplow comes but seldom and that when it is taught early in a skier's development it is more of a detriment than an asset."

"But Fritz," the writer asked, "granted that your system works wonders on a hard-packed surface where little effort is needed to turn the skis, what of heavy powder?"

"I was waiting for that," said Fritz. "In the first place, you have to admit most skiers on this continent do practically all their skiing on the packed surfaces of slopes fed by tows and other lifts. Therefore my opponents' contention that my system is not so applicable to heavy snow conditions loses much of its importance.

"This being established," he went on, "I will concede that in first learning, the Stemm system, being more mechanical, may be more easily applied on powder snow, although it, too, is more difficult to master there than on a packed surface. The place to learn to ski, however, is not in deep powder and after perfecting my Parallel technique on a smooth slope, it is no more difficult to adapt to powder than any other."

And so, in so many words, in so simple a manner, Fritzie Loosli, jolly little general, answered all questions and completely explained for the first time for publication the greatest step to be taken in skiing instruction since the introduction of the sport. There is no presumption in his manner, no intolerance in regard to other schools or other instructors.

"I wish you would say," he concluded, "that when I criticize other methods it is not because I have anything against them or those who teach them. I fully respect the Snowplow System and those who have developed it. They have been necessary for skiing's natural development. My system is the outgrowth of all their discoveries. I hope they will see it that way."

Whether these others will look at it that way, however, is a question. Loosli, sincere and honest, has developed a system of teaching skiing which, as explained, cuts the instruction period in a third. This is bound to jar the business acumen of more than a few of skiing's Sacred Sahibs, for business and skiing have been practically wedded from the start.

Those of us who have been near the sport, don't have to think back very far to remember when the popularity of an instructor was entirely dependent upon the extent of his accent. Then there arose those two schools. The one wore long trousers tucked into the boots and said you must Stemm always with your knees together, and the other wore short trousers like knickers and said you must Stemm always with your knees apart. The next step was natural. It was found that if you Stemmed sometimes with your knees together and sometimes with your knees apart you got around just as well.

Out of all this then, you will recall, there finally came order. Hannes Schneider, Otto Schneibs, and others, standardized the Stemm school and now comes Fritzie Loosli with a new system, partially the outgrowth of theirs and even more direct and more natural. This last objective, however, even as the others, won't be won without a fight.

Loosli and his lieutenants, though, are ready. The snow is on the slopes of Beauport once again, the nights are clear and cold and skiers from all over the States and Canada sit once more before the crackling fire in the Ski Hawk Room, enthralled with this little man and this new thing he teaches. They come, they see, and they are conquered and in this way the little army grows and prepares to storm the bastions of every other ski school in existence.

Parallel Skiing, it is apparent, will not be denied. #

The Screen Test

Continued from page 30

at the shiny-haired man.

"Isn't he sweet," she said when the man had turned away. "I wonder if all big movie guys are like him. He dresses so fine and—OOooOOh, Fred!"

The loudspeaker was echoing the Cornet Corps' version of *California Here I Come.*

"Chin up, Beautiful, keep smiling," said the boy. He stood in the wings while finalists went out to face audience and judges. He looked at his watch and stretched on tiptoes to peer into the darkened rear of the theatre.

"Oh, Fred," they were backstage again while three dinner-coated fat men sat out front deliberating which contestant should first be eliminated. "Those judges. They're so stiff and so stuck up. I just know they'll think I'm nobody and—."

While the imitation Mae West wadded a handkerchief in her fist and blinked, the three others went out to face the tribunal. The boy fumbled at his watch, again stood on tiptoes.

"Goodness," the girl was back. She breathed deeply. "It's a wonder I've got any nerves left. I've got a notion to—."

"Please don't talk like that, Beautiful," said the boy. "You were gorgeous, honest you were. I was watching and I could tell. Even those fellows in the band were looking at you and they should know."

"Were they?" The girl saw the redhead hurl a small, beaded bag against the wall. She dabbed powder at her nose. "Yes, I guess they would," she said. "They're professionals and I guess they know when somebody's looking for a career instead of like some people I could mention." She eyed the one with the silver foxes. "I—Oh, Goodness, Fred, be careful! My nails are a mess now."

The boy watched her out there on the stage. He mopped his forehead. He remembered the time only six months ago when he had expected to get that thirty-per job in the main office and the boss's nephew had got it instead. He peered back into the darkness. His muscles tensed.

Four ushers, arms laden with flowers, were coming down the aisles. Audience and judges craned necks to look at them. The boy watched the stage. He saw the red stand out harshly against the white face of the one with the silver foxes.

Half an hour later he stood again at the door of the Paragon Palace.

"Oh, Fred," said the girl. Bright lacquered nails were busy just above his heart. "I wish you could go but it's for big shots and everybody will have on tuxedos and you haven't got one and—Well, you know how it is and—."

"Sure," said the boy. "Sure."

"—and anyhow this is for you from me and you know that I'll never—."

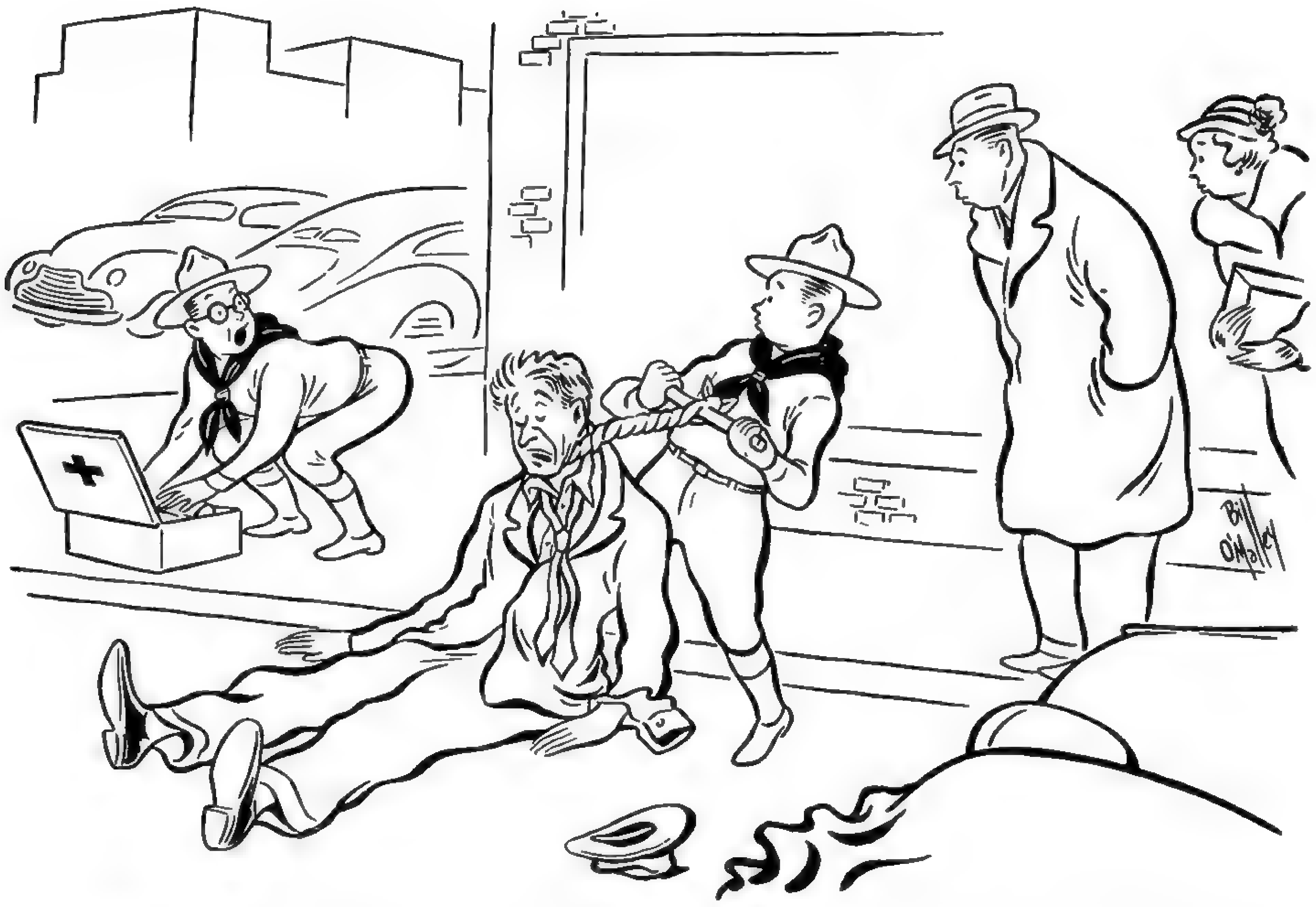
"We're waiting, Miss Utopolis," called the shiny-haired man.

A pin dropped. Tongue moistened red lips. A small warm hand slipped away.

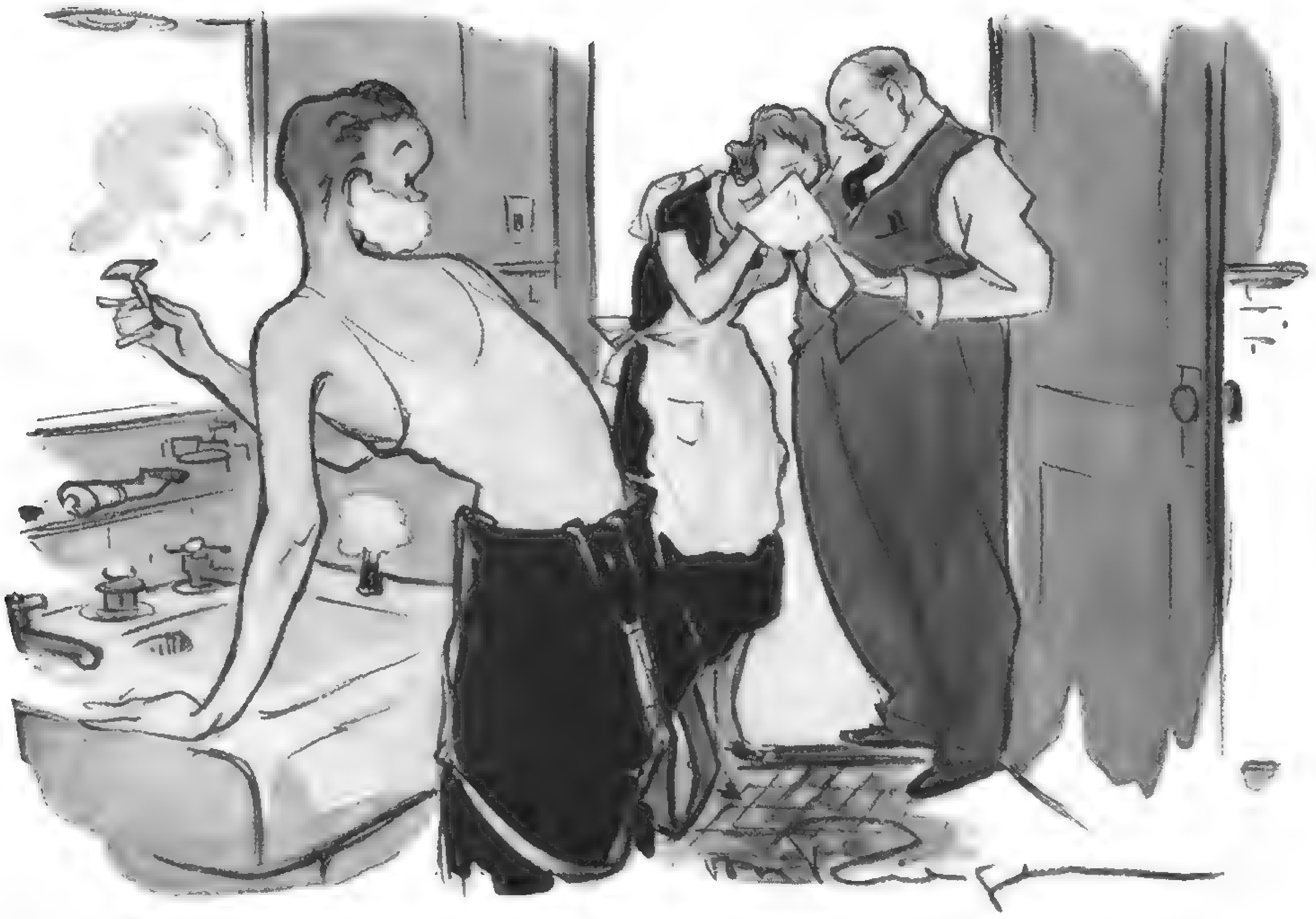
The boy touched the rose dangling from his button hole. He thought about the evening. That florist had been right. For forty bucks he had done a job that looked like a million. She had never been lovelier than when she kneeled there, gurgling with laughter, clapping her hands, almost surrounded by flowers. She—.

He counted the strokes while the courthouse clock proclaimed that another Saturday night had finished separating the weeks for the inhabitants of Utopolis, Ohio. His heavy fingers were lonesome. He shoved them into the pockets of the blue serge coat that would have to do for another year.

Across the street, lights still emblazoned the information that "Fineman Furnishes Furniture for the Finest Folks." He never once glanced towards them. #



"Wait a minute, Fenton—I don't think you make a tourniquet like that to stop nose bleeds!"



"There, there, mother—son has to start shaving sometime"

Women Are Bad Providers

Continued from page 52

squeezed her hand, praised her costume, accompanied her to the dentist's, and waited for her. Then, since he had nothing else to do, they went walking together.

They were a very elegant couple. One could hardly detect the signs of incipient goiter in Paulette, and nobody could tell that the elegant chap didn't have enough money for lunch. They passed a parfumerie which had Gaston's photograph in the window, autographed and bearing a few polite words praising the shaving cream of the firm. Gaston was a famous man.

They smiled and nodded right and left. They knew everybody and everybody knew them. The habitués swarming on the elegant street surrounded them with a peculiar, pleasant kind of friendship. Which was a rather strange sociological phenomenon, since neither Paulette nor Gaston enjoyed an impeccable reputation. It was known that Paulette had suspicious connections with foreign agents, and public opinion concerning Gaston stated that he was kept by women; that he was an idle parasite, a gigolo.

But this opinion was not just. It had happened that in a difficult situation Gaston accepted little fees from ladies, but nobody spent more on flowers and little attentions than he in the moments of affluence. True, one of his wives, a commercial artiste who painted roses and gondolas on parchment lamp shades, gave Gaston room and board during the few months of their cohabitation. On the other hand, Gaston, after a successful game of baccarat, bought the woman a platinum watch, an astrakhan coat, and a chest full of exquisite Viennese linen. These precious objects, together with a pleasant memory of Gaston, stayed with the forsaken woman, who had a sensitive soul and a nose like Dante's. The woman filled the town with her sorrow, although the fur coat alone cost three times as much as Gaston's very modest room and board from May to October.

Gaston had wasted not only his money but his entire life on women. From the time he was sixteen until he was fifty he paid no attention to anything but love. He knew how to mix the sexual and the poetic elements of an affair. If a beautiful, pleasant and perhaps sly woman concentrates on nothing but love through thirty-four years, then by the time she needs the services of a plastic surgeon to get her face adjusted she is certain to have jewelry, a villa, and a nice bank account. But during all this time Gaston, who had spent his life in making life pleasant for women, could achieve no earthly prosperity. True, perhaps it was impossible because, generally speaking, women are stingy. But it was more likely that he didn't care to. One might say that he had loved *l'art pour l'art.* He never asked anything for his time and pains. He left without saying a cross word when mighty and prominent women, having become satiated with him, put him down where they had picked him up. A pleasant, feline smile would flicker in his eyes and he would set out on the road toward a new love about which he could later tell his friends.

On this day, after the visit to the dentist and after he had said goodbye to Paulette, he had lunch in the dining room of the best hotel on the Quai. Naturally, he didn't pay. The waiter put his check aside, smiling. He was proud to extend credit to a fashionable gentleman whose photograph was in the windows of the best shops and who had been loved by Madame X and even by Lady Y. Because even the waiters knew of Gaston's escapades. Gaston always saw to it that his triumphs did not remain hidden from the public eye. He couldn't help that; he was the kind of man who loved to love before a great audience.

The afternoon he spent in a roulette club, simply as a kibitzer, for lack of money. In the evening Gaston had an invitation to a bridge dinner at the Baron Gyötöri's. He had been invited by the Baroness, at her own risk, behind her husband's back. Because she knew that her husband hated and envied Gaston for the successes he had achieved with women, apparently without financial investment.

But on this point the timid Baroness dared to oppose her dreaded husband because she was mortally and hopelessly in love with Gaston. The poor woman was bitter and sad; like a glass of purgative water. Her figure, her skin, her teeth were bad. Half her hair had fallen out after an attack of typhoid fever; the most famous hairdressers of the city had sweated over this half-bald female head. But, as they say, the Baroness Gyötöri had a beautiful soul. She was selfless and humble. She knew that she could never taste Gaston because to Gaston riches or titles did not mean everything; the woman with whom he occupied himself had to have rank as a woman too. And regarding this point the Baroness didn't have any illusions. Even in her most optimistic moments the most she dared admit concerning herself was that her beauty was out of date. She wanted to see Gaston in an entirely unselfish manner, so that "her soul would harmonize with his." If he didn't want her, she wanted to present her idol with opportunities at least. Her sufferings almost verged on delight when Gaston watered the buds of his innumerable flirtations before her eyes.

When the mother-of-pearl, affable face of the fifty-year-young gentleman appeared in the wide open door the Baroness turned toward him as if the Count of Provence had entered her salon. Otherwise the assembled company received Gaston as if he had been a demimonde. Only the natural attitude of the sexes was reversed. The men became frightened, as amateurs are frightened of a professional. The women enjoyed a sense of pleasant excitement.

The table was magnificent. The dining room was lighted with ecclesiastical wax candles out of regard for the complexion of the women above forty. Gaston sat between two ladies occupying equal rank in society. He entertained both cleverly; one above the table with pleasant nothings, the other one under the table with the tender sign-language of his knee.

At a quarter past ten, five bridge groups were formed. Gaston whispered to the hostess: "Edith, darling; please put me at the most expensive table. It bores me terribly to play for chicken feed."

Of course it is boring to play for chicken feed, for someone who doesn't have a red penny to his name and who would like to dig for gold. That it was also possible to lose at the expensive table didn't bother Gaston in the least. He didn't know his partners and they didn't know him. There is nothing easier than to remain in debt to someone at cards when playing with distinguished strangers at a distinguished house. And that's how it happened. Gaston lost and remained in debt, and in this way he established most intimate friendly connections with three rich gentlemen whose addresses and telephone numbers he carefully registered on a page torn from the bridge block. Someday the addresses might come in handy in a moment of utter extremity.

The company began to disperse. Gaston was just trying to decide which one of the guests was most likely to offer him a ride to the city when a befreckled, blue-haired, famous widow, who had beautiful arms and arm-pits, stepped up to him: "I haven't got my car tonight. Wouldn't you take me home?" said the woman with the suppressed excitement of some indefinite promise in her hoarse, enervated voice.

"I'd be delighted," Gaston answered, and glided out to the hall with the woman.

Baron Gyötöri looked after them. His anger was suffocating him. The befreckled beauty was, secretly, his expensively maintained mistress. He knew the lady's temperament and knew what it meant when she asked somebody to see her home. He was so wild with jealousy that after the departure of the last guest he spent his rage on his wife. He grabbed her by the arms and shook her violently.

"Release my arms. You're hurting me," said the Baroness dramatically, as if she had been standing on a stage.

"Goddam your arms!" answered the man in more simple vernacular. "If you invite that gigolo here once more I'm going to have the butler kick him downstairs."

Baron Gyötöri had no right to call Gaston a gigolo. Gaston had been acquitted of this charge by his total lack of financial success; he had cast the pearls of his attractive personality unselfishly and elegantly before the swine. On the other hand, the Baron had contracted a dishonest and cruel business deal when he had married. He had loathed his wife when he first met her; his loathing became more violent when he became engaged to her; and when he went to Italy on a honeymoon trip with her his loathing assumed supernatural proportions. He had married her because she was born a Klimp-Klumpmayer and terribly rich, whereas he had nothing outside his brutality, with which he wanted to amass a fortune at any price.

The Baron shook the Baroness and threw her in the corner like a dishrag and then later chased her out of the bathroom with the categorical announcement that he was going to take the first bath. He could do whatever he pleased with her. He could have kept her in a sty. The woman had no chance to outwit him. Baron Gyötöri was as repulsive as a hog draped in a tuxedo, but with his purposeful brutality he had squeezed out a marriage contract which placed in his hands not only his wife but the whole Klimp-Klumpmayer family. Baron Gyötöri had legal papers which gave him the privilege of blackmail and robbery. For this reason he was an object of humble adulation wherever he went. And nobody would have dared accuse him of living off a woman. This charge the world reserved for the handsome, affable, and innocent Gaston.

While the Baron and the Baroness were quarreling, Gaston was already sitting in a cab which sped along the river. His head was caught in the steel triangle of the blue-haired woman's arm. It would be useless to deny that he liked the situation. It was like absinthe to a chronic alcoholic. Such things had happened to him so often that he acted a little blasé; he was more passive than otherwise. He closed his eyes languidly and in the meantime listened to the monotonous ticking of the meter. How the hell was he going to pay for the taxi? The poor Gaston was yearning for five *pengös* as he relaxed in the bejeweled arms of his lady. Inwardly he enumerated all the night cafés in front of which one might cast anchor and have the head waiter pay the taxi bill. In the meantime Baron Gyötöri's mistress was stroking Gaston's discreetly graying hair with fingers which coruscated with diamonds. She too had her financial worries. She was trying to decide what to send this new boy friend. A nickel cocktail shaker or an embroidered cushion. Because she felt that any chivalrous service from such a dangerous man had to be nullified post haste. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 95

ter. The second joint and the drumstick form a V shape; the closed end of the V must be pointing toward you and the open end away from you. Take your knife now and putting the blade between the fork's two tines you can sever the joints without the least difficulty; this is why it is so important that when you first insert your fork in the leg, one tine must be in the drumstick and the other in the second joint; the joints will come almost exactly in the middle of the two-pronged fork. If you are not absolutely certain of the joint's position, you must gently feel about a bit with the knife until you find the point of separation.

You may carve the dark meat off the second joint or you may want to serve it whole if the bird was not too large; the slices of dark meat served must somewhat correspond in size to the white meat. To carve the white meat off the breast, insert your fork deep at a low point in the frame, and slice thin slices from the breast, parallel with the breastbone. You take off the wing the same way you removed the leg, inserting the two tines of the fork in both joints, cutting around the bone and forcing away the wing from the turkey. Don't carve off more meat than is needed for the meal. If one leg, one wing and one side of the breast is not sufficient, turn the bird and carve it in the same way on its other side. There are other styles in carving turkey, such as cutting the entire breast free from the carcass first and then slicing the white meat, cutting it perpendicular to the bone; or cutting the breast right in two through the wishbone and thus carving the white meat from two separate pieces. These two methods are rather professional though, and you ought to stick to the first one.

Among the few women I've ever seen carve a turkey expertly is Elsie Houston, the beautiful Brazilian singer. She carves the white meat almost horizontally so the slices are very large and appetizing. She told me that in Brazil they kill the turkey after first getting it intoxicated. This serves two purposes: it is rather difficult to catch and kill a big, powerful turkey, and then the meat tastes marvelous from that long, last drink. As we ate slowly—you must eat slowly if you want to enjoy a choice bite—Miss Houston apologized that we weren't in Rio de Janeiro and that the turkey wasn't drunk. I readily forgave her and allowed her to pour me the portion which was meant for the turkey.

If it is a broiler, sever the leg from the body, split the breast in two and serve half of the breast and the leg to each person.

Geese and ducks are very deep-jointed birds and although they are carved in practically the same way as turkey, you may employ poultry shears in disjointing them. It is useful in handling the legs and wings, but of course, you can't slice the breast with it. A good pair of shears may be bought for two or three dollars and it is all right to manipulate them at table. As a rule the drumstick of the duck is never served.

I find it impossible to go on without talking of *Caneton à la Presse*. This is roast duck, which is put into a press right at the table so that the juice of the bones and some of the flesh may be extracted by squeezing. A special press is employed made of silver or some other fine metal; it looks like the coffee grinder of bygone days, only in place of the handle there is a wheel, something like the steering wheel of a ship. By twisting the wheel tightly the carcass is crushed and the fluid comes out through a little spout. A press of this kind is rather expensive—they showed me one at the Stork Club that cost thirty-two bucks; but for people who are convinced, together with Brillat-Savarin, that good eating is a solemn and exquisite duty man owes to himself and his stomach, it is worth the money.

CANETON À LA PRESSE

Roast the duckling for twenty minutes and send instantly to the table. There remove the legs which are not served; carve what's carvable into fine slices and put them against one another on a warm dish. Chop up the carcass and press it in the machine, sprinkling it the while with a glass of good red wine. Add a few drops of brandy to the collected gravy and with this sprinkle the slices of duck which were well seasoned. Put the dish on a chafer and heat well, but don't let it boil. Serve at once.

Game has to be carved according to the size of the bird. Partridge is either served whole or cut in half if it is large enough. Snipe is always served whole, as is quail. Pheasant is carved similarly to chicken. Ortolan, a little game bird of the bunting family, is never touched by either knife or fork; it is not much larger than a colibri, and it is put in the mouth whole. Hare or rabbit is placed on the platter with its back up and its fore-part toward the left of you. Separate the near shoulder and then the hind leg; this is done by cutting around and carrying the knife up nearly to the backbone. Bend the legs now and cut through the joints to segregate them. Thrust your fork firmly in the back and cut slices from the loin next to the backbone which is the best part. This is the English way to carve hare and much better than the French method.

How meat is carved is very important since not only the taste and smell come into play in culinary enjoyment but also the eyes and the sense of aesthetics, and therefore I always watch for a good carver. I recently went to Toots Shor's restaurant in West 51st Street to witness the ritual of carving roast beef. This genial and happy restaurateur is addressed as "Toots" by everyone in New York, including his waiters. He serves more rib roast beef than anyone else in town, so he ought to know how to carve it. At his place they always carve toward the bone, never away from it. All roasts are carved straight across the grain of the meat. With the aid of the fork, thin slices are thus carved with the long carving knife until the bone is encountered. Then, in order to separate the slices, the sharp point of the knife is run across them, as near as possible to the ribs. It is a very simple procedure, especially if the rib of beef is large; if it is not, the carving is more complicated because the shape is awkward and it is hard to steady the meat with the fork for the carving knife. Roast beef should wait on the corner of the stove for a half-hour before carving; this way it will be more tender and the juice will not escape.

Steak is the simplest meat to carve. What is much more complicated is the fact that there are so many different kinds of steak. There is Filet Mignon which is the best known beef fillet in this country; but there is also the excellent Chateaubriand, which is also a fillet steak, only three times as large as the Mignon. Tournedos is also a fillet steak. Porterhouse steak is a slice from the sirloin of beef, cleared of the flank and the bones before grilling. The sirloin steak is cut either from the upper fillet or the ribs of beef. It should not weigh more than two or three pounds. There are four different cuts of prime ribs of beef; the Delmonico, an upper cut near the spine, the T-bone, rump, and round steaks. They are carved more or less the same, the meat separated from the bone by cutting along the bone with the point of the knife.

Generally a large steak is carved into small pieces, narrowish slices, and only the middle part should be served, since these are the choicest bits. I call a steak a steak only if it is at least one and one half inches thick. Into a grilled steak it is well for the conscientious carver to poke a finger to ascertain if it is done. For if the meat resists pressure it is done, and if it gives, the center is not cooked yet. If you don't like to poke, just look: If there are little beads of blood on the surface, the steak is ready.

I haven't seen a Baron of Lamb or Mutton—the saddle and the two legs, or a pair of hindquarters—since I was last at Simpson's on the Strand in London. But frankly it is a most difficult piece to carve, and I'll be satisfied with a leg of lamb. It was good enough for Napoleon, and it's good enough for me. In fact the Corsican liked this roast so much, with onion and garlic, that he ate himself terribly sick with it on the third day of the disastrous Battle of Leipsic. Gentlemen, don't ignore the digestive tract in your discussions of history. In a sudden fit of indigestion Oliver Cromwell ordered Charles I beheaded. And what did Charles IX of France do on account of prolonged constipation? He ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew! It was Maurice Healy, King's Councillor, and a famous gourmet and culinary writer of excellence, who said that "crime is largely a matter of the digestion; a well cared-for alimentary canal is the surest means of promoting benevolence."

This digression started with the leg of lamb, so here is how you carve it—but don't forget to stud it with garlic. The leg is placed on the platter with the small bone to the left of you and the curved side of the leg uppermost. Your fork should be put in the center muscle. Cut thin slices across the grain of the meat to the bone. Insert the point of the knife beneath the cut slices and cut along the surface of the bone to release the cut slices. The saddle is carved much more ceremoniously; in long, thick, vertical pieces, not unlike the pieces of a wedding cake.

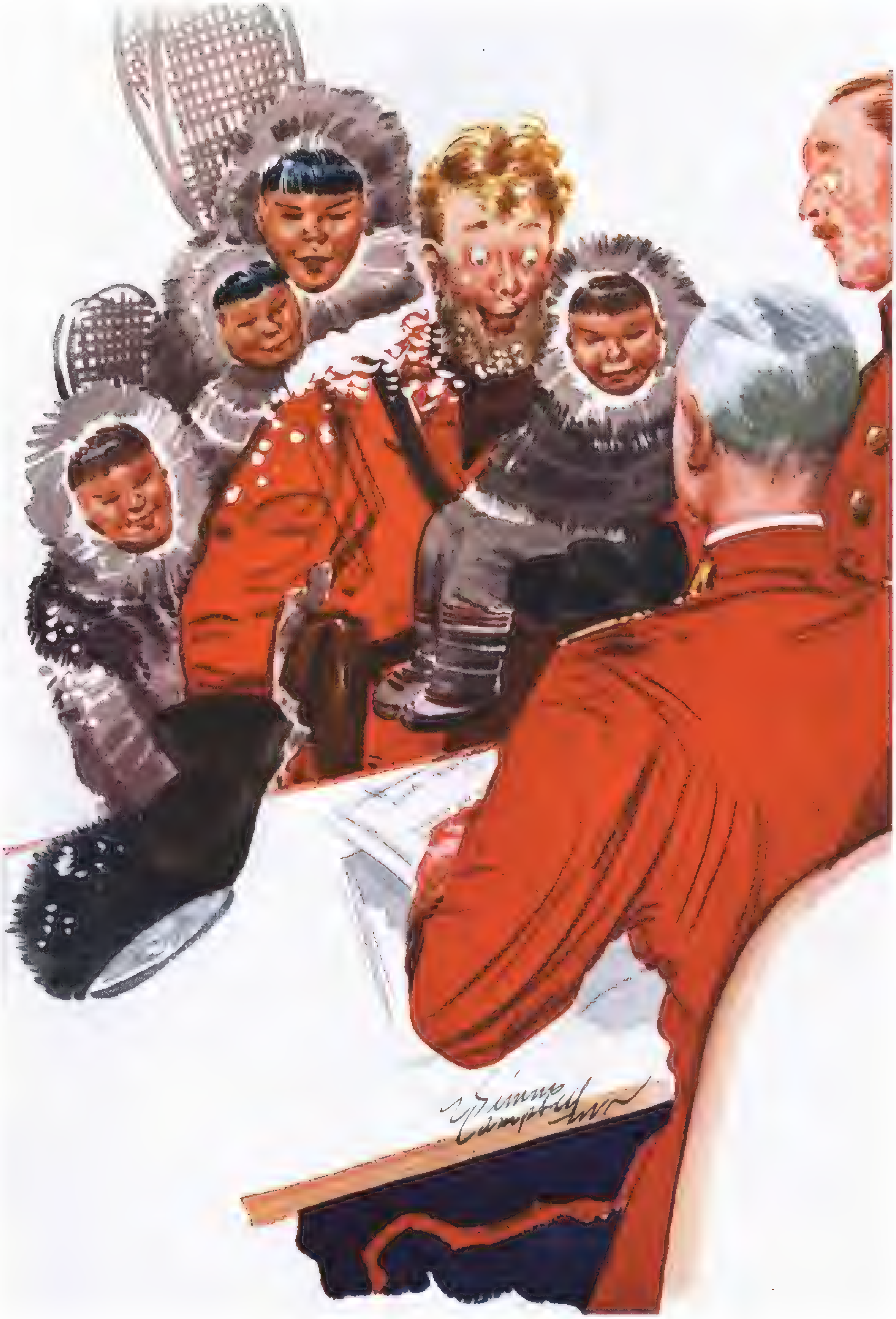
Not so long ago I received a canned Polish ham from Mr. Walery Starczewski, director of the Meat Packers Union of Poland. To my taste, the Polish hams were always the best among the canned variety on the market, and I was quite surprised to get this since I knew the invaders would not let as much as a thin slice get out of Poland. I was glad to learn, however, that this ham was made in America by experts from Poland who had the good fortune to escape to the United States. And we are fortunate too, because the Polish hams prepared here are as magnificent as the imported ones before Poland's collapse.

Unlike the method used in delicatessen stores, I did not cut the ham from the side, but started on the top, going from end to end and carving extra large slices. It lasted quite a while, and one evening I made a dish as follows: I carved ten slices (for four persons), put them in a casserole, together with two pounded almond macaroons, a generous glass of red wine, two peppercorns, and two oranges cut in half. I then added the juice of another orange before it was ready after very slow cooking.

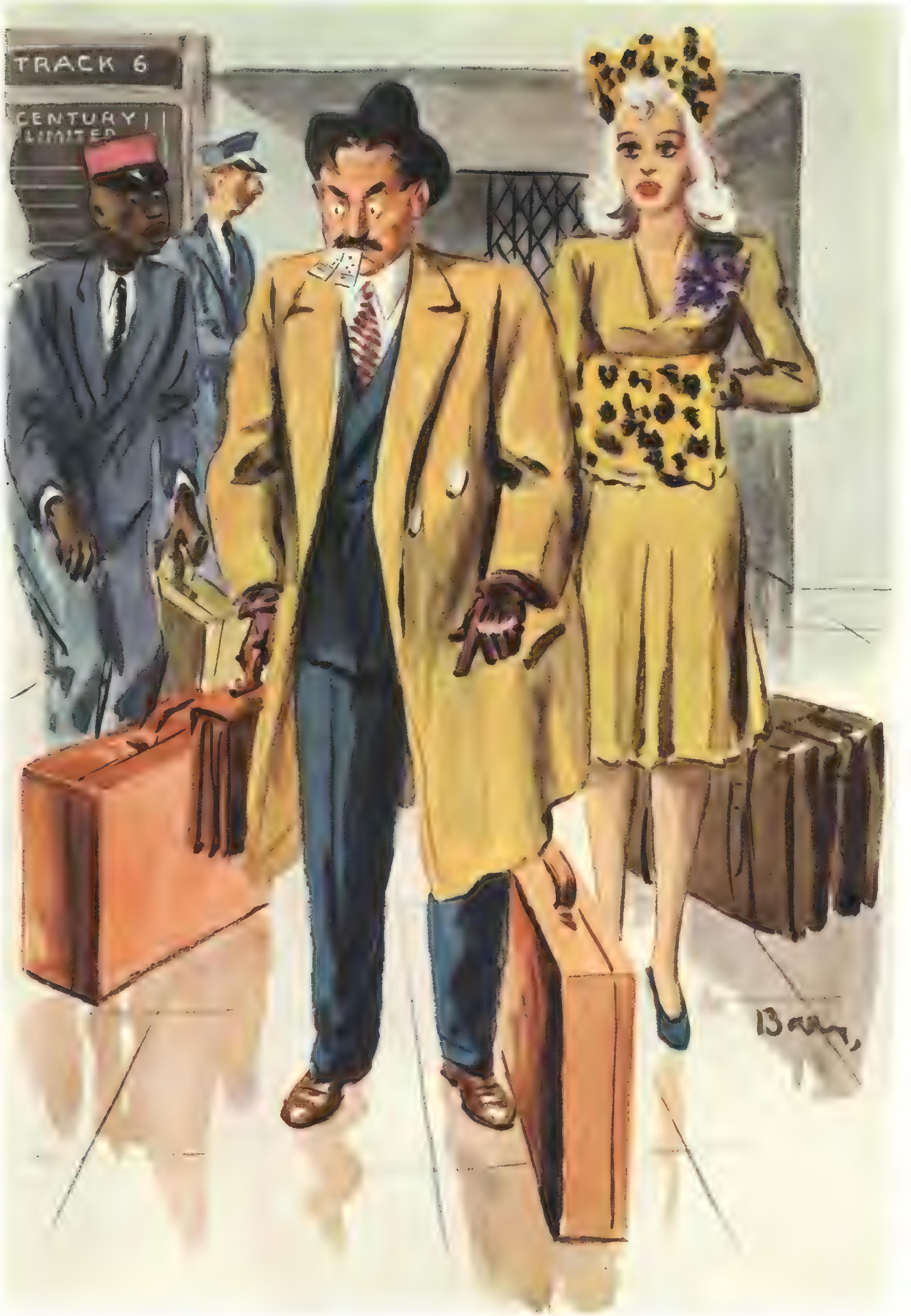
Loin roasts of pork, lamb or veal should be cut at each rib before roasting. When ready, the loin is placed on the platter with the ribs downwards and the smaller end of the roast at the left. Carve between the ribs, serving one rib to each person.

Suckling pig should always arrive at the table with its head on its neck, and a lemon in its half-open mouth; the head should be carved off in full view of all the guests for this is a joyous decapitation. Then split the meat down the back, take off the ham and shoulders and separate the ribs.

And don't go back to hamburgers after reading this article. Be a man and stand up. Carve! It shows authority; the carving knife and fork in your hands show that you are the boss.



"I didn't get my man, sir, but boy, have I got a lot to tell you!"


TRACK 6
CENTURY LIMITED
Barn,

"Now let me see if I have everything—bags, tickets, brief case, liquor, Miss Johnson, headache powders—"

Arrow's choice for this month... *Ardmore Stripes*

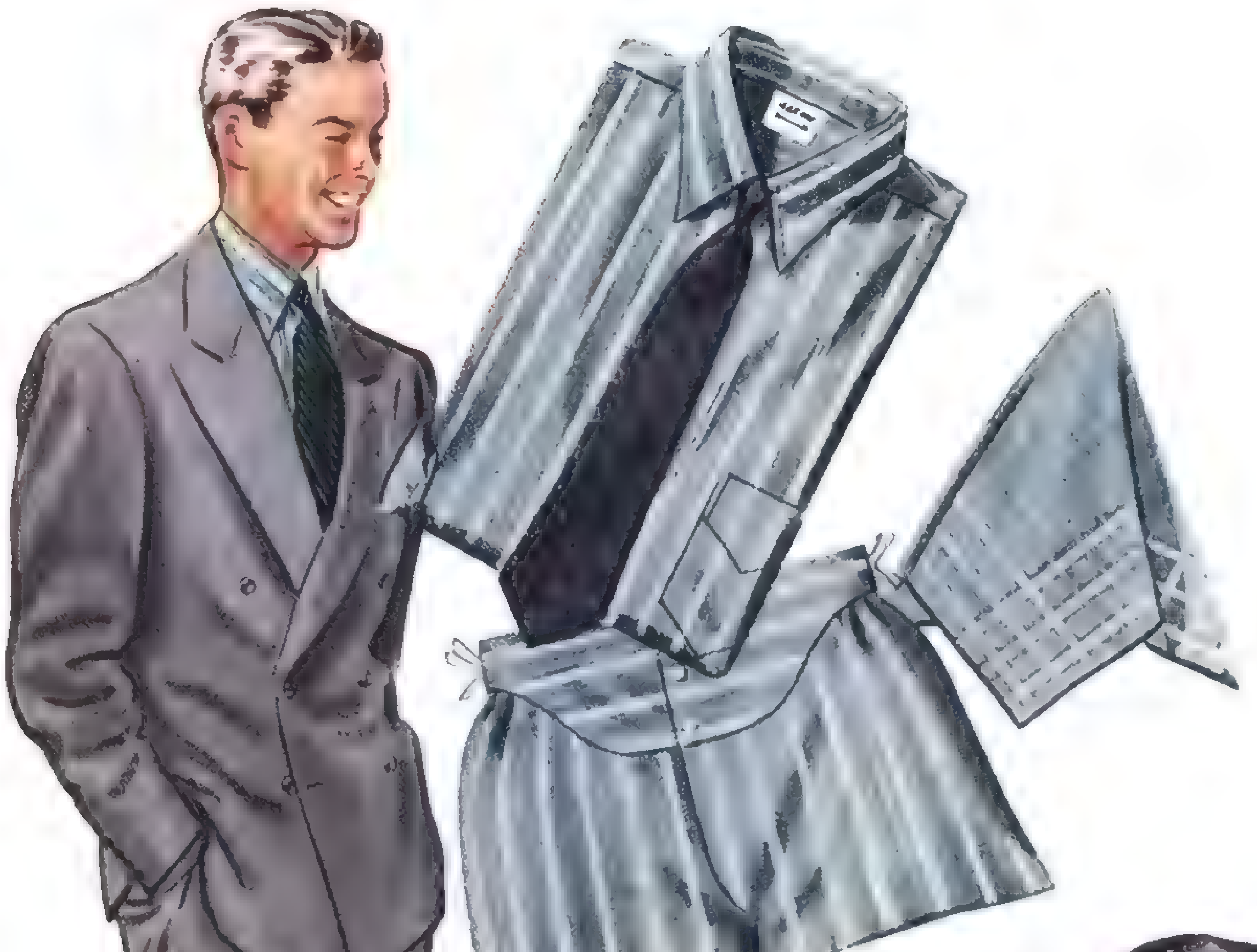
START THE YEAR smartly with this handsome, new, Arrow Ardmore shirt! It has twin white stripes, separated by wider stripes of gray, on broadcloth backgrounds.

Ardmore Stripes have the perfect-fitting Arrow collar—the trim, shaped-to-your-body "Mitoga" figure-fit! $2. Arrow handkerchiefs, ties, and shorts in Ardmore Stripes also await you at your Arrow dealer's.

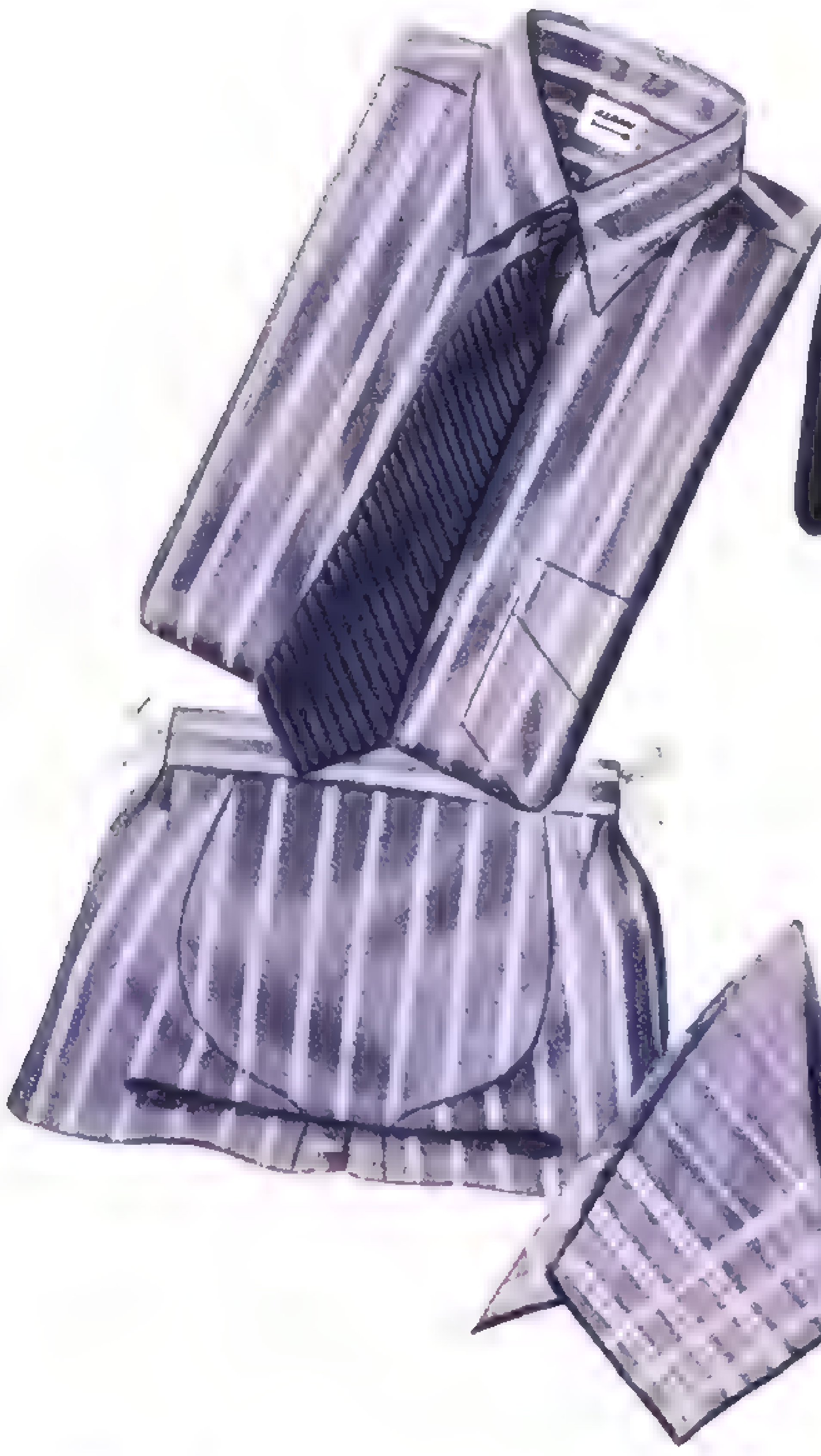
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

All Arrow shirts and Arrow shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) —guaranteed permanent fit.

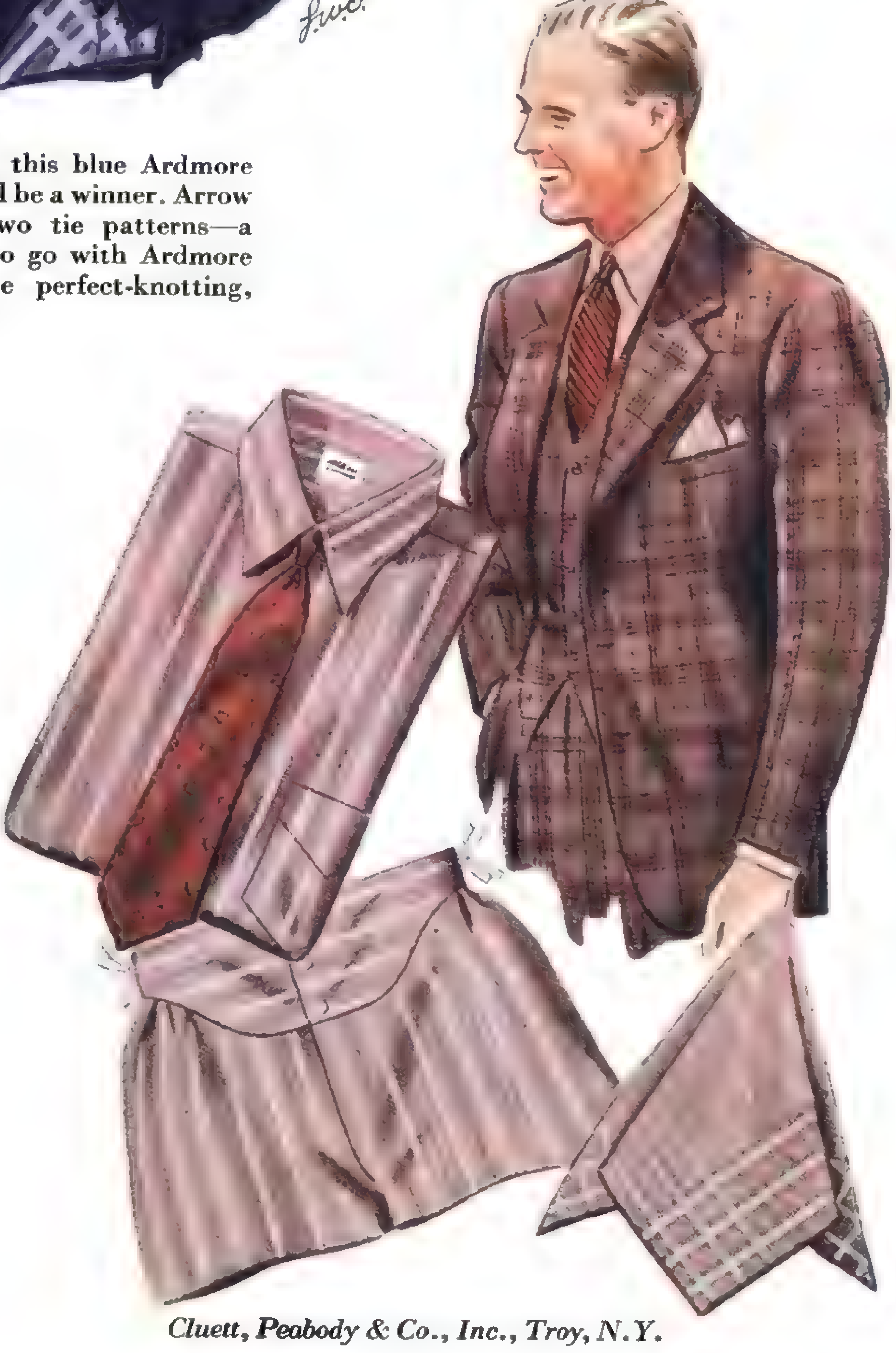
ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK



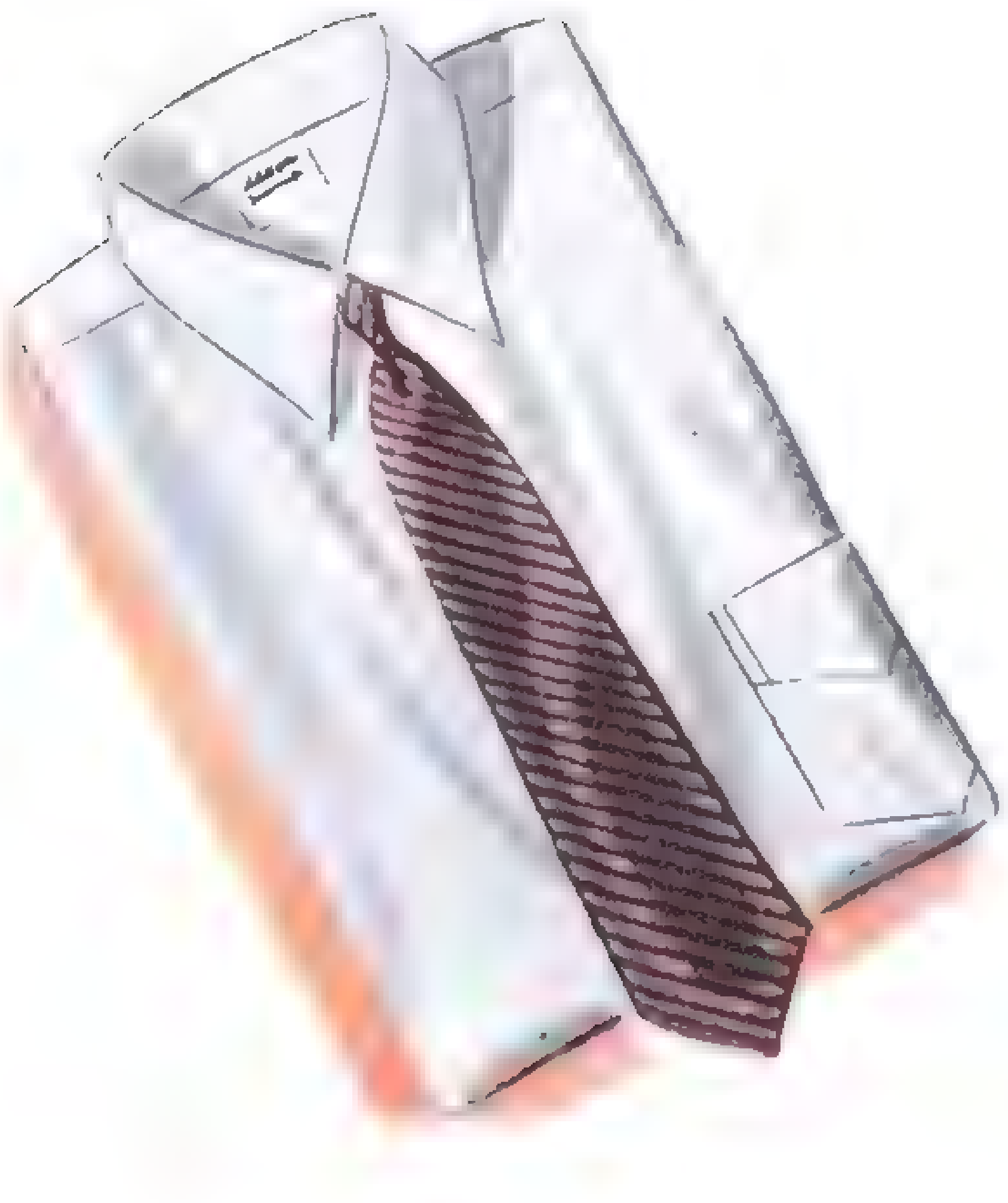
With your gray suit, this green Ardmore Stripe family is the recipe. The Arrow handkerchief gives your ensemble the final dress-up touch. 35¢.



With your blue suit, this blue Ardmore Stripe combination will be a winner. Arrow especially designed two tie patterns—a stripe and a figure—to go with Ardmore Stripes. The ties are perfect-knotting, wrinkle-resistant. $1.

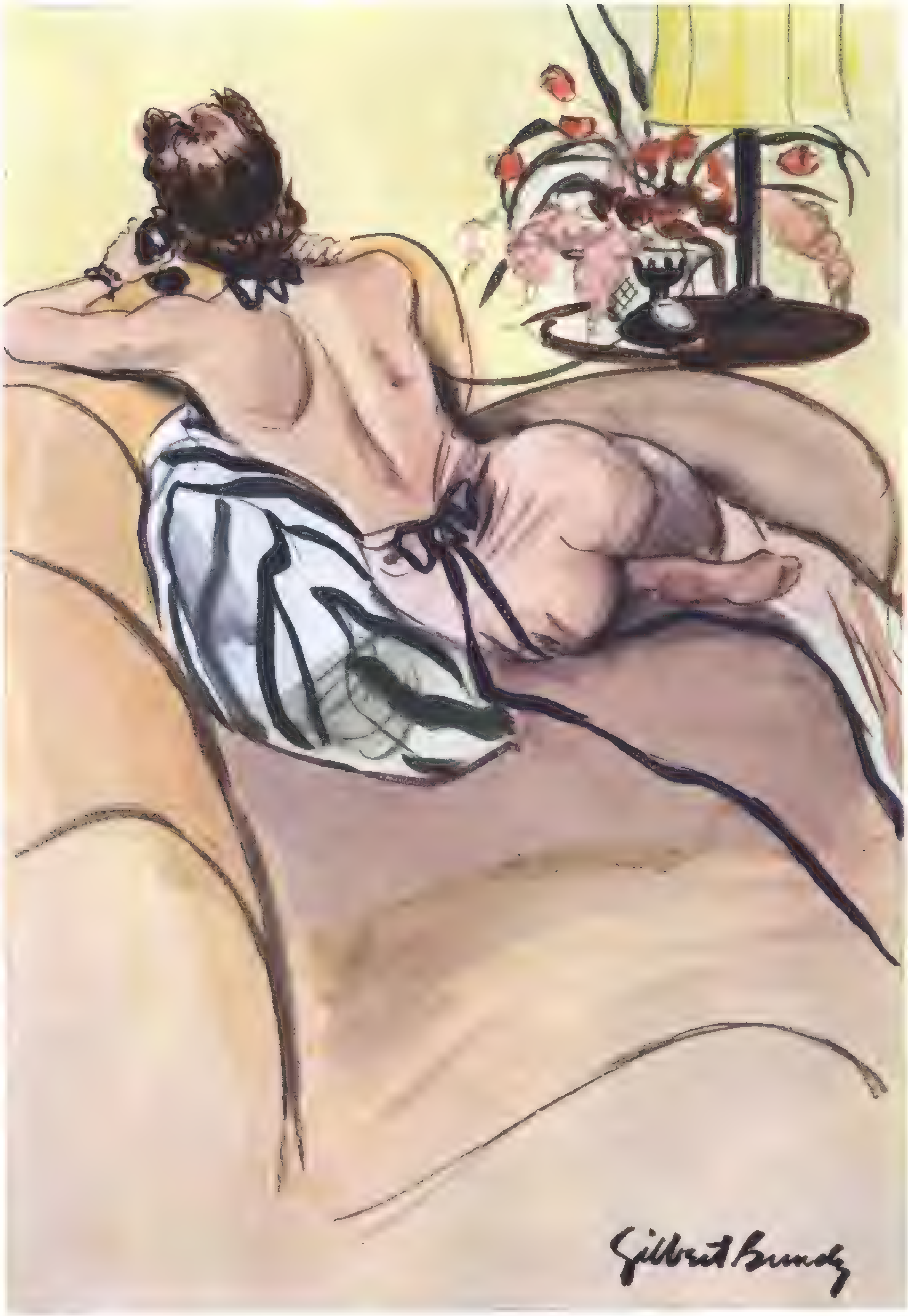


With your brown suit, this tan Ardmore Stripe group is recommended. Notice that the shorts have Arrow's patented seamless crotch, last word in comfort. 65¢. Arrow tops, 50¢.



Good business choice is the Arrow Hitt Shirt, a neat-fitting fine, white broadcloth with an Arrow collar that won't wilt. $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.


Gilbert Bundy

"I met the nicest man on my honeymoon!"

The Crazy Torpedo

Continued from page 23

the picture in the paper had been pretty lousy. He poured himself another drink and the bartender looked over at him and smiled and said: "That's eight."

"No, it's six," he said, just to watch the bartender's big face change.

The barkeep came over. "I been keeping count, mister, this is the eighth. That's an even two bucks you owe."

"It's six, you gave me two on the house," he said, enjoying the troubled look in the bartender's eyes, the uneasy tightening of his lips.

"I never give none on the house. The boss won't let me."

He didn't say anything and the bartender said: "I like to give some on the house, but the boss can't see it."

"I gave them to myself—on the house."

The bartender said: "You're drunk, mister," and reached for the bottle.

He grabbed the bottle first. "That's right, I'm juiced up."

"You had enough for the night."

He said coldly: "That's for me to say. Get your hands off the bottle."

He saw the cop standing beside him and he looked up and the cop said: "Don't start no trouble, wise guy," and waved his stick.

The cop had a tough old weatherbeaten face and he watched it go pale as he whipped out the .45 and shoved it deep into the cop's flabby belly. The bartender stood there, mouth open, and the cop was scared, and he was enjoying himself. He said: "What's the matter, copper, where's your voice?"

"Don't shoot!" the cop said. "I-got a family."

"Hearts and flowers! You were talking awful tough, for a guy with a family."

"Look, I only got another year to go and then I retire . . . for God's sake, don't shoot me!"

"Only a year? You look younger than that."

He saw the cop's face relax a little, the cop didn't really expect him to shoot. If a slug plowed a hole in that big belly, the cop wouldn't know what to do. Or what could he do?

He smiled at the cop and gently squeezed the trigger.

For a split second he saw the terror grow in the cop's face. The cop even held it for a moment as the *cap* went off with a small sound and a bright flash.

Then he saw a horrible grin on the big face as the cop brought up his club. And in the mirror behind the bar, he had a quick look at his own face and he saw the surprise he loved to see in other faces. #

Sterne: The Maestro in Art

Continued from page 78

of the far horizons he has visited and of the exotic images in which his painting has been drenched. I can say for myself, on the basis of a too-brief experience, I would rather hear Maurice Sterne talk than see most artists paint.

The artist's discovery of Bali may be called the turning point in his career, because it acted as a sharpener of his senses and a stimulus to his creative powers. It happened in 1912, when the artist was thirty-four years of age, and it happened, as do many important discoveries, accidentally. The year before, he had passed through Upper Egypt, where he had studied the ancient art of that land, and then he had spent eight months in British India, half of that time in a houseboat at Benares, from which he was able to command the panorama of the religious life that throbbed along the Ganges. The following year he went to Burma, where he spent four months, mostly in Mandalay, and then on to Java, where he lived for two months, observing and painting. Sterne does not simply pass through places. He lives in them until he can understand them far beyond the capacity of any vagrant tourist. Sterne is intelligent enough an artist to want to travel in depth as well as in space. Then came Bali, and in this way. He had booked passage for Sourabaya, Java, but the boat left ahead of schedule, taking advantage of a favoring tide, and Sterne was left standing on the dock. Half an hour later another boat left, for Bali, of which up to that moment he had never heard. He bought a round-trip ticket, planning to return in a week, and to catch the next boat for Sourabaya. He remained in Bali for two years.

He had blundered into Paradise, and he had it all to himself, for the only other white man on the island was a German merchant. It was Paradise for Sterne (as it would have been for any other sensitive artist) because art penetrated life instead of being a thing apart. This art instinct manifested itself even in the way in which the Balinese would arrange their baskets of fish in the market place. It was manifested in the grace of their walk, in the rhythm of their motions, in every aspect of their individual and communal life—their funerals, their festivals, their dances and their theatricals. Here was a people, perhaps a little over-refined, who lived by a principle other than the profit motive, and who lived beautifully. For Sterne, Bali was also a festival of nudes, for although the girls and women were partially clothed, the lines of their bodies were sufficiently revealed to give him opportunities for making innumerable paintings and drawings of the female nude in action and repose. During his Balinese years Sterne accelerated the pace of his painting and drawing, so that he

Continued on page 124

The "60-Second Workout" helps you to a head of hair that helps you get ahead!

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"
50 seconds to Rub
Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.
10 seconds to Brush
Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

If you have business ability you can climb the ladder of success. But if you have the appearance to sell your abilities, you can take the fast elevator.

Sell yourself—and let well-groomed hair help you on the job. Socially and in business a crisp, alert, immaculate air commands attention—and holds it. And with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout", good-looking, handsome hair is an easy accomplishment.

Simply massage your scalp with Vitalis and vigor. Immediately you'll feel the lively tingle of a speeded circulation. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils. Your hair takes on a new, healthy lustre, begins to look alive. Comb it and it stays in place—with no "patent-leather" look. You'll see in your own mirror and in people's eyes what a difference one healthful Vitalis grooming has made—how trim and clean-cut you look.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you keep your hair. Get a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS

Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome

Sterne: The Maestro in Art

Continued from pages 78-123

could sum up a scene or setting in a few scratches, state an experience in a rapid impression. The stimulus that was Bali resulted in several thousands drawings and paintings, many of them in oil on rice paper. These pictures, were the first communicated knowledge to the Western world of the Paradise of Bali. After Sterne came the tourists, and among them many artists and illustrators. He would have stayed longer than two years, but his money gave out. He never returned.

By the pictures of his Italian period, however, will he stand. In 1904, the first National Academy student to win a traveling fellowship, he went abroad, studying in studio and museum, in Germany, France and Italy; Mantegna, Pollaiuolo and Piero della Francesca were among the old masters studied, Manet and Cezanne among the moderns. He returned to Italy in 1914, for a little more than a year, and around 1918 established himself at Anticoli-Corrado, in the Sabine hills. This was his second home until 1932, and it was in Anticoli that he reached his full growth as a painter. He was the center of a group of students who accompanied him to Rome in winter and Anticoli in summer. Among them was the financier Edward Bruce, who had cabled Sterne: "Can you make me an artist in six months?" The working pace he set his teacher was so strenuous that Sterne was probably relieved when Bruce put himself beyond need of tutelage. But he had no occasion for regret, for he did much more work with Bruce around than he would have done by himself. The Italian period was full of gay days. The impoverished landlord from whom Sterne rented the palace in which he lived was always buying himself out of trouble, usually the result of a succession of love affairs, and in the process was drawing advances against future rent from Sterne, usually for some twenty years ahead. Around 1923, when Sterne returned with his bride from Vienna, Bruce met him at the Anticoli railroad station with a brass band, quite in the Italian spirit.

Maurice Sterne has had one of the happiest and most distinguished careers possible to an artist in America, a career filled with movement, exhibitions, prize-winnings, commissions and publicity. Recently, a teaching post, and mural and sculpture commissions have so reduced his output of easel paintings that his gallery cannot comply with requests from museums for the exhibition loan of Sterne paintings. Sterne grants that he has been unusually successful, then appends the rueful comment that maybe his pictures can't be so very good. But the least that can be said for him is that he has forgotten more about the art of painting than many well-known artists have yet succeeded in acquiring.

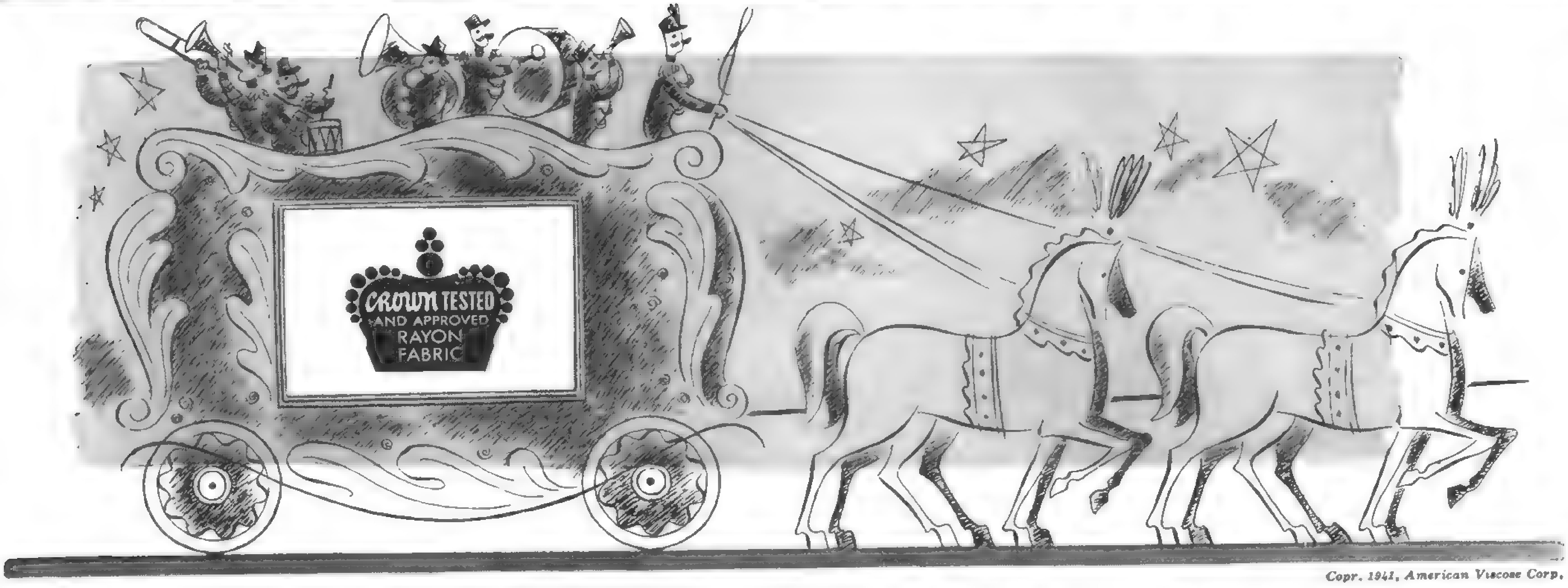
After the one-man retrospective at the Modern Museum, the only accolade remaining would be a memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan, but no artist is eager to hurry his own demise in expectation of such glory.

In 1935 he was invited as visiting instructor to the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco where he remained four years. Within that period also he painted twenty murals for the library of the Department of Justice Building in Washington, D. C. and for Fairmount Park in Philadelphia he executed the Philip Samuel Memorial monument, *Welcoming the People.* His other important public monument is in Elm Park, Worcester, Massachusetts, the memorial to the Puritan settlers entitled *The Prayer.* In June, 1939, the Hawaiian Pineapple Company commissioned him to visit the islands and paint two pictures. Today he is dividing his time between New York and his new home in Mount Kisco and devoting himself more steadily to the spectacle of contemporary life.

Horace Kallen has written so eloquently and with such penetration on the art of Maurice Sterne, in his foreword to the catalogue of the Modern Museum exhibition, that I take the liberty of quoting one of his central paragraphs:

"The art of Maurice Sterne . . . is shaped by a relentless inward élan which carries him through life undisturbed by the clamors of the market and the views and disputes of the schools. Sterne's craftsmanship, his sense of the technical problems of the material and medium, his iconography and vision grow out of the work itself. Easily at home amid all the changes and chances of the world of modern art . . . he seems nevertheless to have gone his own way undistracted by it, assimilating into his own vision its relevancies, and shedding its irrelevancies as a duck sheds water. Looking at his work as a whole, we see it presenting the paradox of extraordinary contemporaneity all suffused with an equally extraordinary traditionality. Completely of our own time, it is still our own day's embodiment and projection of the living past. It exemplifies no school, it calls for no special psychology or aesthetic theory; and it speaks with the same clarity and appeal to the masses as to the experts."

ONE WAGON YOU WON'T MIND GOING ON...



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To give you a single example of how a seat on the Crown Tested Bandwagon operates to *your* advantage... just glance at the fashions shown on the facing page. These slack suits and sports shirts not only offer you the ultimate in fashion trends... they have been tested against minimum standards for color-fastness to sunlight . . . their Crown Tested cloths assure you of long and satisfactory wear.

FOR THIS IS WHAT CROWN TESTED MEANS: It means that these fabrics have been woven and finished according to definite standards for consumer satisfaction. Samples of these fabrics have been tested and approved by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc., official laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association for tensile strength, seam strength, color-fastness and cleanability.

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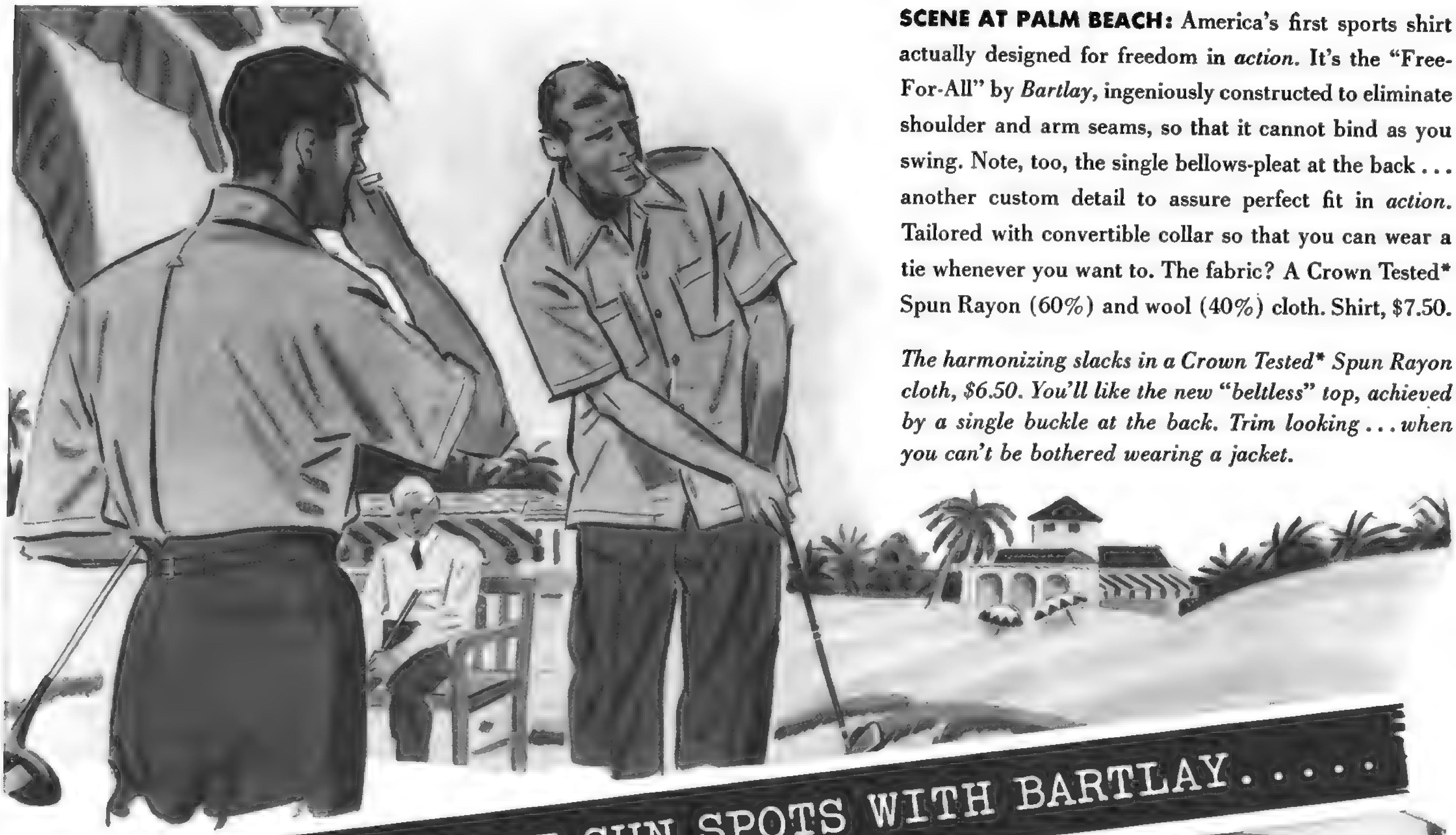
THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON . . . THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

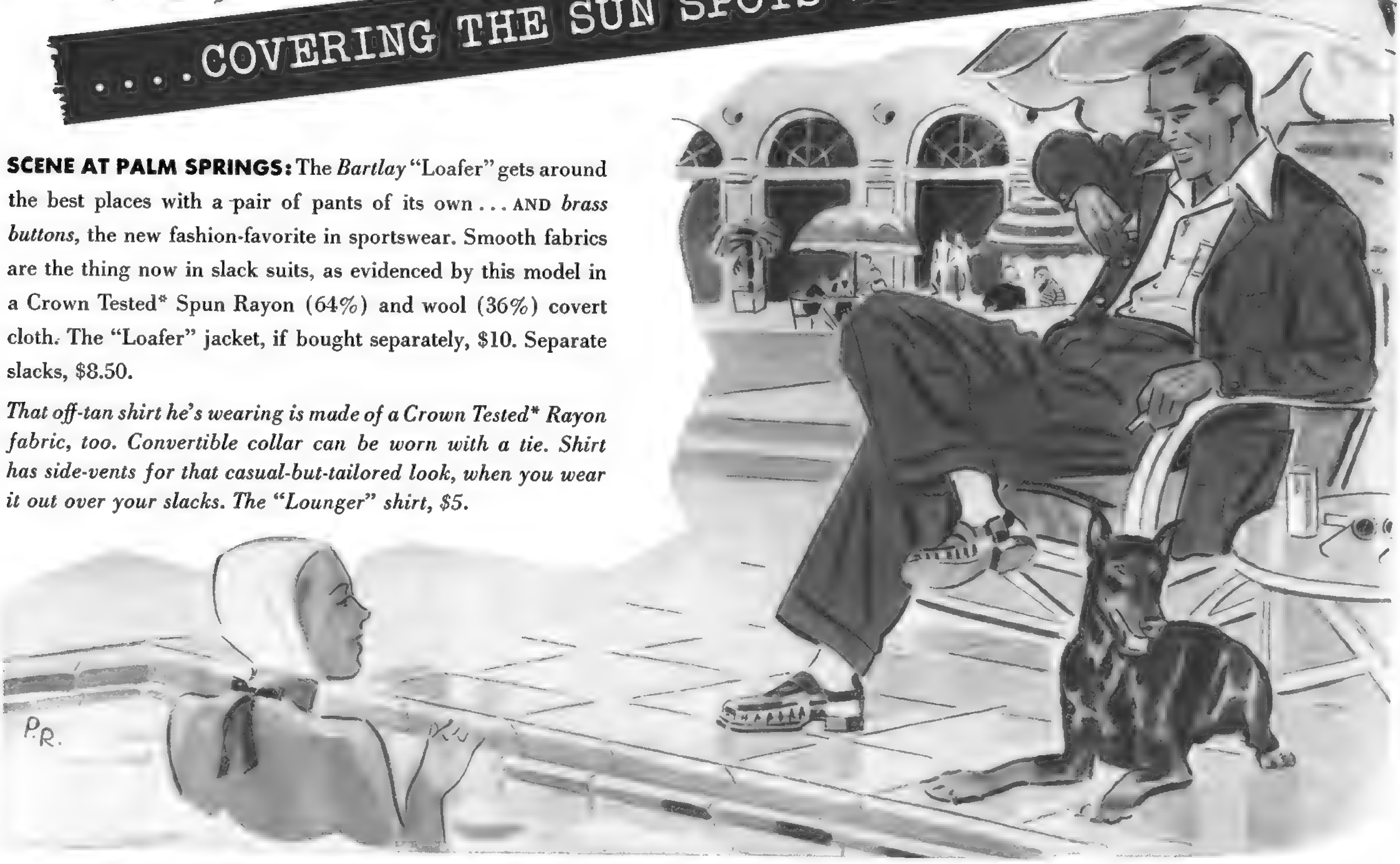
SCENE AT PALM BEACH: America's first sports shirt actually designed for freedom in *action.* It's the "Free-For-All" by *Bartlay,* ingeniously constructed to eliminate shoulder and arm seams, so that it cannot bind as you swing. Note, too, the single bellows-pleat at the back . . . another custom detail to assure perfect fit in *action.* Tailored with convertible collar so that you can wear a tie whenever you want to. The fabric? A Crown Tested* Spun Rayon (60%) and wool (40%) cloth. Shirt, $7.50.

The harmonizing slacks in a Crown Tested Spun Rayon cloth, $6.50. You'll like the new "beltless" top, achieved by a single buckle at the back. Trim looking . . . when you can't be bothered wearing a jacket.*


. . . . COVERING THE SUN SPOTS WITH BARTLAY . . . . .

SCENE AT PALM SPRINGS: The *Bartlay* "Loafer" gets around the best places with a pair of pants of its own . . . AND *brass buttons,* the new fashion-favorite in sportswear. Smooth fabrics are the thing now in slack suits, as evidenced by this model in a Crown Tested* Spun Rayon (64%) and wool (36%) covert cloth. The "Loafer" jacket, if bought separately, $10. Separate slacks, $8.50.

That off-tan shirt he's wearing is made of a Crown Tested Rayon fabric, too. Convertible collar can be worn with a tie. Shirt has side-vents for that casual-but-tailored look, when you wear it out over your slacks. The "Lounger" shirt, $5.*



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CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED RAYON FABRIC

Look for this symbol when you buy

The Great Preparedness Parade

Continued from page 73

another in a brotherly tone:

"Well done, sir."

Then, sure enough, my Uncle Hilary's ankle began to ache. To Mr. Chambers he panted:

"An old infirmity acquired amidst the pines of Vallombrosa, while jumping out of a window to prove my mettle to the Princess Bis—Ahem."

Mr. Chambers hastily cut in: "I understand there are approximately 130,000 in line, not counting the National Guard and the Veterans of the Spanish War. The Bankers and Brokers alone have turned out about 15,000. The Women's Defense League are marching in Rough Rider hats and skirts up to their shoe-tops. The Grand Marshal has a truncheon bedecked with a tricolor bow. All in all, from a club window it ought to prove a magnificent spectacle." Section 5's band played *The Red, White and Blue;* so the romantically handsome young man sang:

"We'll hang John Brown's body on a sour-apple tree—"

And at the same moment, in the Trentino, the Austrians were taking Italian prisoners, and in the Tigris Valley the Russians were reinforcing the British. And tonight men in the Flanders mud would hum, *A Little Love, a Little Kiss,* and tomorrow Petain would coin a phrase, "They shall not pass."

And suddenly, there ahead on the right, expanded the sunstruck foliage of Madison Square Park. And in the reviewing-stand stood Mayor Mitchell and General Wood and Admiral Usher and so on, waiting to be saluted by my Uncle Hilary, who was quavering:

"I hoped the cursed feeling would wear away."

"Your old infirmity?" Mr. Chambers solicitously inquired.

"No, my annoyance at being stared at by all New York."

"I'm sure," Mr. Chambers said, "that they're staring merely at an aggregation. I doubt that they see any single line of marchers, but only Section 5, the Theatrical and Allied Arts, in toto. Cheer up, sir; you're not even the only one who's started limping; for this seems to be less a preparedness than an unpreparedness parade. But at least, thanks to our rehearsals, we're prepared for his Honor the Mayor."

The grandstand was aflutter with handkerchiefs. The band of Section 5 was blaring past the reviewing point. "Ready!" cried the tall gentleman in front, and my Uncle Hilary's heart rose into his throat. He heard the cry, "Salute!" He was aware of all his colleagues sternly snapping their flags upward in unison before their faces. And as they all snapped their flags downward, my Uncle Hilary snapped his flag upward, with the Mayor, the General, the Admiral, and all of New York, looking at him in disgust at his having ruined the great Preparedness Parade.

The handsome young actor guffawed:

"What a juicy way to steal a scene! Why the devil didn't I think of it myself!"

But Mr. Robert W. Chambers stared straight ahead, and it was clear from the pain on his fine profile that he was utterly disillusioned. At that my Uncle Hilary dove toward the crowd like a suicide diving at a river. He heard the young actor yelling, "Surely you're not leaving now! Aren't you going to do it again for the Governor, up in front of the Union League Club?" The laughter died away behind him, and presently he found himself in his lodgings, shaking all over and staring in a mirror, amazed to find that his hair had not turned white.

For quite a while his sleep was fitful and he was liable to wake up babbling, "Please, please listen to my apologies, Mr. Chambers." He took to muttering to himself, "Uniformity. At all costs uniformity," and often he'd stealthily imitate, as quickly as possible, all the gestures of some stranger. He gave this up only after being punched two or three times in the nose. When the country went to war he tried to join the Marines, was laughed out of the recruiting office, and hooked up with the YMCA. His third day in France he stepped on a rusty nail, and a week later they took off the leg that had been such a nuisance to him ever since that romance with the Princess at Vallombrosa.

As he lay convalescent, my Uncle Hilary had delightful daydreams about meeting Mr. Robert W. Chambers after the war, and reluctantly letting it out, as one sportsman to another, that he'd lost a leg Over There. Home again, now and then in the morning, while putting on the tie that pretty closely suggested the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre, he had a hunch the meeting would happen that day. As a matter of fact it never happened. All that happened was a meeting, one night in the Lambs Club, with the romantically handsome young man who had brought it all to pass, and whose eye, or eyebrow, was more sardonic than ever. But this fellow, whose name was Jack Barrymore, didn't seem to recall my Uncle Hilary. To be sure that was the period when my Uncle Hilary was wearing a moustache like the late Lord Kitchener's. But Mr. Jack Barrymore didn't seem to recall the great Preparedness Parade either. #

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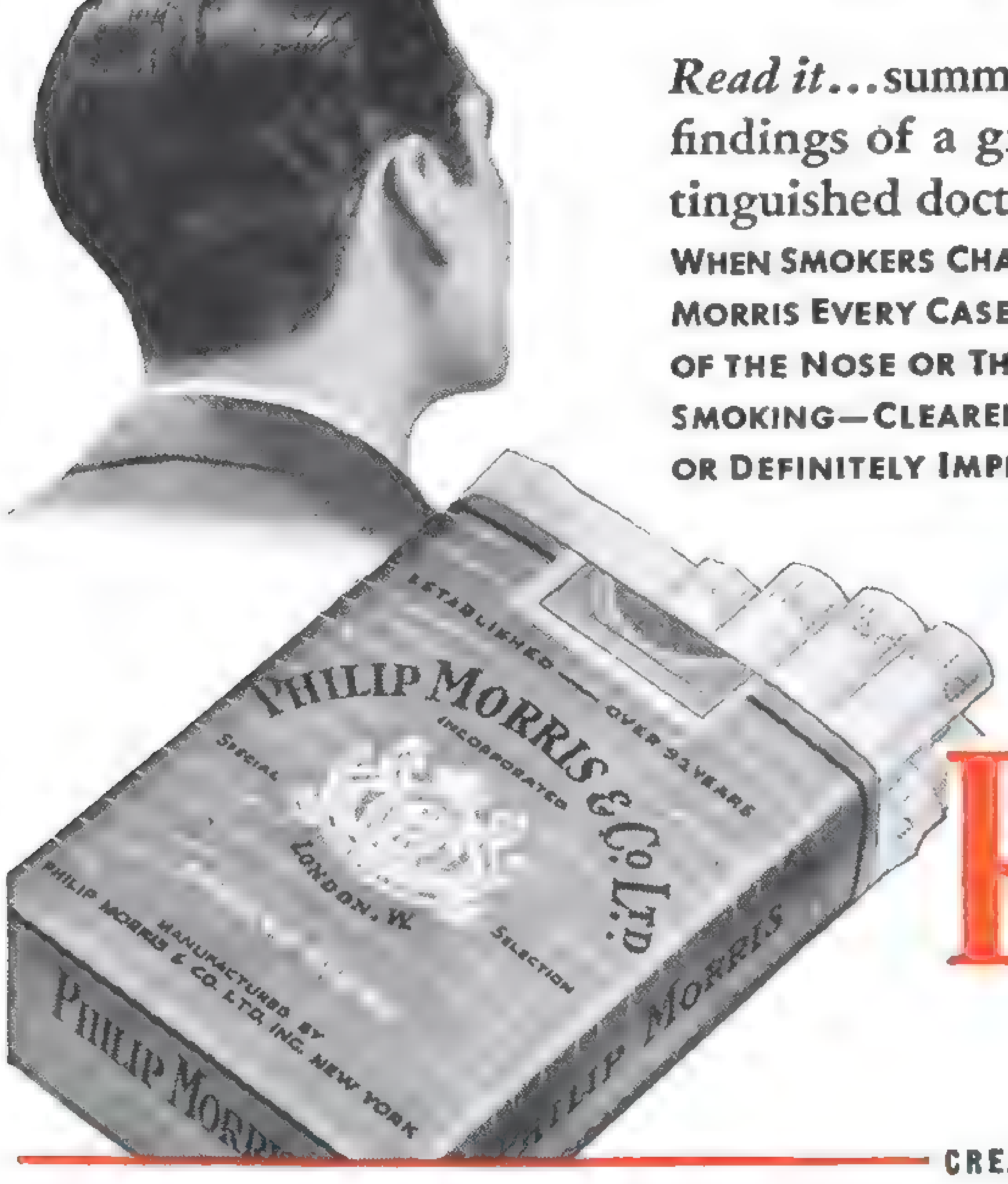
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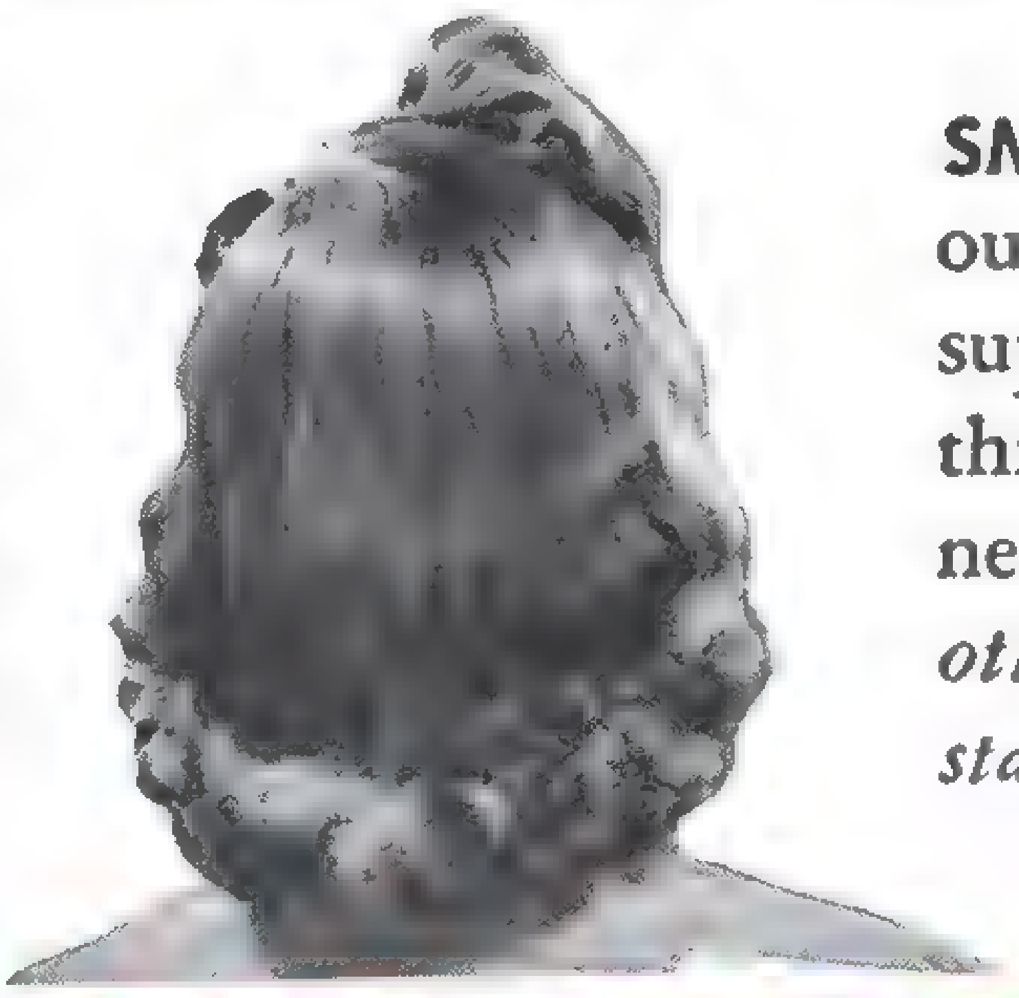
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!



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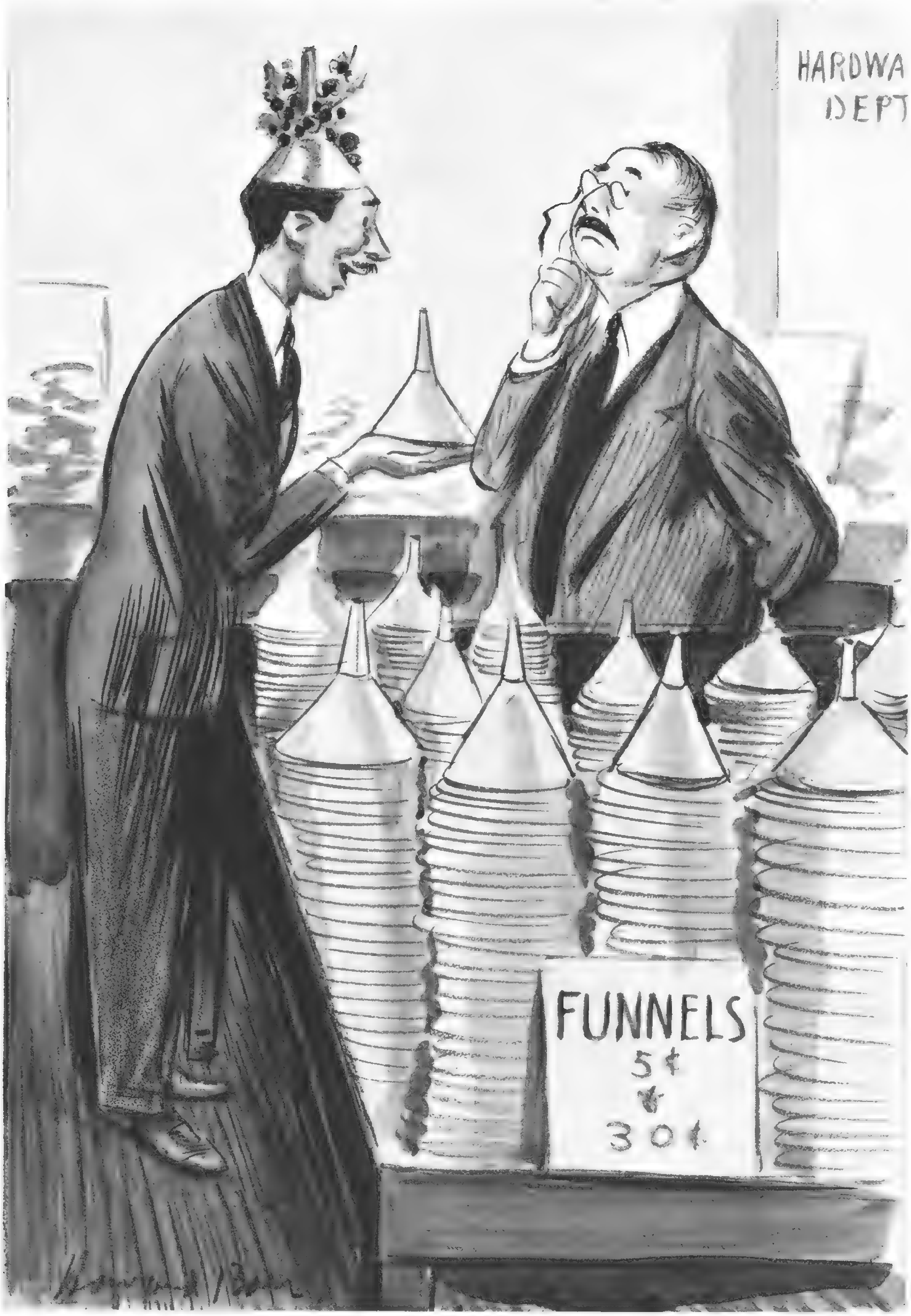
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The Worcestershire Regiment

Continued from page 75

'18 — Gheluvelt — Neuve Chapelle — Somme 1916, '18 — Cambrai 1917, '18 — Lys — Italy 1917, '18 — Gallipoli 1915, '16 — Baghdad.

In the First World War the Regiment was expanded to twenty-two battalions.

In the Peninsular War a hundred years, before that at Albuhera, both of its young, pink-cheeked ensigns were mortally wounded when the Regiment was driven in. On regaining lost ground both youngsters' bodies were found together. Beneath them, neatly folded, the King's and the Regimental colors were discovered, where they had hidden them before they died. So, regimentally speaking, it probably doesn't matter a tinker's dam that they were run out of Dunkerque in 1940, for the Worcestershire Regiment is good solid Infantry on the Line, in the habit of knocking about the world with the best and the worst of them and it has seen Dunkerque, going and coming, too ruddy many times in history to think for one moment that it won't see Dunkerque again —across fixed bayonets.

And somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean, in the command Marshal Weygand relinquished to become Generalissimo, an imperial off-shoot is waiting to be blooded. Since the last war the 29th Battalion Australian Infantry has been affiliated with the Worcestershire Regiment. ⌗

Where Love Is a Lot of Fun

Continued from page 51

this. It won't do any good to lie like a gentleman. They'd only laugh at you. You can't fool them. They know.

You must not suppose, Steve, that these girls make any real pretense at loving you. At least, not in our usual western romantic definition of the word. *That* kind of love might happen now and then, though as the soprano says in the first act of *Patience*, it is difficult to see wherein it differs from ordinary indigestion. But by and large the Tahitians know nothing of it. The falling on one knee, the clasped hands, the rolling eyes, the vows by the stars above—these would only strike a Tahitian girl as the behavior of a madman, and surer'n hell she would burst out laughing.

If it comes to that, do *we* understand that kind of love? We think we do, because we read so much about it and see so much of it on the stage and in pictures. And then too, when we have an affair with a woman we feel we should act and talk more or less that way, and she feels so too. It helps both of us to keep our self respect.

Well, the Tahitian doesn't feel that way.

No, she won't say that she loves you, unless by a rare chance she really does. And if, absent-minded, you should make some such statement to her, she'd probably put you down, accurately enough, as a damned fool.

Faithful? Well, she might be. Some Tahitians make wonderful wives, stick to you, nurse you, work for you, even though you mishandle them. Others, no matter how well you treat them, will cheat on you every time they get a chance.

The idea of "going native" is an idea people have only when they arrive. Afterward they laugh at it. I wouldn't know. I can't even remember, now, how I felt about that phrase before I saw Tahiti, or what I thought I meant by it. Our life here is marvelously simple, and we like to keep it so, most of us having come here in the first place to get away from fuss and complications. There is an almost complete absence of snobbery.

Whether you are living with a woman or not, and whether or not you happen to be married to her if you are, is—well, I won't say it's your own exclusive business, because nothing is that in Tahiti—but certainly it is no conceivable cause for condemnation. You can wear pants or a *pareu*. It makes no difference.

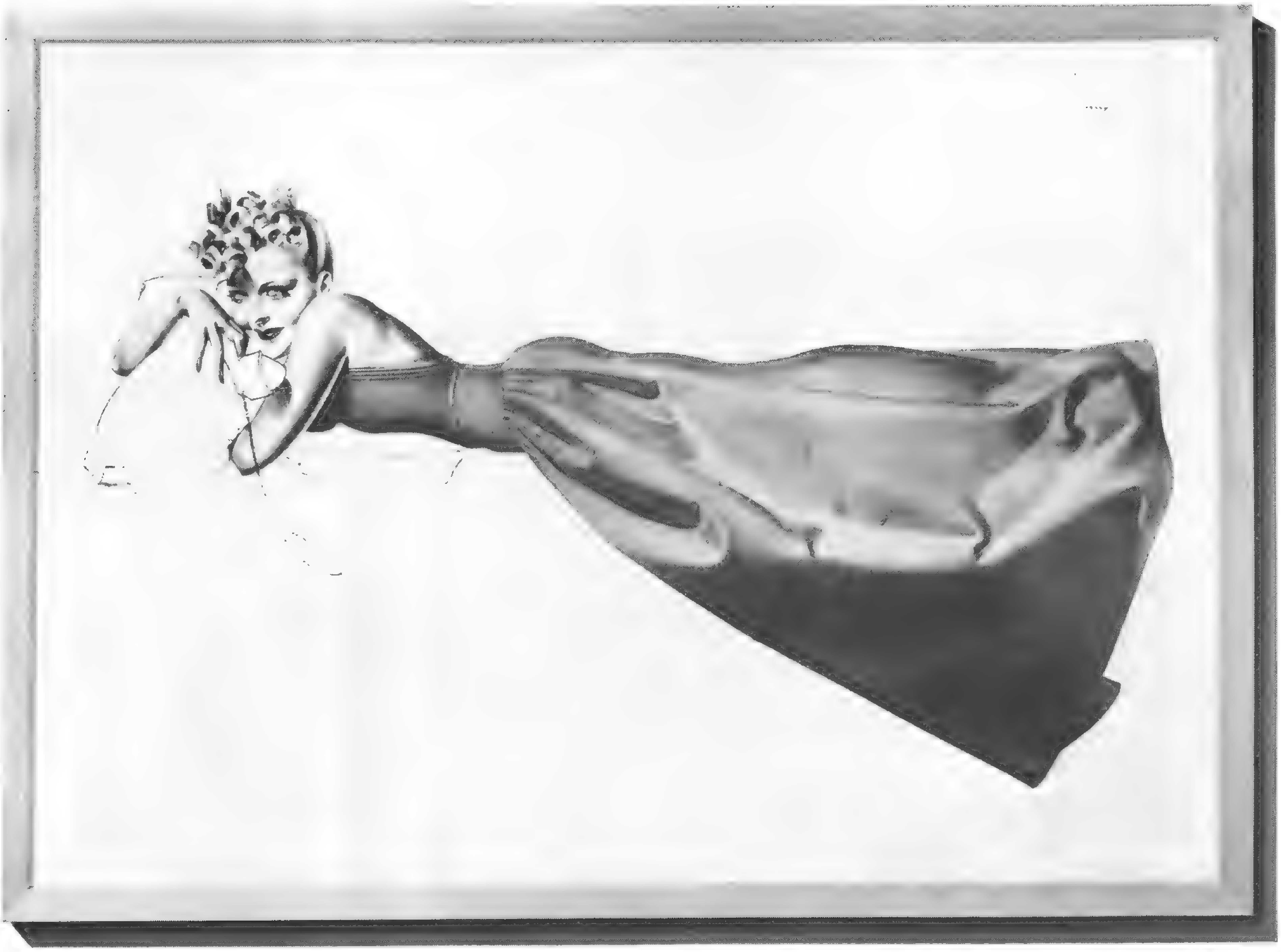
Some of the settlers get married here. This, also, makes no remarkable difference. The Tahitians themselves are never in any great hurry to get married. Lots of them have been living together for years, and have three, four, five children, and really mean to get spliced some time—but keep putting it off. Putting things off is natural here.

The missionaries urge, and sometimes persuade. But by and large the chief reason why Tahitians ever marry is in order to have an excuse for a party. A Tahitian wedding is really something, Steve! It can last for days.

Morality we might just as well leave out. Tahitians simply don't have any morality, in that sense, and don't see why they should acquire any.

Offspring without benefit of clergy? Yes, indeed. But not the slightest taint attaches to them or to the woman having them. The Tahitians love babies. Any Tahitian family is delighted to take in a few more. They cost practically nothing, they amuse, sometimes they are useful. I have never seen a Tahitian, man or woman, beat a child. For all this, the kids are well behaved. They are quiet in the presence of their elders, they lift their little hats high and greet you with a grave *bon jour, Monsieur* when you encounter them on the road. Man or woman, a Tahitian will play for hours with a baby, his own or somebody else's. Your *vahine*, whether from town or the dis-

Continued at top of page 130



THIS PETTY GIRL

Classic beauty, the great French critic Sainte-Beuve once said, is the kind of beauty which not only gives you high excitement from its perfect proportions, the exquisite quality of its curves and lines—but which increases this excitement for you, as you look at it again and again . . . up, and down, and through. Examples of this, in ancient times, were the Venus of Milo, the Venus of Cnidus, and the Medici Venus. Their beauty increased, magically, the more you looked at them—gathering, with the passing moments, all the accidental, quiet charms of familiarity.

Well, the "classic" beauty of today is the Petty girl—the lissome, languorous, long-limbed damozel of the air brush. Her charms, like the ambrosias of old, are the pulse-stirring nectars for which gods are always athirst.

And each time you see her—it's the same story; only more ardent, perhaps, and more compelling . . .

That's why, whether you are a *récherché* esthete; a cheetah-guarded rajah; a connoisseur of ballet dancers, like the superb Degas; or just a humble trainer of falcons—you will welcome the Petty girl in her latest form . . . made ready, like some ripe Circassian princess, for adulation and fitting pleasures.

Superbly colored, and subtly cloaked in a glass-like film, laminated, mounted and framed, she is ready to look down on you, long and lovingly, with all the pride and capricious sweetness of a latter-day Venus. So here in the February issue of Esquire you have Petty Girl Number 2 (the January issue featured Petty Girl Number 1).

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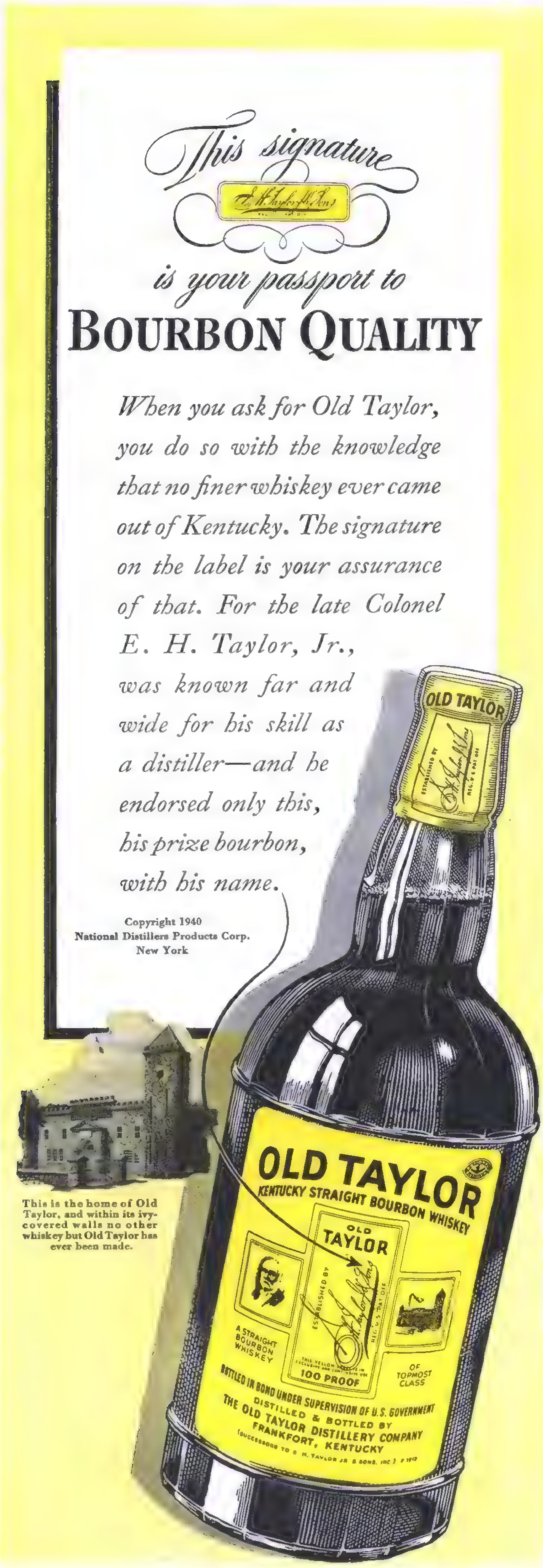
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When you ask for Old Taylor, you do so with the knowledge that no finer whiskey ever came out of Kentucky. The signature on the label is your assurance of that. For the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., was known far and wide for his skill as a distiller—and he endorsed only this, his prize bourbon, with his name.

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National Distillers Products Corp.
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This is the home of Old Taylor, and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.

Where Love Is a Lot of Fun

Continued from pages 51-128

tricts, is sure to have a dozen aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents and so-forth who would be delighted to take over the upbringing of any child she might happen to produce, regardless of who the papa is. Similarly the *vahine* herself, if you don't watch her, will start adopting other people's infants.

If you should achieve fatherhood you could, if you wished, I suppose, do something about it financially. I doubt that anybody would object. But I have never heard of a man being forced to do so, or even expected to. Kids can get only so much formal education here anyway, and the government supplies that.

Shotgun marriages are unheard of. If you tried to explain to a Tahitian what a shotgun marriage was, he would think you were kidding him.

There is no such thing as a brothel in Papeete. There is no such person as a procuress, or a pimp. Streetwalking is unknown; the Tahitian gals do not flirt. They are much too simple and honest for that. Walk up to one and speak to her, and she will be perfectly willing to dance with you, have a drink with you, perhaps go home with you; but *you* have to do the asking. They never run after a man in the first place. They never hang onto him against his wish. And when it comes time to sail away, your Tahitian wife feels kind of bad for a while. But she won't make a scene.

You give her something for good-bye. *What* depends upon how much you can afford, how long you've been with her, how fond of her you are, and also, of course, whether you're a good guy or a heel.

Girls have been given rubber checks, after years of being nice. One of my near neighbors was left 50,000 francs. A cafe in town, a popular spot and very prosperous, was a farewell gift. The very reason that there is never a suggestion of gold digging makes a man generous. The best thing to give is a piece of land, because they can live on a piece of land, and a wise colonial government won't permit them to sell or mortgage it unless their rights are fully protected.

You'll have to get tight, of course, when the time of parting comes. You couldn't force yourself to leave this place unless you got drunk first. And the *vahine* will cry; and kiss you; and drape around your neck wreath after wreath of frangipani, jasmine, roses, bougainvillea, hinano, hibiscus, tiare. And you will cry; and kiss her. And you'll lean on the rail, feeling terrible, while the ship slides out past Motu-uta, and you'll watch her slim figure grow smaller and smaller, and . . . oh, hell!

When you've gone through the the pass and are rolling a bit, and there's no sense straining your eyes any longer because you couldn't possibly tell her from anybody else in that polychromatic smear on the quay, you'll stumble into the bar for something to wash that lump out of your throat.

She probably really felt awful about seeing you go; and yet that night she'll be taking up with somebody else. It isn't that she wasn't sincere. It's just that Tahitians forget so easily.

And what a break for them! These things, I think, a woman should have to be desirable and to be happy: a low lovely voice, a smile that says yes, and a very poor memory.

Aué!

Don. ⋕

Women Marry Men

Continued from page 27

acquaintance or sight.

That is the traditional way courtship and marriage are supposed to take place, and that is the way a man wishes matters to go. He wishes it that way so strongly that he sometimes overlooks little evidences pointing the other way.

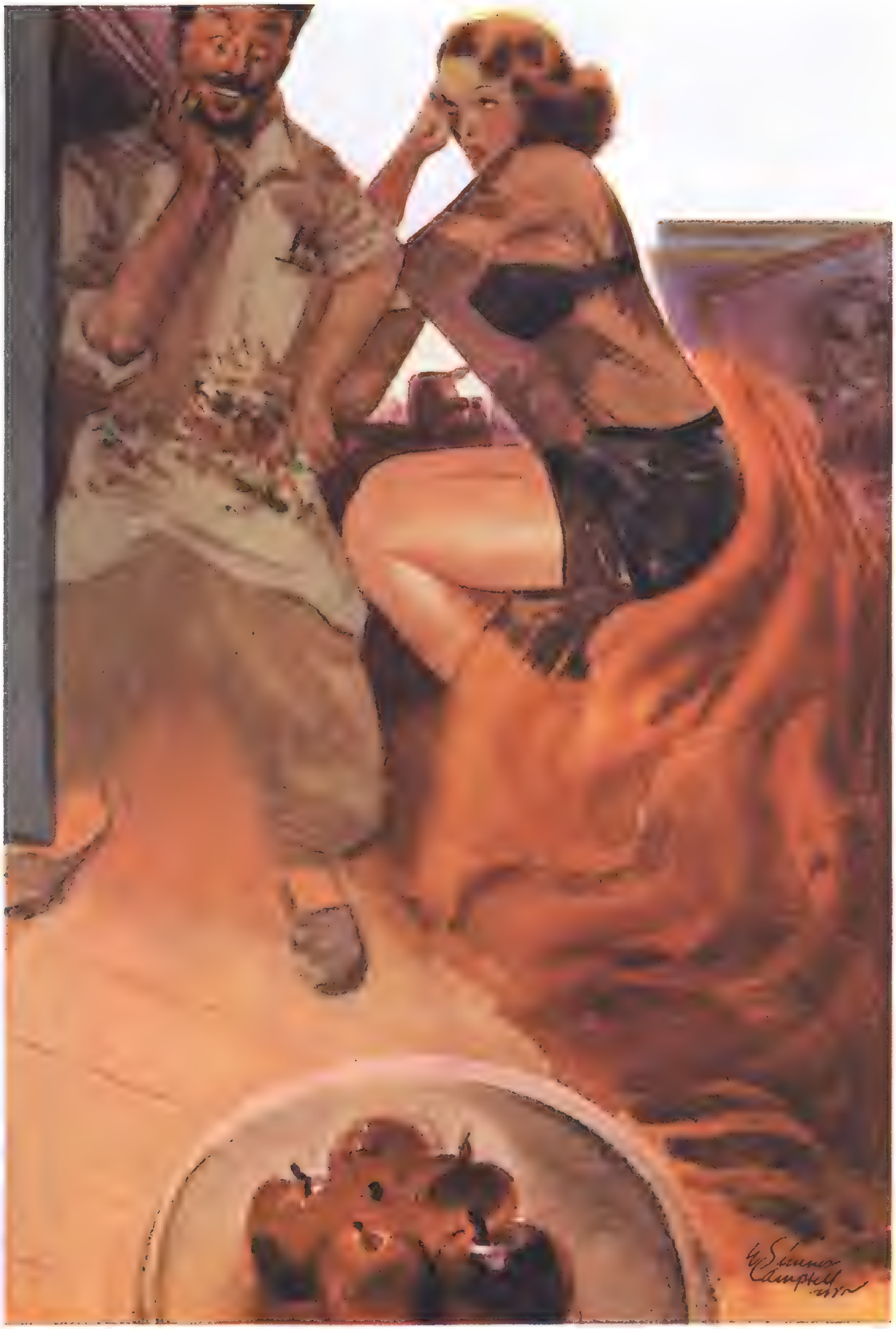
He may be unaware that his first sight of the woman was not so accidental as he thought. She may have seen him several times before he saw her and perhaps she planned just when and where and in what dress she should first meet his attentive gaze. And her ignoring of him or even her expressed dislike may have been merely to pique his curiosity and stimulate his interest.

How well wise women know that a worthwhile man is a fighter at heart and takes pride in storming the citadel after a long and arduous siege! How well they know that lack of opposition soon brings loss of interest!

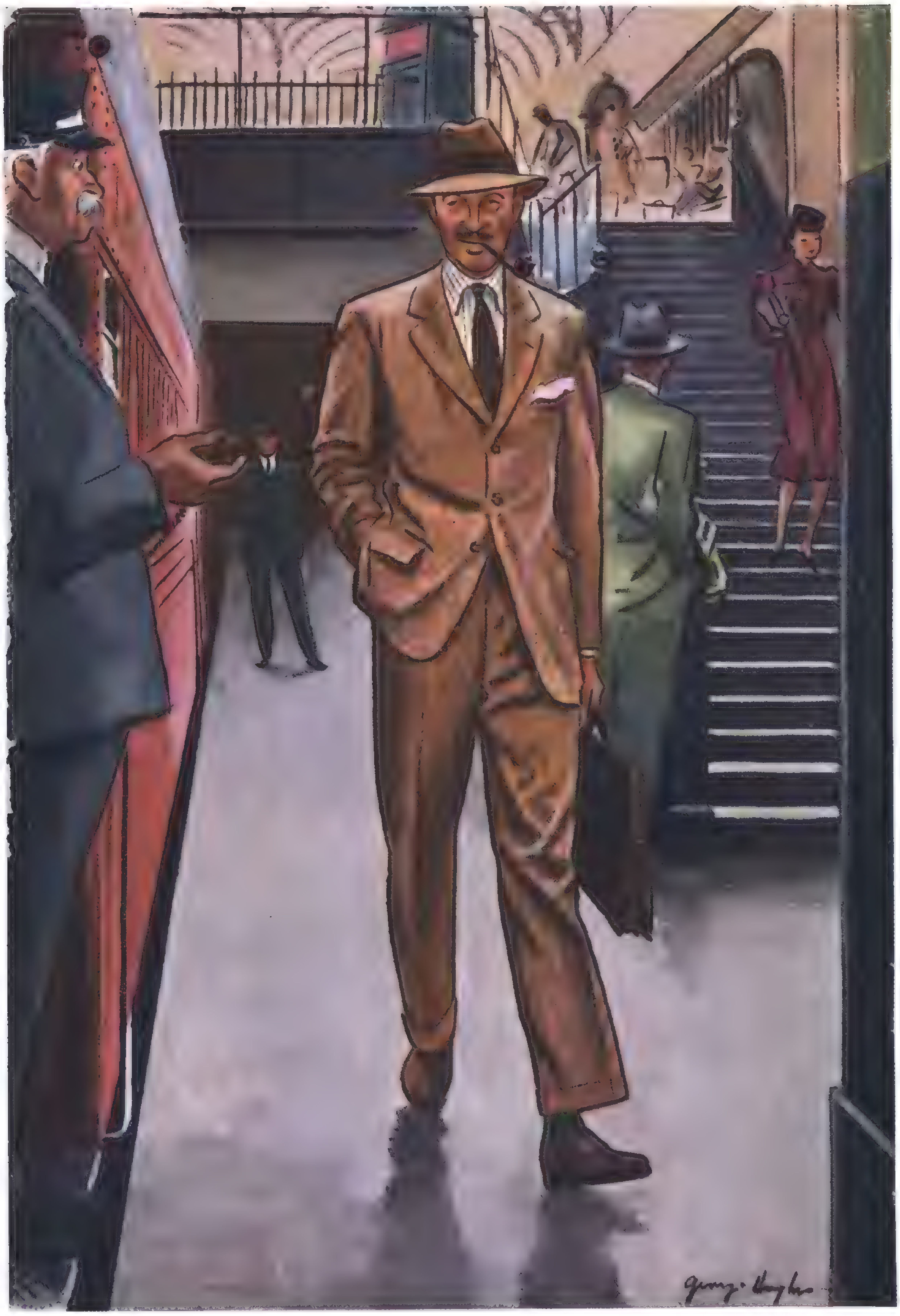
Sometimes, however, neither sex can be said to be the aggressor. The woman does not marry the man nor the man the woman: they marry each other. It is a sort of simultaneous recognition of a mutual interest—love at first sight on both sides. But this sort of courtship is comparatively rare.

Based on careful observation and long experience, my estimate of the relative frequency of the three types would be: mutual courtship, five per cent: man marries woman, twenty per cent; woman marries man, seventy-five per cent.

As to whether or not this great preponderance of marriages initiated by women is socially desirable I am not sure. Judged in the light of the fact that one marriage in six or seven ends in divorce, and that most of the divorce suits are begun by the women themselves, it might be well if the men began to do the marrying. But then we parsons might not get so many jobs. ⋕


E. Simms Campbell

"Ah! I think I will work on the apples today"

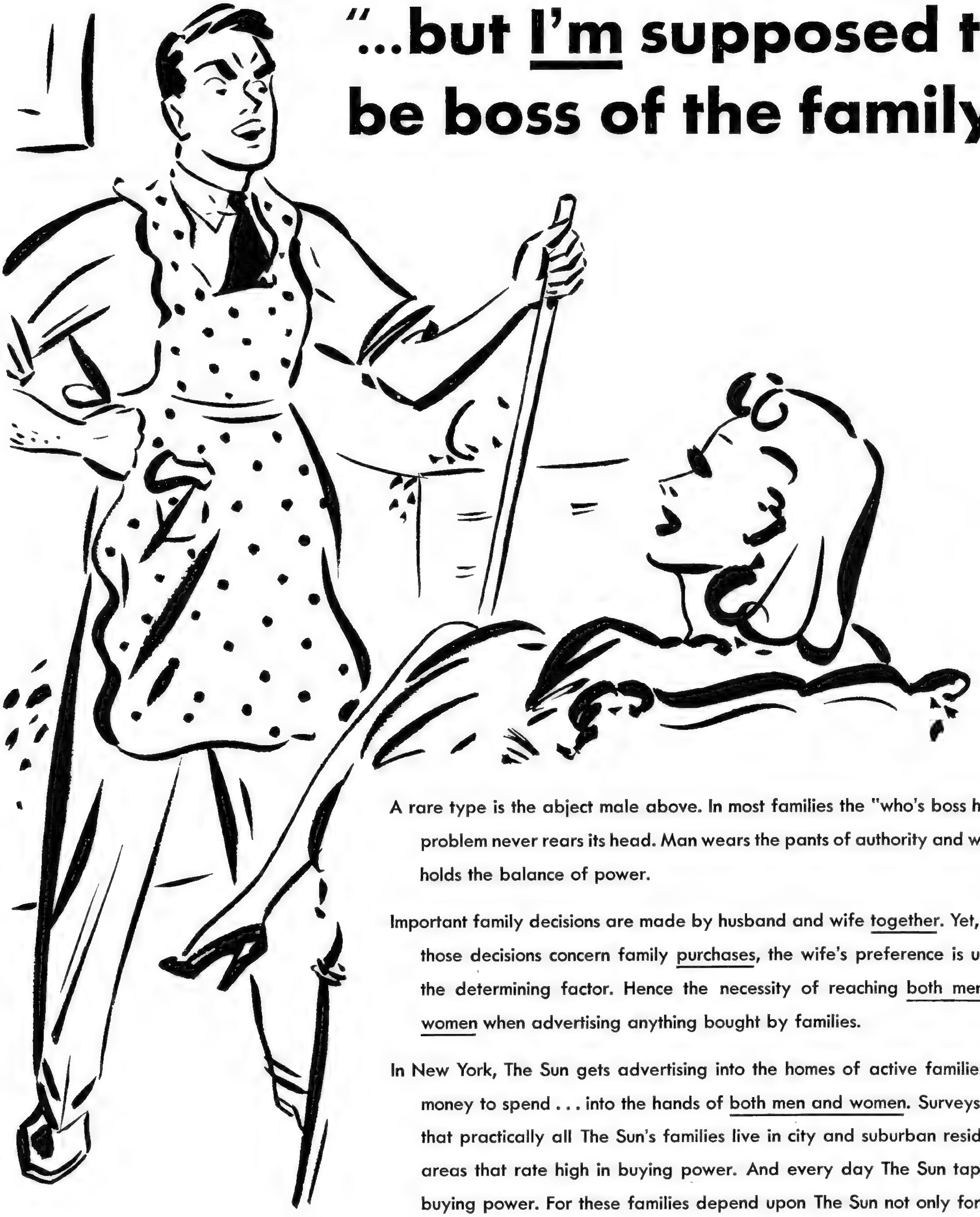


call to the rusticolors

The absence of a topcoat or overcoat on the briefcase-carrying gent shouldn't be interpreted as lack of finances, warm climate, or an allergy to coats. It simply means that we jumped the gun by one issue so that we could introduce you to the latest thing in semi-sports suits—Rusticolors. The commuter above uses it correctly for both business and weekend wear. Blends of three tones of brown are the elements in this mixture. The tweed suit has a fairly long three-button jacket, which accentuates his height. He tops it off with the brown turned-down brim hat, dipped down all around, a practice that is becoming increasingly popular. Blending unusually well with his suit and each other are his tan and white oxford shirt with button-down collar, and the red and green figured foulard tie and brown reversed calf straight-tip shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

"...but I'm supposed to be boss of the family"



A rare type is the abject male above. In most families the "who's boss here?" problem never rears its head. Man wears the pants of authority and woman holds the balance of power.

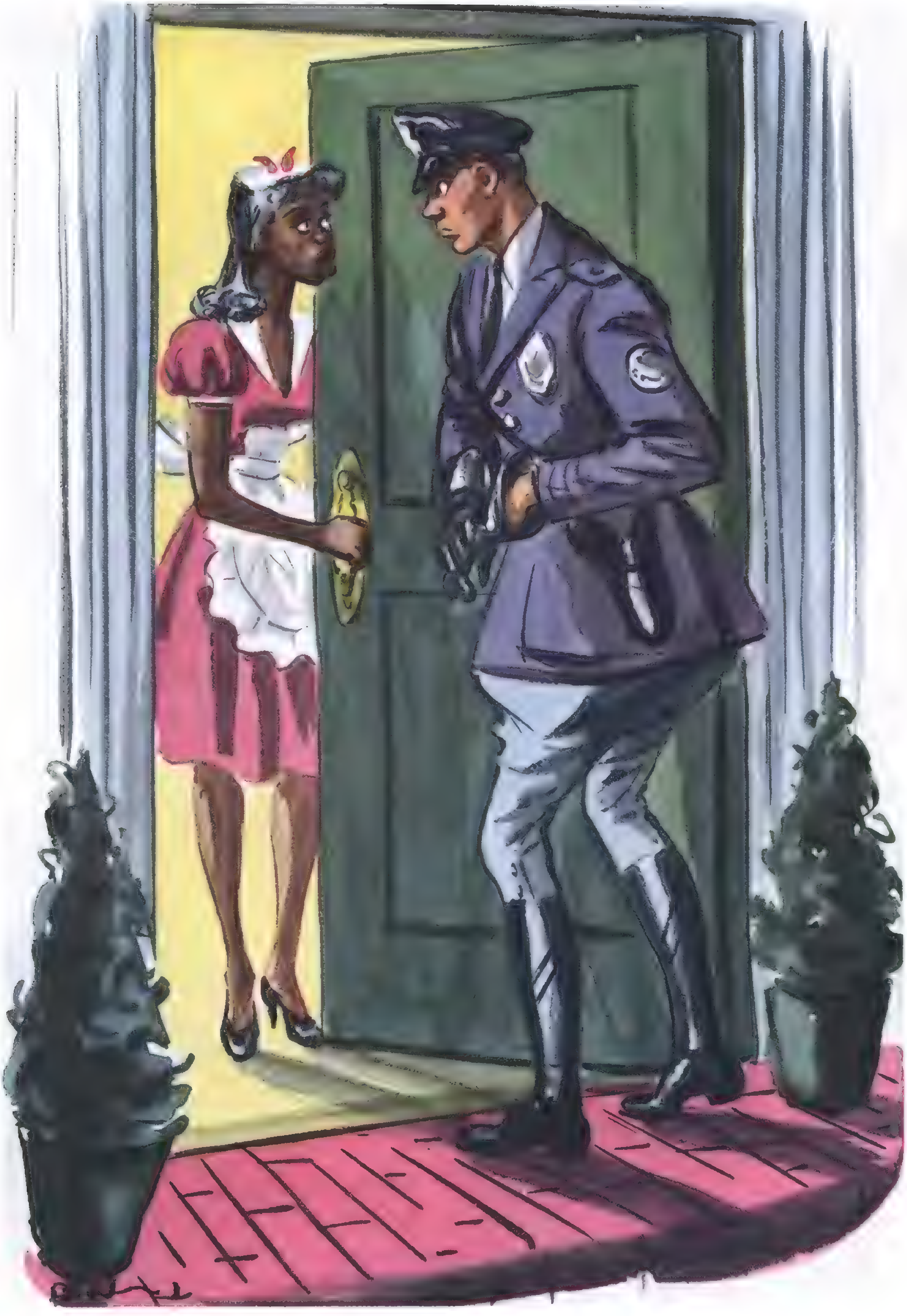
Important family decisions are made by husband and wife together. Yet, when those decisions concern family purchases, the wife's preference is usually the determining factor. Hence the necessity of reaching both men and women when advertising anything bought by families.

In New York, The Sun gets advertising into the homes of active families with money to spend . . . into the hands of both men and women. Surveys show that practically all The Sun's families live in city and suburban residential areas that rate high in buying power. And every day The Sun taps that buying power. For these families depend upon The Sun not only for news of the world but for news of good products and services.

Advertising in The Sun reaches the boss of the family—because it reaches everyone in the family!

The Sun

NEW YORK



"Miss Daisy says she's not at home to you any more—she sold her car"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 76

tion fills twenty-seven pages; and while one does not have to assume that our author approves of it, it is evident that he enjoys writing about it. *Pleasures* of the senses are naturally described with equal attention to details.

There are also, as in Mr. Hemingway's other works, superfluous obscenities which become tiresomely monotonous; and the substitution of the word "obscenity" for the more particular concreteness does not help matters at all. I am not shocked: I am nauseated. There is a difference between shock and nausea.

In voluminous verbiage, I suggest that the book has an excess of about 150 pages; and I wish the author had striven like his hero, who, (page 333):

"Concentrating on his report to Golz, trying to put it in the fewest words and still make it absolutely convincing, trying to put it so the attack would be cancelled, absolutely, yet convince them he wasn't trying to have it called off because of any fears he might have about the danger of his own mission, but wished only to put them in possession of all the facts, Robert Jordan was hardly half listening."

From the staccato sentences in some of his earlier work, Mr. Hemingway has gone to the other extreme. On page 407 there is one sentence containing 143 words.

I have emphasized what seem to me defects in this novel and have not mentioned its excellences (which are present) because the reviews salute the book as a work of genius.

It so happens that we do not have to compare it with works of genius to exhibit its shortcomings; in this same year a new novel by Mr. R. C. Hutchinson, *The Fire and the Wood*, is immensely superior to *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* And Mr. Hutchinson chose a girl mentally below Mr. Hemingway's heroine; yet between this humble, ignorant, vulgar maid-of-all-work and the research scholar a love story develops immeasurably more beautiful than Mr. Hemingway's. *The Fire and the Wood* is more profound, more complex, more subtle; because it is concerned with the way people think rather than with the way they feel.

Mr. Hemingway's novel fills 471 pages and the action and conversations cover four days; there is no objection to this; but I remind my readers that Garshin's *Four Days*, also a war story, contains more psychological insight than *For Whom* and fills (in the English translation) only fourteen pages.

Although there are still some repetitious passages that remind one of Gertrude Stein, Mr. Hemingway playfully ridicules her in a pretty pun (page 289).

"'Like the rose,' he said. 'Mighty like the rose. A rose is a rose is an onion.'"

"'The onions are affecting thy brain,' Augustin said. 'Take care.'"

"'An onion is an onion is an onion,' Robert Jordan said cheerily and, he thought, a stone is a stein is a rock is a boulder is a pebble.'"

I suppose there is some reason, though obscure to me, why the full name of the hero is always given—Robert Jordan; it becomes monotonous. It is only when the hero addresses himself in soliloquies that he calls himself simply Jordan.

Incidentally, I am glad that Mr. Hemingway calls the American Civil War by its right name—Civil War; the hero's father who fought in it called it The War of the Rebellion; so did my father. To call it The War Between the States is absurd camouflage; it was no more a war between the States than it was a war between the Cities. It was a War between the Confederacy and The United States of America. Curiously enough, in our time it is the Republican Party that tries to preserve States Rights and some local self-government; and it is the Democratic Party that has voted more power to the Federal Government at Washington than ever before.

And now that another Presidential election is over and the Third Term is a fact, I hope our country will do everything possible to help Great Britain and for two good reasons. Because Great Britain is fighting for the cause of individual liberty in which we believe, and because our own safety as a nation depends on the preservation of the British Commonwealth.

Anne Lindbergh wrote one good book—*North to the Orient. Listen—the Wind!* was inferior; and her new book, *The Wave of the Future*, is simply pretentious rhetoric. It is full of high moral sentiments but what it means can be put in five words: *Do not help Great Britain.* I think it would have been better to use those five words as the title.

Many who do not wish to help Great Britain in her (and our) time of extreme peril do not say that outright; they lack either the courage or the candor. They call their articles or their speeches "America First," or "Defending America," but what they mean is: Do not help Great Britain. I am not in the habit of hurling epithets, so I do not call any of these persons pro-Fascist or pro-Hitler. I am not concerned with their motives, but only with the results of their action. If they had their way, the results should be sufficiently clear.

I hate communism; but I have more respect for a man who calls himself a communist than for one who hides behind such an expression as Christian Front or Youth Movement; and is at heart a communist. I have more respect for a man who says he believes in Hitler and hopes he will win, than for one who shouts for "America

Continued on page 136

GIVE YOUR HAIR A CHANCE!

THE SCALP IS THE BASIS OF HAIR HEALTH

Treat it the Fitch Ideal Way

KEEP THIS HAIR FOLLICLE OPEN

AND KEEP YOUR HAIR

Take care of your hair this sensible way! Don't let the thousands of tiny hair openings on your scalp choke up with dirt and dandruff. Remember that congested scalp is the forerunner of many hair ills. That's why you've got to keep the hair openings clear and free to function normally. Use Ideal Tonic every day. Then the natural oils will be able to flow over your hair, bringing the benefits that only nature can bestow. Ideal Hair Tonic combines with natural oils to form the perfect dressing for your hair.

Ideal Hair Tonic stimulates circulation—helps allay itching scalp—helps to prevent dandruff—helps check falling hair. It's simple to use, and it does two great things for you! First, it makes it easy for your scalp to be as healthy as nature intended—and second, it acts as a dressing that helps keep your hair neat and good-looking. Start to care for your hair the Fitch Ideal way today!

FOR THAT WELL GROOMED LOOK WOMEN ADMIRE, USE FITCH IDEAL

Achieve that air of natural good grooming that women like—every hair in place, yet no suggestion of that "slick" look. Make a mighty good impression in business, too. Natural good grooming the Fitch Ideal way pays real dividends!

WRITE for a FREE sample of Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic to Dept. T-86, The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

Special OFFER! A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company and receive brush free.

You'll like Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application.

Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC

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Gay Prince

SO SKILFULLY FELTED IT FEELS LIKE VELVET
SO SMARTLY STYLED IT'S A STANDOUT

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● You can be as proud to own this jaunty saddle-stitched hat as you would any blue ribbon winner! Dobbs *Gay Prince* is as soft as a fine suede glove—yet it can take it like a true champion! A hail-fellow-well-met *man's* hat for *men* who know their way around in this fast-moving world.

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OTHER COLORS:
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FIFTH AVENUE
PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 76-135

First" and does everything possible to help Hitler.

Books about Mark Twain and books containing previously unpublished material from his pen will appear with some frequency during the next one hundred years; in the latter classification two have just been published, which should be bought by all who collect Mark Twain material and by those especially interested in his works. The first, *Mark Twain in Eruption*, containing "hitherto unpublished pages about men and events" is edited with an interesting introduction by Bernard DeVoto. I regard Mr. DeVoto as the ablest living critic and interpreter of Mark Twain; but while I delight in some of these hitherto unpublished pages, I am appalled at the inclusion of others. These fragments of autobiography which Mark dictated and which were omitted by his official biographer, Mr. Paine, were all intended by Mark Twain to appear after his death. Several times he uses the expression that he is speaking from the grave. Now while he voiced violent views about an immense variety of things and individuals, he was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived; and I cannot believe that he would have approved of the publication of these pages about Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Leonard Wood, Andrew Carnegie and others, during the lifetime of their closest relatives. There is a scurrility about these remarks that was characteristic of his conversation, except that in his conversation there would have been much more profanity than is printed here; but knowing him personally as I did, I do not believe he would have consented to publication only thirty years after his death. Furthermore, if he attacked Theodore Roosevelt for usurping power that ought to have been exercised by the States and by Congress, what would he think if he were alive now? And if he bitterly complained of excessive taxes before there was any Federal income tax, what would he say now? I had a long talk with Mark Twain at the time of the Japanese-Russian War in 1904. He did not say a word against Theodore Roosevelt (if he really felt as he shows in these pages, he took care not to talk for publication) but he said a lot in favor of Japan; for in that war he was wholly pro-Japanese. I think this book would have been improved by omitting the first hundred pages after the Introduction.

I agree wholly with Mr. DeVoto that Mark Twain primarily was a *novelist*, one of the world's masters of the novel. He was a literary genius, a literary artist of the first magnitude. It may be remembered that Goethe, after expressing immense admiration for Byron's poetic splendor, said, "The moment he thinks, he is a child." The same remark applies (perhaps in lesser degree) to Mark Twain. He was not a philosopher; he was not a profound thinker. Knowing very little about the subject, he wrote a book in which he expressed ridicule of the scholars who believed that William Shakespeare wrote the plays that bear his name.

But the major part of this *Eruption* is highly interesting and valuable, especially where he discusses contemporary authors whom he knew personally. His account of the visit to his house in Hartford made by Bret Harte, and his exposure of Bret Harte's character, which fill about thirty pages, is thrilling; I feel as if I were in the room with the two men; this is one of the most amazing character-sketches by one great writer of another that I have ever read. His account of the Aldrich celebration may pain some persons today, but I am glad Mr. DeVoto included it. The story of Murat Halstead and Bayard Taylor on the ocean liner is superb; his interviews with Elinor Glyn and Marie Corelli are magnificent; and the short story of Mark Twain, General Miles, and the dog is an absolute masterpiece. Today Winston Churchill stands out as one of the greatest of living men; I believe his collected speeches will give him a place among the great orators of the world. Hence Mark Twain's brief encounter with him (pages 330, 331) has an additional interest today. The story of the miner greeting Bret Harte on the steamer (pages 271, 272) affords a good commentary on my remarks in a previous issue of this magazine on Owen Wister's "When you say that, smile." Long before that was written, Mark Twain, who knew that such an epithet was frequently a compliment, describes in two pages how Bret Harte tried to hide from the roughneck on the steamer, because he thought the tough fellow was going to beat him up; but when the latter finally succeeded in catching him:

"The miner said, sternly, 'Are you Bret Harte?' "

Harte confessed it in a feeble voice.

'Did you write that *Luck of Roaring Camp?*'

Harte confessed again.

'Sure?'

'Yes'—in a whisper.

The miner burst out, fervently and affectionately, 'Son of a——! Put it there!' and he gripped Harte's hand in his mighty talons and mashed it.

Tom Fitch knows that welcome phrase, and the love and admiration that purge it of its earthiness and make it divine."

Mark Twain had unlimited admiration for Rudyard Kipling, but the story which appears here differs (slightly) from what he told me. Mark told me that on a terribly hot day in Elmira, when he did not want to see anyone, a card was brought up to him from a visitor of whom he had never heard; this was before Kipling became famous. Mark absolutely refused to see him. Another card came up on which was written, "This is Rudyard Kipling, who has travelled 10,000 miles to see Mark Twain." Then Mark said wearily, "Oh, let him come up." The young man appeared, and they had agreeable conversation for an hour. Mark told me that a year later, when someone asked him about this new star rising in the East, and he learned that the author was Rudyard Kipling, "I wish I had kept that card he wrote, instead of throwing it in the wastebasket." In the account printed here, he says his daughter Susy had kept the card in her mirror and brought it to him when Kipling became famous.

One statement of Mark's in this book will interest those who make their living by writing. In a memorable passage describing Murat Halstead's sixty years of slavery on a newspaper, Mark says his own life has been passed in delightful fun, with no work at all; the two paragraphs about this (pages 304, 305) begin, "Piloting on the Mississippi River was not work to me; it was play—delightful play, vigorous play—and I loved it," and they end with "the writing of books and magazine matter was always play, not work. I enjoyed it; it was merely billiards to me."

The other new book on Mark Twain is called *Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown.* The book is composed of heretofore uncollected sketches for the San Francisco paper in 1866 and 1867, describing his adventures in Nicaragua, Hannibal, New York, and other spots on the way to Europe. They are collected and edited by Franklin Walker and G. Ezra Dane. This is valuable, giving the things that Mark wrote between his visit to the Sandwich Islands and his sailing for the Holy Land in 1867, out of which came the *Innocents Abroad.*

I was pleased to see that the frontispiece is a picture of Captain Edgar ("Ned") Wakeman; for this Captain became the Captain Blakely of *Roughing It* and the famous Captain Stormfield of the *Excursion to Heaven.* But I can supply another item about him. In Mark Twain's *Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion,* he has a profane sea-captain, whom he calls Hurricane Jones, who explains to a clergyman called Peters, that Elijah's miracle when he called down fire from heaven to baffle the prophets of Baal (I Kings XVIII) could be easily explained because while Elijah pretended to submerge the altar with water, he really put on *petroleum,* "the country was full of it." Well, Sir Thomas Browne in *Religio Medici* (1643) had made somewhat more reverently the same suggestion. I wrote to Mark about this, and received the following reply:

April 24, 1901.

I was not aware that old Sir Thomas had anticipated that story, and I am much obliged to you for furnishing me the paragraph. It is curious that the same idea should have entered two heads so unlike as the head of that wise old philosopher and that of Captain Ned Wakeman, a splendidly uncultured old sailor, but in his own opinion a thinker by divine right. He was an old friend of mine of many years' standing; I made two or three voyages with him, and found him a darling in many ways. The petroleum story was not told to me; he told it to Joe Twichell, who ran across him by accident on a sea voyage where I think the two were the only passengers. A delicious pair, and admirably mated, they took to each other at once and became as thick as thieves. Joe was passing under a fictitious name, and old Wakeman didn't suspect that he was a parson; so he gave his profanity full swing, and he was a master of that great art. You probably know Twichell, and will know that that is a kind of refreshment which he is very capable of enjoying.

When I was thirteen years old, Mark Twain gave the Commencement address at the Hartford West Middle District School. His subject was Methuselah. He said that Methuselah lived 969 years, but there was nothing doing. He might just as well have lived a thousand. "You boys and girls will see more in the next fifty years than Methuselah ever saw." This was a true prophecy, and among the magicians who turned our world into fairyland Edison stood out supreme, a greater magician than anyone in the Arabian Nights or in the Middle Ages. But besides major inventions like the telephone, the automobile, the phonograph, the airplane, the radio, etc., I should like to pay a grateful tribute to those who invented little conveniences. They may not have attained immortality, but they added enormously to the amenities of daily living. The safety razor: if there were only one safety razor in the world, and I had it, I would not sell it for twenty-five thousand dollars: cleaning tissues are a blessing to millions; everyone ought to like them except the laundries. The whirl-around door in hotels and public buildings, allowing free entrance without admitting the icy draught: the golf tee, which did away with the boxes filled with wet sand: the zipper, originating in Meadville, Pa., first used, if I remember rightly, for tobacco pouches, and now for all kinds of clothing, traveling-bags, and perhaps eventually for the front doors of houses.

In the December issue of this magazine, I commented at length on Thomas Mann's new novel, *The Beloved Returns,* where the scenes are placed in Weimar, in Goethe's lifetime. It is perhaps not generally known that when Thackeray was nineteen, he spent some time in Weimar, and saw Goethe, who was then eighty years old. In a letter to George H.

Continued on page 138

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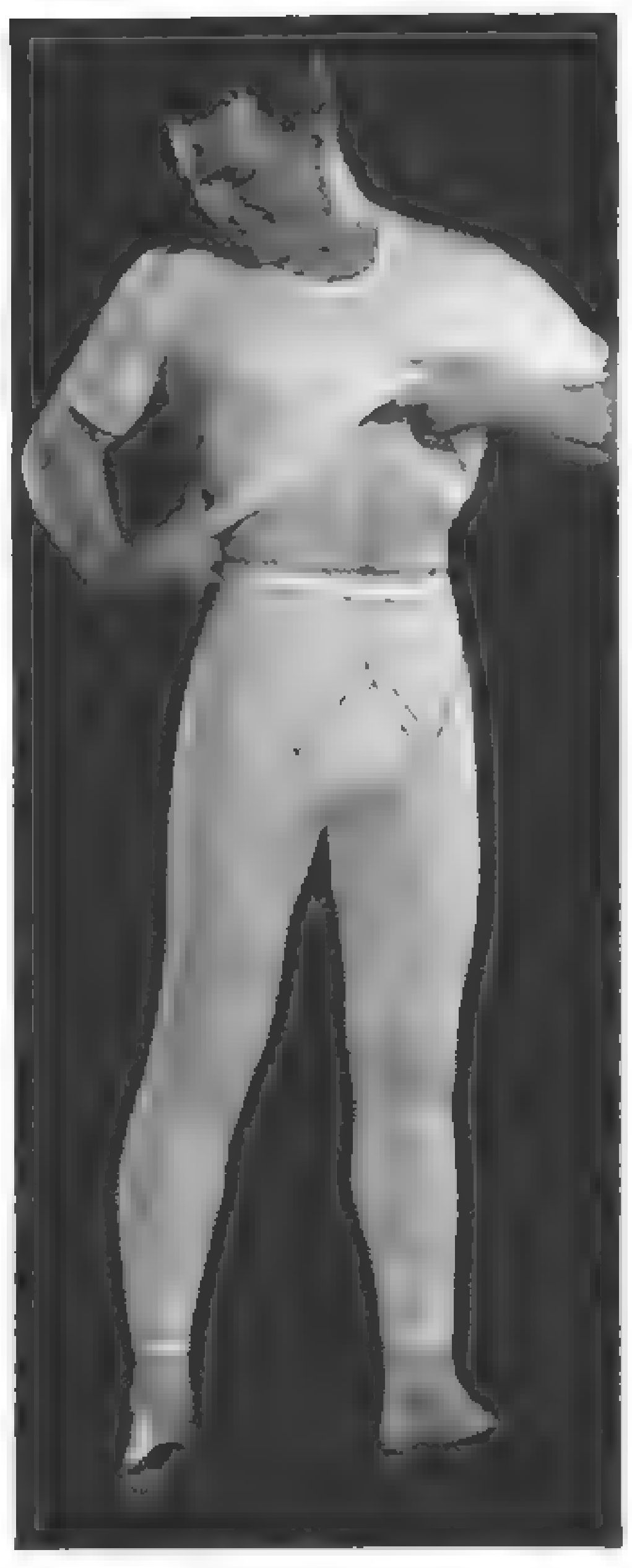

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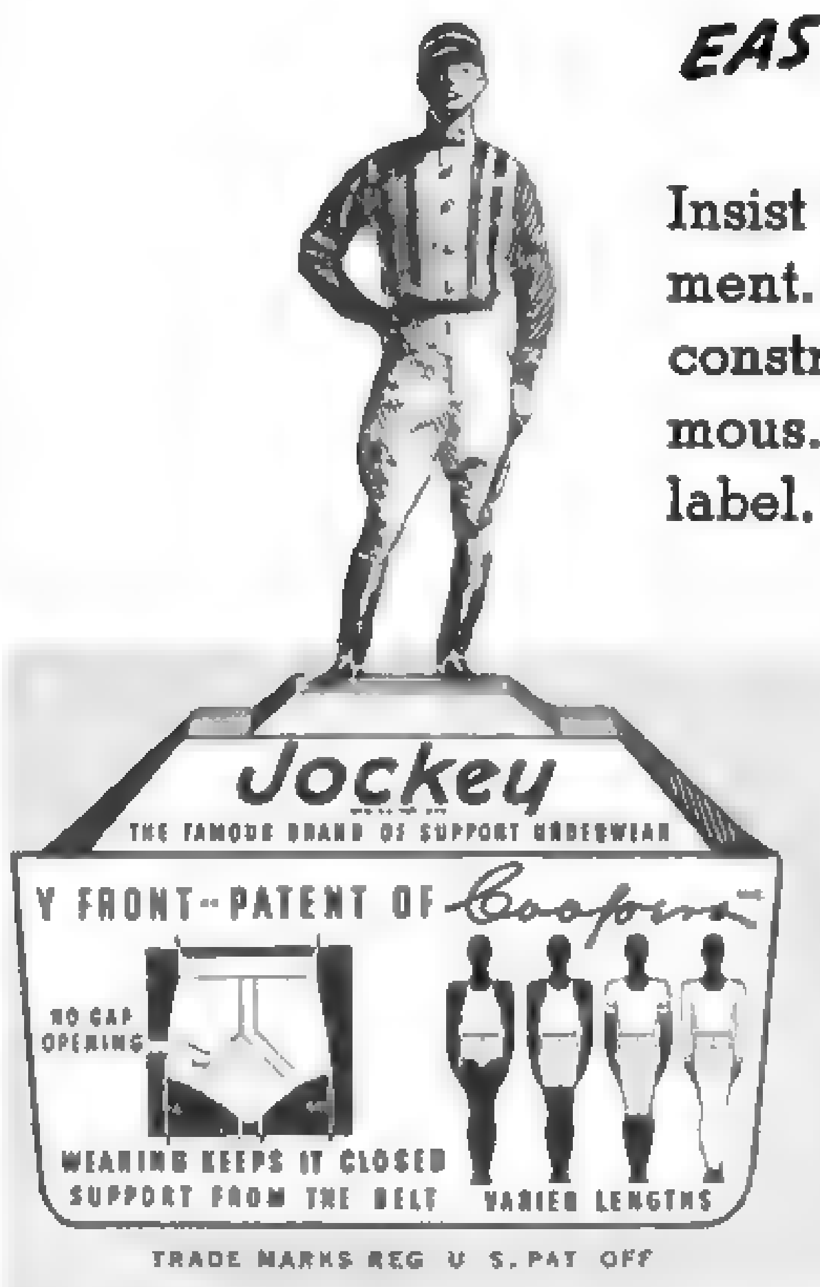
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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 76-135-137

Lewes, written in 1855, Thackeray wrote as follows:

"Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancy Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

"*Vidi tantum.* I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan;* once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too. . . . I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe. . . .

"With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentleman-like, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."

For some reason, prize-winning books are often dull; but I have never known a more striking instance than the winner of the one thousand dollar prize for the best murder-story. The prize was awarded to *A Matter of Iodine*, by David Keith. This is one of the dullest murder stories I have ever read, and there is nothing duller than a dull murder story.

E. S. Gardner, however, in *The Case of the Silent Partner*, where to my delight appear again that delectable pair, Perry Mason the lawyer and his secretary Della Street, has written his masterpiece. I like every one of his "Cases"—and I like this best of all. It is a thriller.

Another murder story, called *Murder in a Mist*, by an author named Zelda Popkin, is very fine. A beautiful woman is murdered with the sharp steel instrument used by carvers of statues, called a "point." For some reason, the publishers sent out to the reviewers the instrument itself, which I am very glad to have; though, not wishing to murder anyone, and not being able to do sculptor's work, I don't know what I shall do with it. I remember how sadly disappointed I was (I have never got over it) when I learned that modern sculptors never produce the marble statue that we see; the marble work is done anonymously from the sculptor's design in some plastic material. I suppose the early sculptors did all the work themselves; and I have been told (by a sculptor) that Michael Angelo was the only one who never made any preliminary work in clay, but began with the block of marble and finished with it, taking chances on ruining it. I have always admired the masons who cut images on the stone edges of buildings *after* the block is permanently in place.

Alan Villiers, the Australian, who has commanded a number of sailing ships in voyages around Cape Horn, has written a magnificent book called *Sons of Sinbad.* He enlisted with an Arab crew in a voyage from the Red Sea to Zanzibar and back. An open vessel; it is astounding that he survived. He not only survived, but loved it. I guarantee this book will delight men and boys, and most girls. Villiers is now in England, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and writes me that he would rather be there than anywhere else in the world.

The late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), Governor-General of Canada, left in manuscript an autobiography called *Pilgrim's Way.* This is a charming book. I had the pleasure of meeting its author on two occasions, and he seemed to me to be exactly the kind of man every one of us would like to be. His versatility was astounding; he wrote biographies of Cromwell and the Emperor Augustus, histories of the World War, innumerable detective stories and other novels, a vast number of essays, was a Member of Parliament, and an expert in many outdoor sports.

How impossible it is to classify the literary production or taste of any period! Two of the most popular recent novels are *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Mrs. Miniver.* Could any two books be more unlike? *Mrs. Miniver* is as light as foam, but full of wit and humor.

Let me urge everyone who sees Charlie Chaplin's motion picture, *The Great Dictator*, to see it *twice.* I liked it on my first attendance, but twice as much on the second. ⌗

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"THE OLD WALRUS sure told me off!" gloomed Kelly. "Wonder what dollar-a-pound mixture *he* smokes? Fat chance I could afford such-like on the slim pay *I* get around here."

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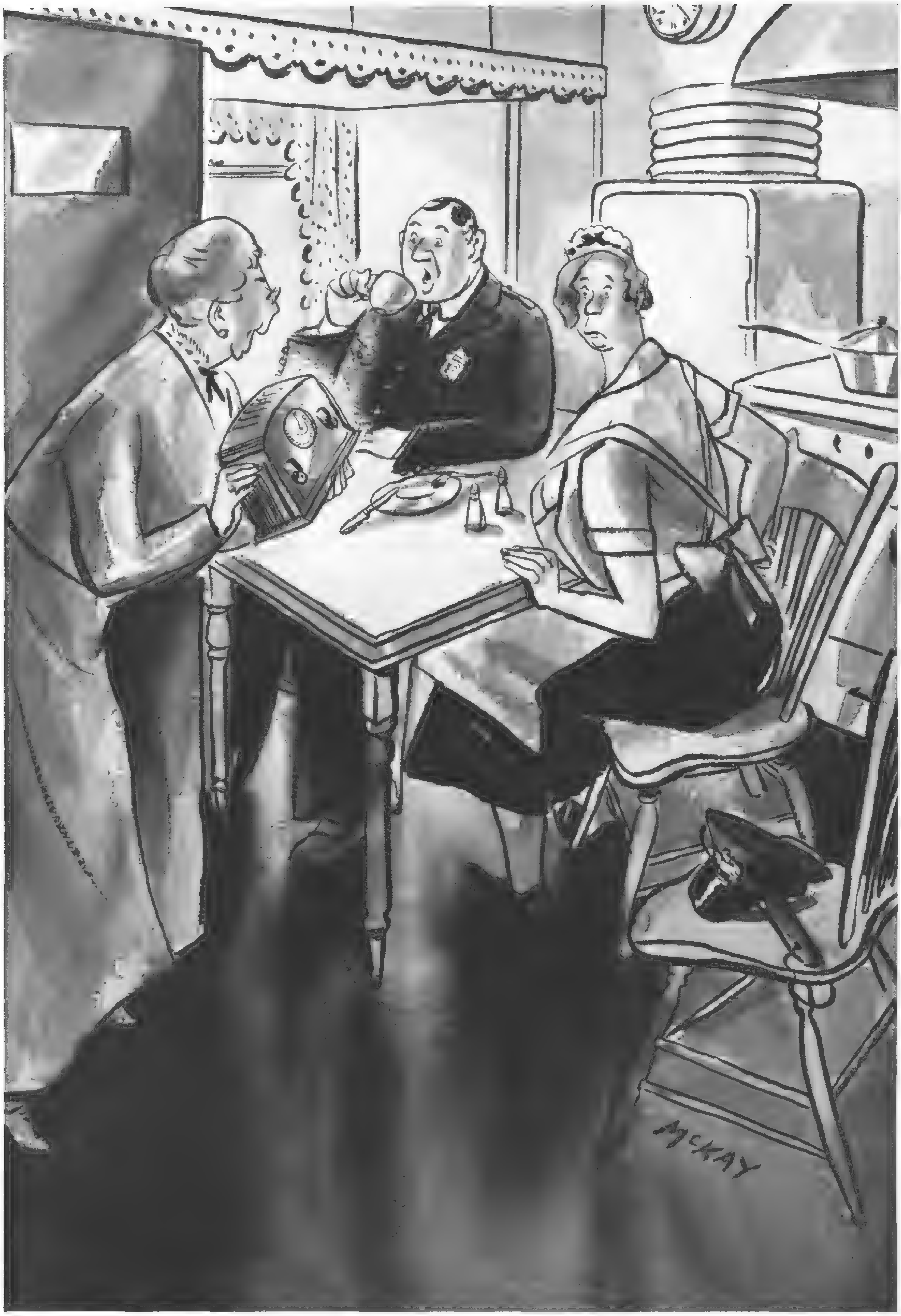
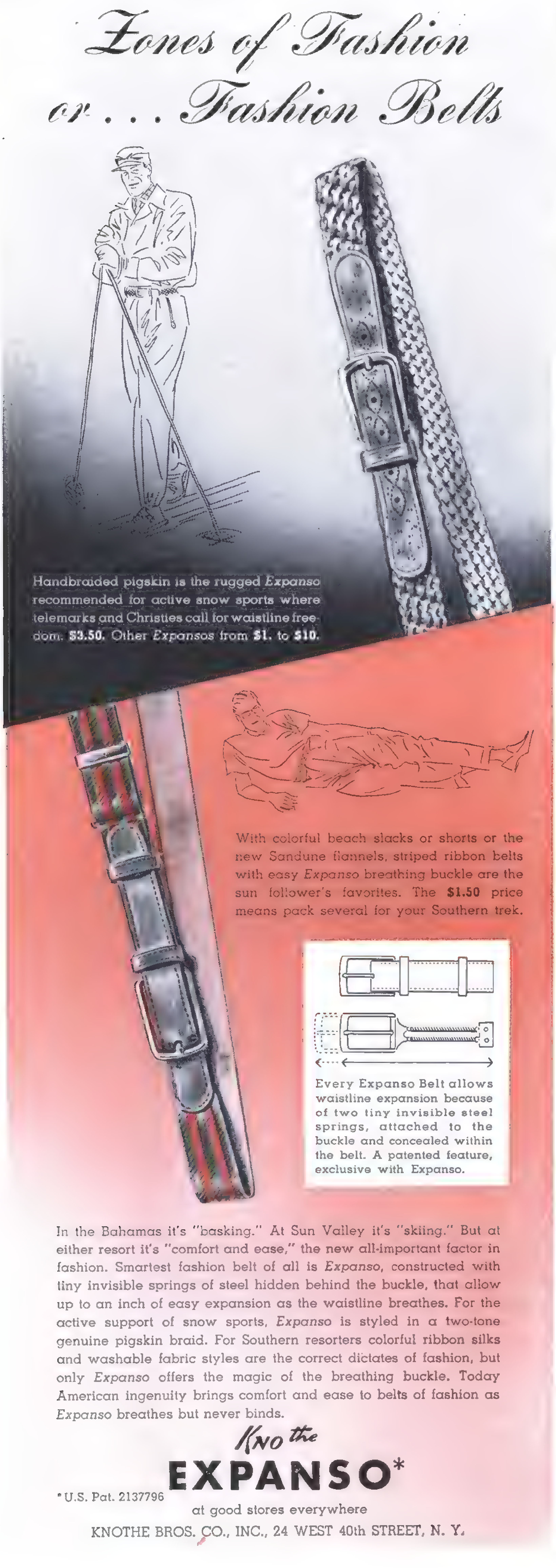


"Hilda, I'm giving you a radio you can get police calls on!"



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Americans Can Play Hockey

Continued from page 61

Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The game was introduced there by Canadian players early in the century but the rugged Copper Country youths soon took it over.

Here was the first demonstration that American boys, given an even opportunity, could play the game as brilliantly as the Canadian authors of it.

Their style was more rough and tumble than the Canadian style, but they had speed and ruggedness and they won as often as they lost in games with the best teams from across the border.

Some of them, actually, were hired away from the Peninsula to play with cup-contending Canadian teams.

That was a lusty period in the Copper Country and the slashing give and take was an outlet for fans as well as players.

In those days cracked skulls were minor injuries.

Referees knew that the home team was in the habit of winning but, if one forgot that rule, he left his dressing room with a skate in either hand and a certain technique for carving his way through the angry throng.

Out of the Copper Country came Joe Linder, the first great American-born hockey player.

Joe was a big, angular, straight-ahead-and-clear-the-track type of player.

His antics during a march up the ice resembled a burlesque of a drunk having his first lessons on roller skates; but he went forward and he had the puck with him.

Moving from one collision to the next with shoulders, elbows and knees jolting opponents dizzy, he seemed to have more joints than Chicago's Clark Street.

"And he always came through," recalls Nick Kahler who counted himself lucky to be on Linder's side. "The best way to make a goal on that team was to loaf around the opponent's net and wait for Joe. He would bring the puck through and say, 'Here kid, take a shot.' He would give you as light and clean a pass as ever was made in hockey and, while the goal minder was watching Joe, you'd slip in a tally."

To offset the advantage in climate enjoyed by Canadian players, Americans have greater speed and are tougher competitors.

Under the old rules of hockey which required all players to skate on side so that the puck could not be passed forward and every advance had to be made by dribbling, interrupted by lateral passes, the Canadian skill at stick handling was the controlling factor of the game and speed was not essential. Under the new, streamlined rules which permit forward passing in any of three zones, skating speed and aggressive play win hockey games, and this game is the Americans' dish.

When I say Americans are tougher competitors I do not mean they have superior courage. Canadian players are thorough gamesters.

But American youth is trained in a variety of rough and tumble games and has a somewhat different attitude toward sports from the Canadian attitude which has felt the British influence.

Canadians will take bruising contacts bravely enough, but Americans revel in them—go out looking for them. The succession of sports through American seasons—baseball, football, basketball—breeds boys who will give a lot in bruised hides and cracked bones to attain victory.

Americans play at a give-and-take pace which is designed to beat the other fellow down, test his toughness and his stamina. Playing hockey that way makes a game that has few dull moments.

And so we see again that American boys have the latent ability. They need only more facilities to permit more boys to master the technique of the game through practice.

It would not be difficult to select an all-time team of American born players capable of winning a National Professional League championship if they could be assembled in their primes.

Goalie would be Frank Brimsek, with Mike Karakas in reserve. Two powerful defense lines would have Moose Goheen, mighty man of the old St. Paul A.C., Denny Breen of the American Soo, Taffy Abel, one time with the New York Rangers, and, certainly, old, angular, Copper Country Joe Linder who always went through.

On the forward line would be Doc Romnes, recently a National Leaguer, Vic Des Jardien, Herb Drury, Pittsburgh's old rover, Hobey Baker, glamour boy of hockey years ago, Muz Murray, another of the Copper Country slashers, Yank Boyd, one time with the New York Americans, and Tony Conroy, another St. Paul A. C. boy who may have been the fastest, surest back checker hockey has ever had.

In any list of the thirty best hockey players the whole world has had you would have to include the American-born Linder, Goheen, Baker and Drury; and before his young career has ended, goalie Brimsek may win his way into this rating of greatness.

Here is direct evidence of the way in which participation in one rough sport qualifies American boys to excel in the next sport that comes along in its season.

It concerns the relation between goal minding in hockey and catching in baseball.

Frank Brimsek, top goalie of last season, played catcher on his school baseball team. So did Mike Karakas, best American goalie until Brimsek came along, and Leo Lo Presti, the youngster whom the Chicago Black Hawks are grooming for stardom.

George Vezina, greatest of all Canadian Goalies, Chuck Gardiner, Blackhawk hero who died near the peak of his career, and Tiny Thompson, Boston's catlike interceptor of flying pucks, all were catchers on Canadian teams.

"When you have a good goalie," they say in hockey, "you have more than half of your team."

Well then, just give enough young American baseball catchers opportunities to try their hands at hockey and this country will be amply represented.

But if the operation of American rinks is too costly to permit the wholesale training of youngsters how can players be developed?

The colleges may have an answer to that. Colleges can train athletes at a loss. It is part of the educational function.

Last March the University of Minnesota won the national A.A.U. championship tournament by semi-final and final scores of 9 to 4 and 10 to 1. Earlier in the season the Minnesota team scored 5 to 2 and 10 to 1 victories over the London, Ontario, A.C. team which subsequently went to the semi-finals of the Ontario Hockey Association championship.

Every member of the Minnesota team was a native of the state; and at least three of them were good enough to step forthwith into Class AA professional hockey and move from there, in time, to the National League. Authority for this is Ching Johnson, recent beloved warhorse of the New York Rangers and Americans.

The University of Michigan supports hockey, drawing on the Copper Country for its material; and now Illinois has moved into the Big Ten race. It has recruited many young players from Minnesota's Iron Range and will give them intensive training.

College hockey is booming in Southern California and it is to be noted that little Loyola of Los Angeles, while drawing players from Minnesota's Iron Range, played virtually even with mighty Southern California which favored Canadian imports.

The Ivy League likes its hockey, too; but does not graduate many boys of the type likely to go into the professional game.

Big universities are coming to believe that campus rinks for student skating are worthwhile investments. When these rinks are built they will be available for hockey and, never fear, they will produce great players.

The speed and dash of hockey, its sharp contacts, its feverish rallies, its whirling attack and counter attack, are all right down the alley of American kids.

They will master it sooner or later. ⌗

On an Ocean Wave

Continued from page 59

but tell me, what's it about?"

O'Kane coughed pointedly—whereupon Cates, the swimming-pool steward, came out of the private bathroom behind Dollard and went to the corridor door, locking it and standing in front of it. At the same time Gaston T. Scheer came out of the bathroom and Dollard stood up, blushing suddenly dark as he recognized him.

"Oh, hello—" he said, "—Mr. Scheer. What's the idea of this?" He took off his glasses with the thought that Scheer was going to hit him.

"What are you a professor of, Professor?"

"Mathematics, Mr. Scheer—I told you that. What's the idea of asking me down here?"

"You ought to stick to your job," said Scheer, "You ought to stick there in the college and teach it and not mess around with decent people."

"I'm not messing around with anybody."

"You oughtn't to fool around with people that could buy you out ten thousand times—and not know they spent a nickel."

Dollard stood up.

"You're out of your class," said Scheer, "You're a school teacher that's promoted himself out of his class."

Cates, the steward, stirred impatiently. He had left the two hundred pounds in cash in his locker and he wanted to have this over with and get back and hide it better.

"I don't know yet what I've done," Dollard said. But he knew all right. It was too bad. A long time ago he had decided to avoid rich people and here he was tangled up with the very worst type.

"You stepped out of your class," said Scheer thickly, "but you're not going to do it any more. You're going to feed the fishes out there, see?"

Mr. O'Kane, who had bucked himself with whiskey, kept imagining that it was Claud Hanson who was about to die for Mr. Scheer—instead of Professor Dollard who had not offered himself for a sacrifice. There was still a moment when Dollard could have cried out for help but because he was guilty he could not bring himself to cry out. Then he was engrossed in a struggle to keep breathing, a struggle that he lost without a sigh.

III

Minna Scheer waited on the front of the promenade deck, walking in the chalked numbers of the shuffle-board game. She was excited and happy. Her feet as she placed them in the squares felt young and barefoot and desperate. She could play too—whatever it was they played. She had been a good girl so long, but now almost everybody she knew was raising the devil and it was a thrilling discovery to find that she could join in with such pleasure. The man was late but that made it all the more tense and unbearably lovely, and from time to time she raised her eyes in delight and looked off into the white hot wake of the steamer. ⌗

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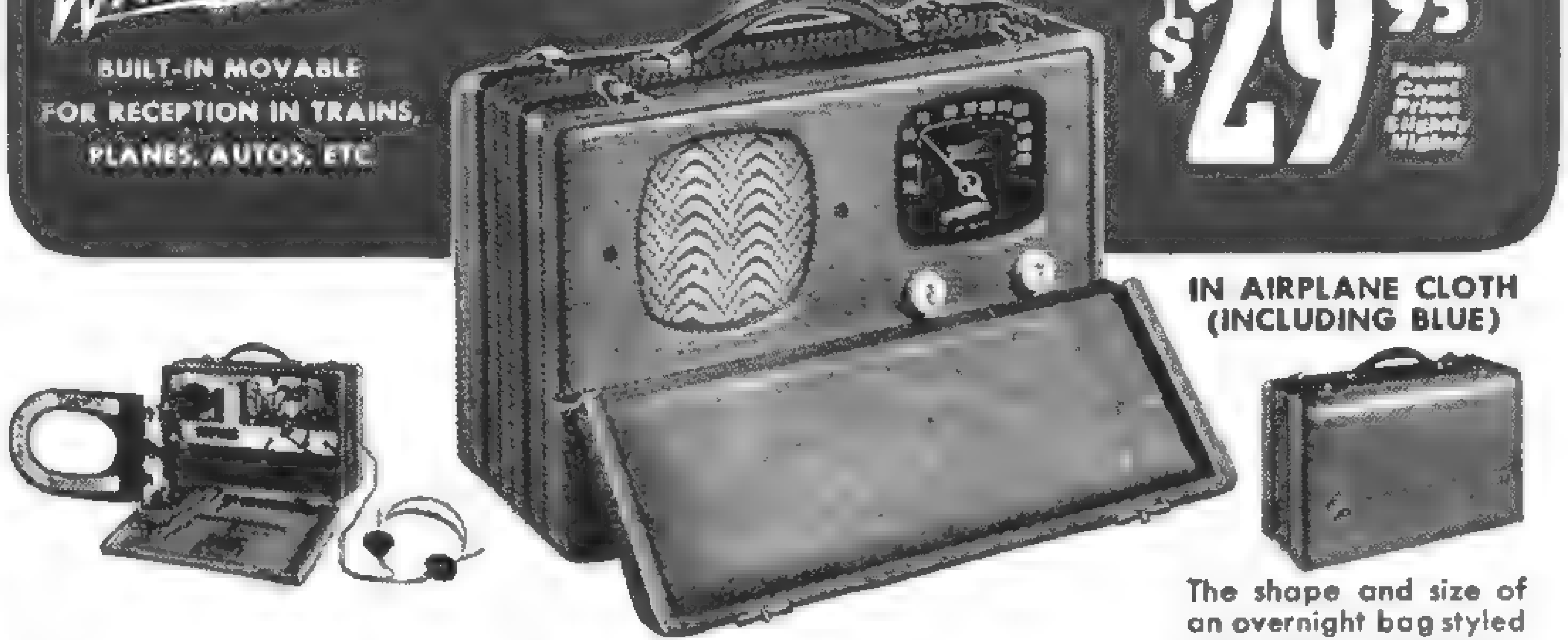

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Nine Strike in the Ballet

Continued from page 66

voice, I'd tell you all about Serge de Diaghilev and the first Russian ballet to come here, and their awful failure in spite of Nijinsky's scandal in the *Afternoon of a Faun.* Then the "sensation" of Pavlova, and the slow unhappy progress of ballets in America until Diaghilev died and the Ballet Russe ceased to be what romance and memory made us believe the greatest experience of art in our time.

The Europeans kept coming; they kept trying to make a bit of money out of these damned Americans; they got American managers and slowly they established themselves. Some Americans despised them because they weren't Diaghilev and his troupe; some were indifferent because the repertory was pretty old; and there were quarrels about a lot of other things. The descendants of Diaghilev divided as the amoeba does, and constantly rumors flew that this great ballet master, that impresario, the other ballerina, would combine, desert, reform, join a new group—if only someone else did something (usually connected with money).

Then rose several American groups. One, with its bases in Chicago and New York, had good finances, some social standing, and a kind of drive which, I think, came from some businessmen, dragooned by their wives. It specialized in the older ballet, but it commissioned new works; it may go through some mergers, and may lapse for a season; but it has energy and determination about the ballet as a going concern—more, perhaps, than it has about the ballet as an art. This sounds like a sneer; but those who have felt deeply about ballet as an art have, all too often, stood in the way of our seeing ballet. You can't like a ballet-group which doesn't play its second performance.

There came another group, out of the sky for all I know. It had a lot of variety, new pieces galore, good dancers, exciting new scenery—and the constant rumor that "some society woman" was footing the bills because she wanted to appear in ballet. She had her wish, but she was by all odds the most modest of angels; she never gave herself a solo; she was one of three or four, and as good as the others; and the season was interesting because it didn't try to be too arty; it did try to please people without trying too hard to make them *balletomanes.* (A balletomane is a lover of ballet who talks too much.)

There came the aforementioned Kirstein, first with his School of American Ballet, then with his Caravan. He brought over Balanchine, the enchanting director; and he has devoted himself to American dancers, and American subjects. *Billy the Kid* and *Filling Station* are familiar titles; but Kirstein goes deeper than subjects; he is trying to let dancing develop out of the way Americans walk and jig and tap and run bases—out of the way they live.

And last year a couple of enterprising young women named Frances Hawkins and Jean Rosenthal got together a dance festival, with the Caravan, and Martha Graham's group, and a Korean dancer, and a South American; so that ballet was presented as part of dancing, not as something too utterly special.

This year the season began with the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet; and I swear I don't remember who the impresario was, which gang or group was in command. For some three weeks they brought big or less big crowds to the Metropolitan; they did old favorites; for them Massine (and what an old favorite he is himself!) did a ballet on Gershwin themes, with New Yorkerish backgrounds; they revived the *Nutcracker Suite,* so easy to listen to, the dancing doesn't matter; and did their regular pieces, *Gaité Parisienne* with the can-can, and *Swan Lake* and *Scheherazade.* Other companies may do much the same thing, but this one keeps alive the openly false, and terribly attractive "glamour" of the ballet. On my solemn Sam, as Mr. Wodehouse might say, I once saw a man try to drink champagne out of ballerina's slipper, at a party after a premiere!

The others will all be storming over the country in the big ballet season, which runs from around November through March or so. The earlier and later dates are normally left open for individual dancers who often create a ballet on the side. One of these I recommend is Catherine Dunham, who captured New York last season and is still holding it for ransom. Miss Dunham is a Negress; she has studied the native dances of a dozen countries in which Negroes give free play to their instinct for creative rhythm; she has humor and intelligence, and if she can keep her qualities in a big group show, she will be a sensation.

I might add that what I have written here will please no one, because I haven't condemned any practitioner of ballet. The truth is I get bored as hell a lot of times; but among the ballets which have bored me most are some which the super-aesthetes think just dandy (or "the nuts"). I am more interested in Fred Astaire, Ray Bolger, and Paul Draper than I am in two-thirds of the ballet dancers extant; I wish ballet were produced with less social oomph and a little more Billyrose. If Americans don't take to ballet, they'll miss a great pleasure, but they'll probably make up for it somewhere along the line. If America actually creates a ballet, so much the better. Meanwhile, one thing can be done—prevent stupid ballets from driving people away from dance festivals; another thing is to drop in and *see* a ballet if a troupe comes to town; if you don't like it, to hell with it. And if you do, you can skip my next report in these pages, due about February of 1942. ⌗

Paradise for a Dollar a Day

Continued from page 40

Acapulco, we met a Dutch couple from Java who showed us snapshots of their own house in Bandoeng, where the cost of living is only slightly higher than Mexico's.

Some Central and South American countries and Caribbean islands offer similar cheap havens. And I hear from a friend in the Far East, that one can live glamorously on a houseboat in the chain of lakes and rivers around Srinigar, for the merest pittance. Graham Peck's *Through China's Wall* tells how an artist lived in a Peking palace for "less than forty-five American dollars a month, including rent, food, drink, wages, and extras, down to the very last cigarette and rickshaw ride."

I said that fifty dollars a month, even forty, will do. If we were to put four more people into this four-bedroom house of ours, the eight of us would have to pay no more than eighteen dollars a month for food, rent, laundry, electric light, and cook's wages. A little crowded, perhaps, but not badly, since here everyone lives out of doors—we even eat on the porch.

But the doubling up isn't necessary. If we want to live on less than $800 a year, we need only move. I've just returned from a trip through Colonia Miraval, Cuernavaca's swank suburb, to lease a house for a friend, an attractively furnished three-bedroom, one-bathroom affair, with breakfast nook, garden terrace, and roof garden. The price asked by its owner, an ex-professor of Spanish at the University of Southern California, is $27 a month.

There is a nice little *pension* in this town which charges a dollar a day for full board if you stay ten days. And at the Hotel Paris, I learned from the genial Chinese proprietor that his charge is four and a half pesos a day—or about eighty cents at current exchange!

I have lived in clean though not Grand Hotel-style hostelries in Mexico whose room and meals came for seventy cents a day—meals served on chipped china, but good. In beautiful tropic Acapulco, the booming resort and tourist mecca on the Pacific coast, where prices are as high as $3.50 a day in the super-hotels, there are such places as Ben Todd's at Pie de la Cuesta (ocean on one side, lagoon on the other) and Jim McClure's (a huddle of neat bungalows right on the bay and a private beach) where the charge is little more than a dollar a day—with maybe less for a long stay.

A guide to this type of life is the symposium. *Paradise for Rent at $400 a Year,* put out by the Writer's 1938 Digest, in which a score of writers tell how they lived in various glamorous parts of the world for $400 to $600 a year.

If you are tempted to join us lotus-eaters, be prepared for hostility from friends and business colleagues. What?—the world is at war, people are in misery and you are fleeing to your sunny little dugout? What?—you intend to abandon your career, throw up your job, resign from your committees, and leave dear old Bungville!

Let me provide your answer:

1. The United States has now so much of the world's gold that the situation is serious. It enough people with assured little incomes spend their money out of the country, the exchange situation will be by that much bettered. Thus we patriotic-minded exiles do our bit to alleviate the international financial muddle.

2. In addition, every one who settles below the Rio Grande is a daily ambassador of good will helping out the President's Good Neighbor and Pan-American Policies.

3. Finally, those of us who have been hanging on to a job in addition to our dividends will, by abandoning the former, let some poor devil on relief, own a job.

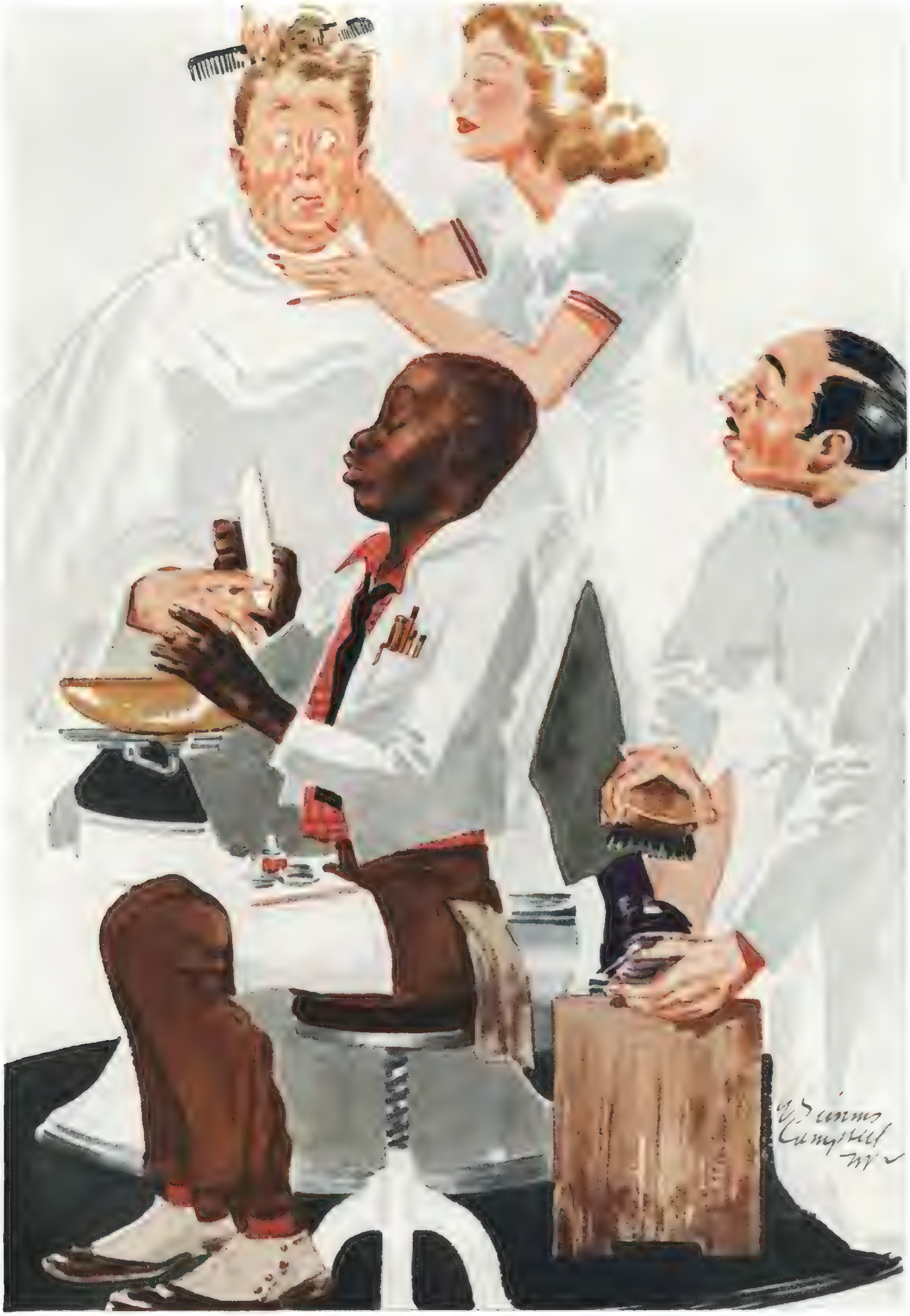
They may even, back home, call you an Escapist, not thinking that it is also what you escape *to* that matters. Our ten months' experience is that the flight is to a year-round spring, an intimate world of beauty, good health, easy slumbers, and, as Elinor Mordaunt put it, sunshine and intelligence.

Such a design for living may sound beautiful but boresome to the chip-dry skeptic. As a matter of fact, the transition from the hurried routine of home is a little difficult and requires a month of gradual adjustment. But soon the strangeness of new surroundings wears away, and the even more serious strangeness of total leisure in which every day must be personally created. One does not spend all one's time inspecting the calla lilies and admiring the tropical sunsets. Inevitably the people and their life come into focus, and the exile begins to grow into a new community.

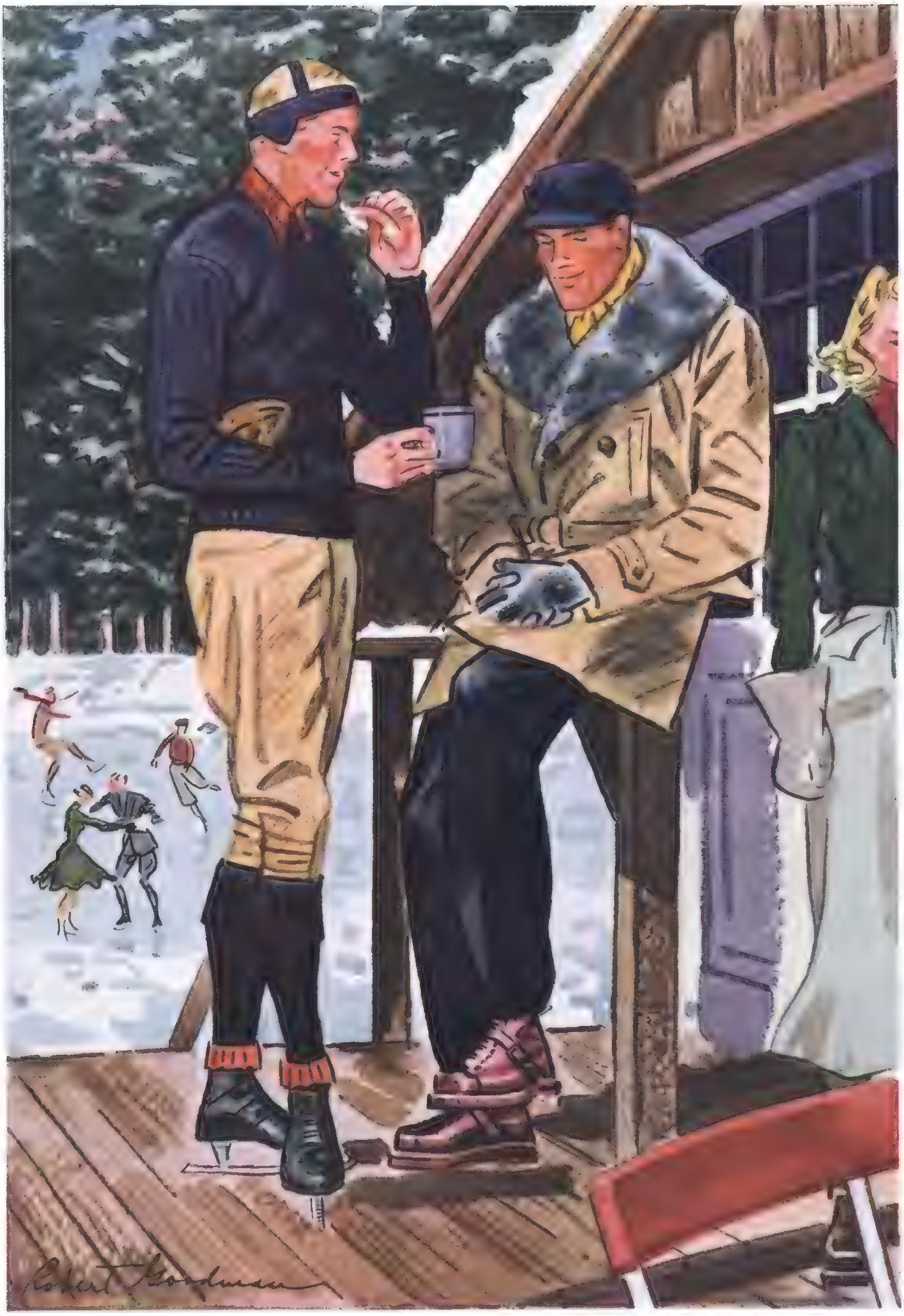
This growth may go so far that the alien, now in danger of striking too-deep roots, feels like his grandparent the pioneer who awakes one day to find that two newcomers have settled ten miles away. The world begins to get crowded and complicated anew.

This may explain why, after ten months of quasi-paradise, we are reading up on other countries and poring over maps. It is time to move on, to begin all over again elsewhere. Renewal is life.

It seems that we have only begun to escape. ⌗



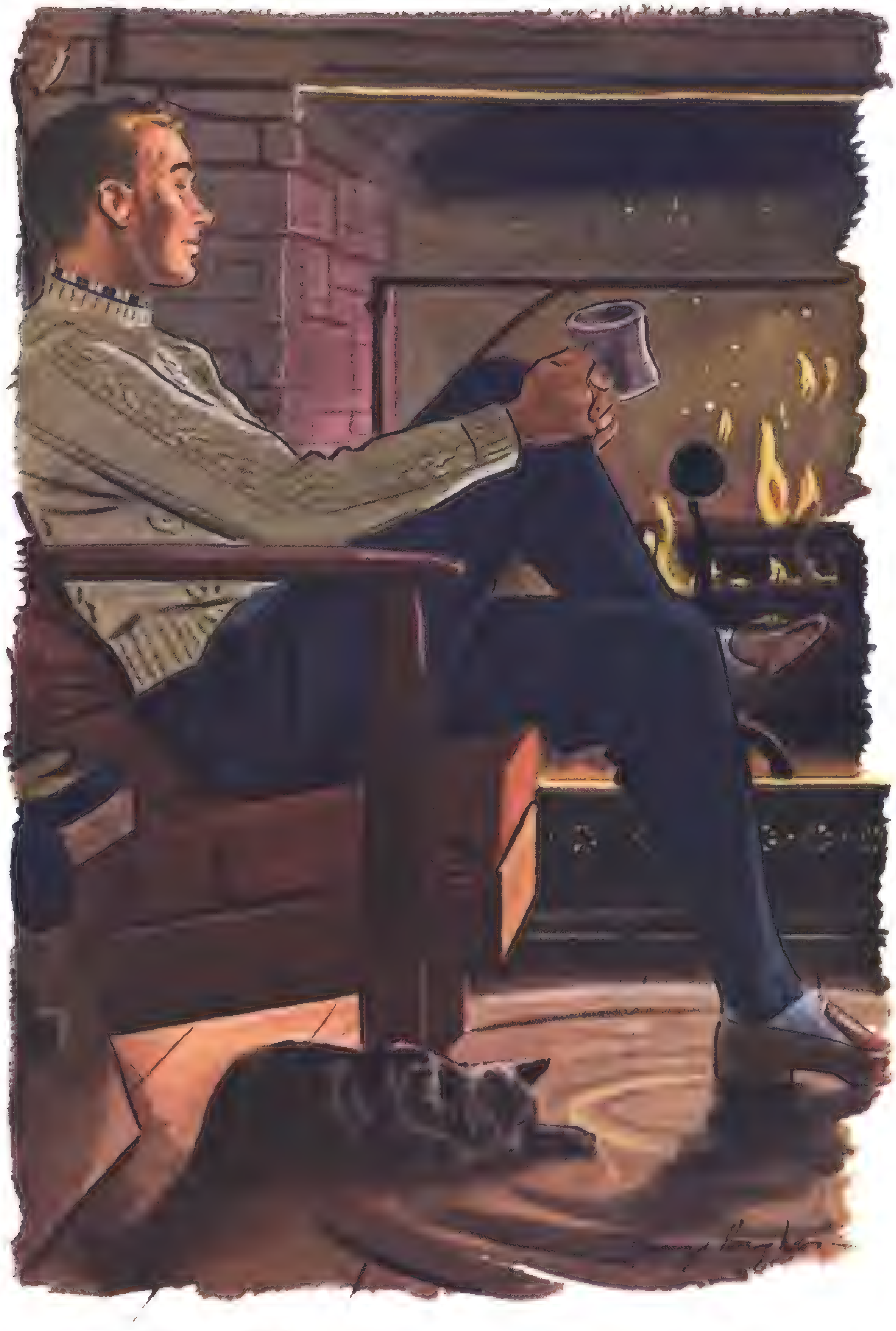
"We all felt we were getting in a rut!"



a pair of good skates

After cutting capers and fancy figures on the ice, the skating member of this duo takes time out for a spot of refreshments and a visit with his spectator friend. The artist, subscribing to the theory that half a girl is better than none, gives us just that. So we must assume that both literally and figuratively she is giving our two huskies the cold shoulder. Certainly their apparel has nothing to do with it, for they're tops in that department. The standing skater is admirably turned out in a red, yellow and black tartan flannel shirt, blue shaker knit pullover, blue knitted headband as used by the skiers, leather mitts, tan Bedford cord riding breeches. Over the blue stockings is worn a pair of short red socks. His skates, attached to the shoes, have rocker runners. His reclining friend has on an outfit that guarantees warmth to skiing or skating spectators. It starts at the top with a blue worsted gabardine ski cap. Next comes the tan cotton-twill coat with leather buttons, wombat collar, and sheepskin lining. Grey mixture fur gloves serve admirably to keep up the circulation in his hands. His yellow scarf is knitted wool, and his blue worsted gabardine downhill trousers are tucked inside the blucher front ski boots.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



ease after skis

The counterpart of the nineteenth hole for the golfer is the fireside waiting at the end of the ski-trail. It's even more of a haven for the skiers than the locker-room is for the mashie-wielders. For after a day of climbing or riding up and zipping or toppling down the snow slopes, that nice soft chair, the crackling log-fire, a mug of rum and butter or some other ski-tonic, spell complete relaxation, and is the best part of a pretty grand day. And, oh yes, he can substitute a pair of leisure slippers for his bulkier boots. This relaxed skier sets a somewhat new fashion style by wearing sheepskin lined moccasins, and to further put his individuality on display, he's probably the first young fellow you've ever seen pictured by a fireside with the proverbial pipe nowhere in sight. But back to what the young man is wearing. His socks are standard grey wool. He is wearing slate-blue worsted gabardine downhill trousers, which are wide cut over the hips. They fit trimly over the ankles and are held down with an elastic band. His cable-stitched sweater of undyed and unscoured wool has the necessary roughness of texture and weight for winter sports. Only a part of the collar of the Sandune and blue-tartan wool flannel shirt is visible. The dark-red hand-woven wool tie is invisible. The cat, bored by it all, snoozes.

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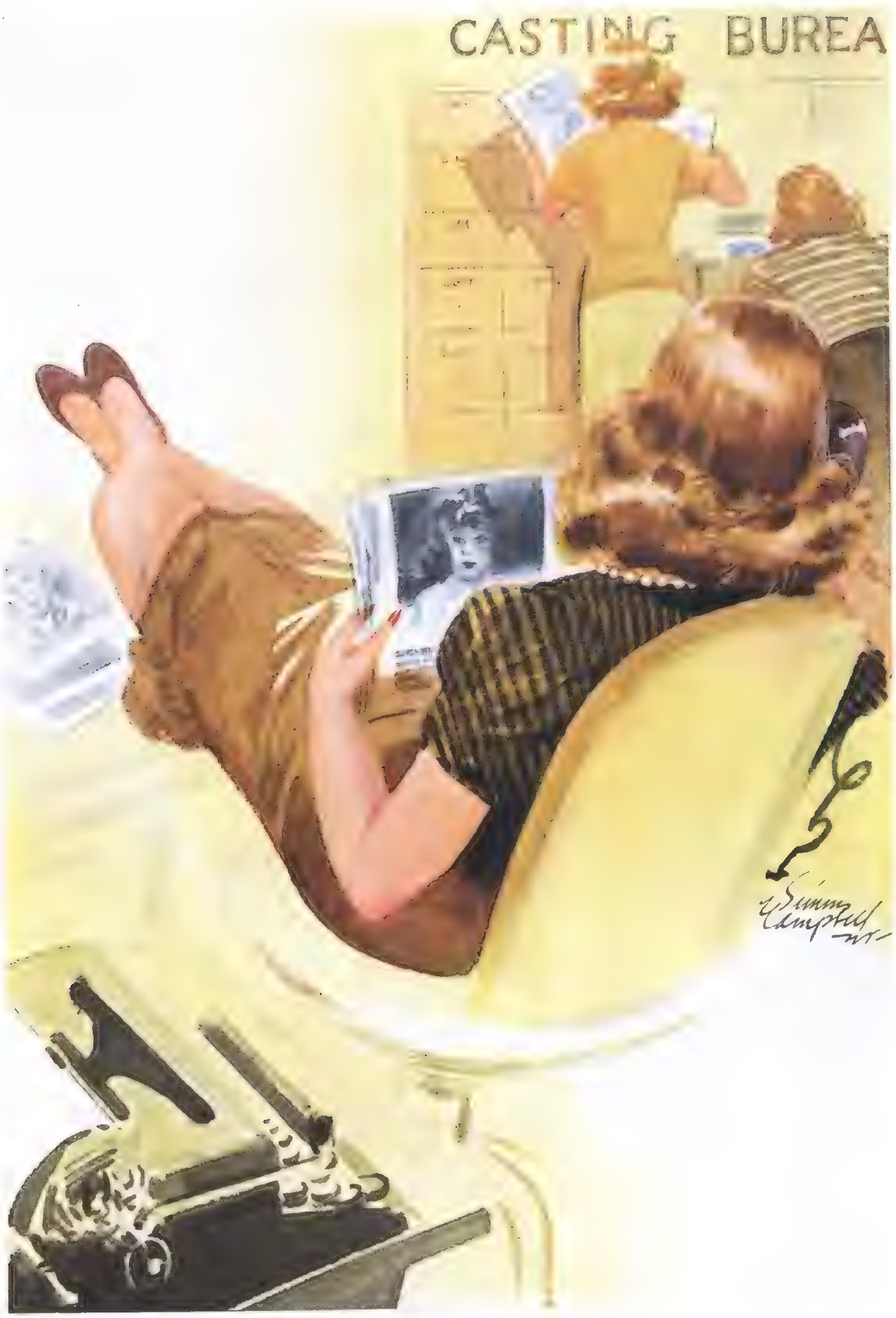

CASTING BUREA

"Okay, Mr. Warner, I'll have a baby for you by ten o'clock"

Flying Down to Rio

Continued from page 49

or Belemites, have a saying, "Whoever stops off at Pará stops (a fairly obvious observation); but whoever drinks *assahy* remains."

It's a wonderful city, Belem; as you walk down the street, ripened mangoes stirred by cool breezes will drop from their branches and conk you on the head.

For your information, the upper stories of the Grande Hotel, which faces a triple row of mango trees on the ancient Praça de Republica (tariff 20-25 milreis per day) are now air-conditioned. The hotel next in price is the Café de Paz, also on the Praça de Republica (15-20 milreis per day).

Belem is the Brazilian name for this old-world city, and derives from the name *Nossa Senhora de Belem*—Our Lady of Bethlehem—which followed from the fact that the town was founded, one fine seventeenth century day, during the Christmas season. We can skip the whole connection of Pará with the rubber industry, the fact that in many languages *para* means rubber, and the historic moment when a certain English gentleman smuggled some rubber seeds out of Pará, took them to the Malay regions—and literally planted the seeds for Japan's anxious eyes to feast on, in the Dutch East Indies. This is not the encyclopedia.

And so you leave the picturesque little town of Belem, as the travelogues say—this time in the early morning, not at sunset. You find your places in the Dural fuselage of your flying carpet, and take off across the tropical wastes of interior Brazil, headed for Rio. Incidentally, turn around for a moment: just below is the equator.

If you look at a map, you will see that the coast of Brazil starts to jut out into the Atlantic at Belem, forming a giant sugar loaf lying on its side. Well, thanks to the pioneering skill of our aeronautical experts, you are now going to skip that whole detour with a 1,350 mile jump across the steaming jungles and savannahs of the interior. For intellectual exercise, look down and try to weed out the savannahs.

As the sun is about to go down, you see the peaks of Sugar Loaf Mountain and Corcovado, "The Hunchback," and you know Rio is ahead; and Rio is a book in itself.

If you have seen Naples at sunset, with Vesuvius as a backdrop; if you have seen Palermo, the Kashmir Valley, sunrise from Pilatus, or the awesome gorges of upper Yangtze, and have missed the harbor of Rio at dusk, you are still an amateur esthete. For this tropical cove, with its panorama of color, its private mountains rising like colossii from the heart of the city, the surf-washed beaches terminating streets decked out with the kind of mosaic work that would have warmed the soul of a Safavid sultan—and in the distance the long fingers of the Organ Pipe Mountains, through which the last rays of the sun stream like golden spider webs; all this is legitimate material for purple writing.

And on top of this, is the psychological effect of the Rio legend—a legend, happily, founded on fact—the legend of the gaiety and beauty and sensual sweetness of everyday life in this sub-equatorial Paris; now, perhaps, the only Paris. For Rio combines Parisian grace, elegance, and *savoir* with the democracy of the New World and the languor of the tropics.

* * *

Set up your tent on one of the marble terraces of the Hotel Gloria, which stands on a rock above the palm-rimmed esplanade of the Avenida Beira Mar—a girdle of pearls around the middle of eternity. Looking down you will see the surf calmly washing away the small troubles of an enchanted people, as it licks the sands of the Botafogo and Flamingo beaches.

Or, unfold yourself at the equally inviting Copacabana Palace, on the Avenida Atlantica, facing the celebrated Copacabana Beach. The Copacabana Palace has the added advantage of an attached casino, which makes it possible to lose your shirt at roulette or baccarat without the inconvenience of a return walk in the chill night air.

The rates at these pavilions of pleasure average around 70 to 120 milreis per day, which at the present rate of exchange is something like $3.50 to $6. It is obvious however, that these auspices can't underwrite the quoted figures. Everything is flux, these days.

Now about diversion: there is so much diversion to be had in this festive cove that the limited space of this column can do no more than hold up its hands in abandon. If you want to see stunning, long, thin, bronzed triple-*chic* women, stick around the casinos — the Copacabana, the Casino de Urca, or the Casino Atlantico. The gaming rooms all have restaurants adjoining, and intriguing cabaret fol-de-rol.

If you want to bathe in the surf—bathe in the surf.

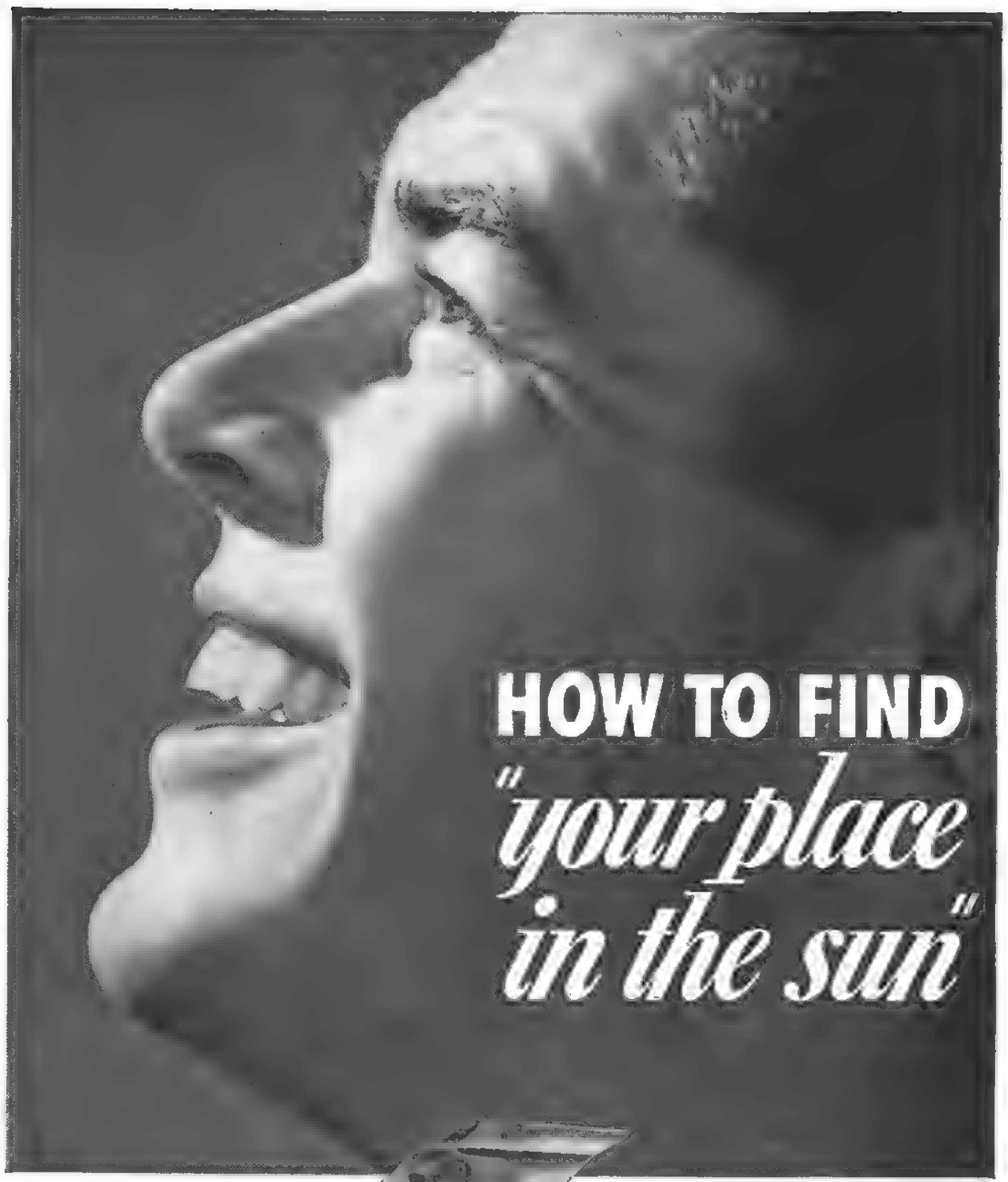
If you want high romance, take one of the Brazilian beauties by aerial car to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain; strangle the chaperone and try to climb down.

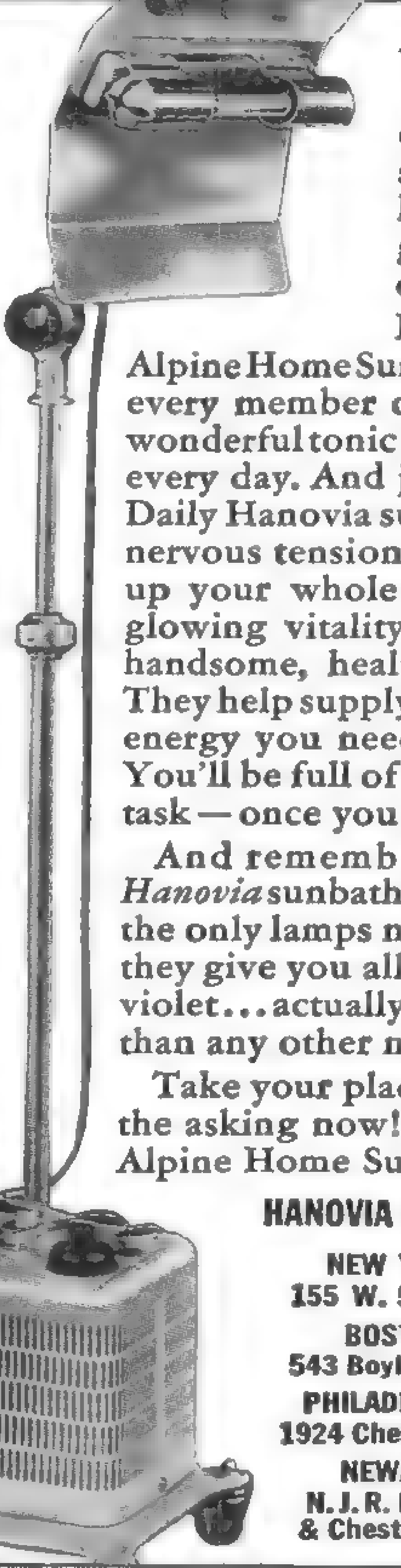
If you want tropical magnificence, take the cog-wheel railroad to Petropolis, the mountain resort where Emperor Pedro I used to hold his summer court. You'll pass through canons of exotic flowers, giant ferns, and crystal cascades, you'll find thousands of "shower of gold" trees dangling molten pendants overhead, and you'll have a strange spell cast over you by the fragrant frangipanis.

If you want culture, go to the opera, the theatres, the symphony concerts, the National Museum, the Historical Museum, the Military Museum, the Naval Museum, the Agricultural and Commercial Museum, the Museum of Retrospective Art, and the Zoo.

Personally, we spend most of

Continued on page 148


HOW TO FIND
"your place in the sun"



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Flying Down to Rio

Continued from pages 49-147

our time looking for Carmen Miranda.

* * *

The most interesting way to fly from Rio to Buenos Aires is by way of a detour inland, which drops you, now and then, at São Paulo, Curityba, and the stupendous Iguassú Falls. São Paulo has a million people, and an atmosphere that suggests Chicago; perhaps the most tropical overtones here are the humming birds, which the natives call "kiss flowers." Unless you happen to be by temperament a student of "kiss flowers," you might stay in the plane, and drone on to Curityba—which is the hopping-off point for the Falls.

Although the Iguassú Falls have not been publicized to the extent of Niagara or Victoria, they are much "greater"—if we take Aristotle's notion of tragic greatness, a quality relative to the height of the fall. Much higher than Niagara, and half again as wide, the Iguassú have the added charm of unspoiled primitiveness. Lush vegetation crawls all around, like the jungles in a Hollywood movie. Color is everywhere—and berserk. You'll see large clumps of begonias here, orchids there; and in the background a parade of ferns, palms, bamboos, exotic creepers, bound together with ribbons formed by giant iridescent butterflies.

You are now in the Missiones territory, a wild country abutting Brazil, and abutting Paraguay. Chew on this awhile, then grab yourself a sandwich and a poncho, and slide down the rope ladder to the bottom of the chasm. Learn the names of the several falls; these names should be as much a part of a modern education as those of the mountains in the Bernese Alps were to the great Victorians. The most turbulent and picturesque of the falls, and crowned with a rainbow, is the Bosetti; next are the Two Sisters. Mitrá, the Three Musketeers, and the Devil's Throat—the three next—can best be seen from a canoe, unless by chance you get swept away into alligator country. This would impede vision.

You probably have had enough of Nature's wonders by now; so drink a cup of maté and climb back on your Panair de Brasil plane. Go to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and rest a while.

* * *

Buenos Aires is the largest city in the southern hemisphere; and perhaps the liveliest—although not the gayest. Skyscrapers flourish here—like evil and the green bay tree. Its most aristocratic street is Florida Street, which for your convenience is closed to traffic from 16 o'clock to 20 o'clock, Argentine time—making it a simple matter to stagger around without as much as a thought of omnibuses, trams, rickshaws, or litters. The chief thoroughfare of the town, as every reader of the Sunday papers knows, is the Avenida de Mayo, which runs East and West, through the center of the town, and is even busier than Broadway at theatre time.

You can't possibly get lost in B. A. The city is a perfect checkerboard. All of the East-West streets start at the edge of the river (Rio de la Plata), and build up their house numbers simultaneously: thus No. 120 Rivadavis is exactly parallel to No. 120 Cangallo, No. 120 Sarmiento, No. 120 Corrientes, and so on, ad nauseum.

Now about hotels: the two best are the Alvear Palace, on Avenida Alvear; and the Plaza, at Florida and Charcas. The rates at the Alvear Palace run from $10 to $16, Argentine currency, without meals, $19—$25 with; at the Plaza, $15—$25 without; $30—$35 with. (The Argentine peso, these days, exchanges for about 23c.)

Stay out of the subway; you can get enough of that in New York.

But by all means visit the opera—if it's playing. The Colon, located on the Plaza Lavalle, is the largest theatre in the world; and the atmosphere which surrounds the opera here, reminds you for all the world of La Scala—before Italy got delusions of grandeur.

Take in all the sports. If you happen to have brought any horses along, take them out to the Hipódromo Argentino, in Palermo Park, and race them. Otherwise, trundle out to the park anyway, and lose a few thousand pesos. Races here alternate with those at San Isidro, twenty-five minutes away by train.

There is another race course at La Plata, which is a great favorite for Saturday afternoon flirtations. To get out to La Plata, take the special trains waiting at the Plaza Constitución station; but we guarantee you better sport if you garnishee a private automobile.

Now if you happen to arrive in the month of May, be sure to take in the Annual Livestock Exhibition, in Palermo Park. This is a great event; and a wonderful place to pick up some prize Argentine beef for your farm. It may be something of bother, getting these bovine collectors' items home; but a buy is a buy.

The waterfront district of B. A., otherwise known as "The Mouth," *La Boca*, is a very good place to stay away from; it's no longer dangerous, has no more atmosphere than the so-called *apaché* quarter of Paris, and, all in all, is like a long walk among the warehouses of New York's West Street. Don't let any romantic novels sell you a bill of goods.

If you really want to see the Baudelairian delights that are supposed to be in *La Boca*—go to the suburb called San Francisco. San Francisco will make Minsky look like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

* * *

The time to dine in this Argentine metropolis is 22 o'clock—which is the same as saying 10 P.M. in Kalamazoo. You might try dining at your hotel (a black tie will make you more comfortable), or La Emiliana (Corrientes 829), or De l'Odeon (Esmeralda 335), or Ta-Ba-Ris (Corrientes 829), or the London Grill (Reconquista 455). In any case, be sure to sample some of the excellent Argentine wines; ask the *maître d'hotel* for his recommendations. (You've probably been drinking this wine for years, anyway, under a variety of un-Argentinian labels.

It is assumed that you haven't time for quail shooting on the pampas, Dorado fishing on the Paraguay, or guanaco hunting with borzoi and lasso in the Cordillera of the Andes. So get ready to fly the awesome pass to Chile.

You have come about as far south on the continent as is convenient for normal purposes. There is no point in rounding the Horn.

* * *

The plane to the west coast from Buenos Aires flies across the pampas and up the foothills of the Andes to the town of Mendoza, 2,500 feet above the sea — first stopping at the picturesque Cordoba. On all sides now, are the lakes and waterfalls of the Sierras. If you can spare the time, stop over both at Cordoba and Mendoza.

Then brace yourself for what will perhaps be the most breathtaking plane ride of your experience: the flight over the Andes.

As soon as your plane leaves Mendoza, it begins the long climb to gain altitude for The Uspallata Pass. At 14,000 feet you go in; maybe you'll have to go higher—it depends on the day.

On the right stands the mighty Aconcagua, snow-capped, twenty-three thousand feet of dignity, threatening the propriety of man's intrusion in this new droning magic.

Some forty-five minutes later you are in Santiago, Chile.

* * *

Santiago is a gem, appropriately set. Surrounded by the chain of the Andes, 20,000 foot peaks rise on all sides, like lady fingers in a Charlotte Russe.

When you get out at Santiago's modernistic airport, dash up to the Crillon, bathe, get some dinner, and a bottle of Undurraga—which is about the nearest thing to a fine Montrachet you'll find on this side of the hemisphere.

Then go out and take a long walk along the Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins—Santiago's Fifth Avenue. Drop in at some of the cafes and sample more Chilean wines, with a little cheese and biscuit; try the red Cabernet, Merlot, and Cot; sip the white Muscatel and Semillon; get a little quiet sleep.

On Sunday afternoons go out to the races at Club Hipico. Here you will find the most soignée society on the greensward; and delicate young women often standing in front of roaring fires, keeping their silken bottoms warm.

* * *

From Santiago, the plane flies north along the Pacific coast to Antofagasta and Arica. If time permitted, it would be a delightful thing to top off—perhaps spend the whole season at the Chilean lakes, in country combining the charm and heights of Switzerland with the color and sweetness of Araveanian Indians. And to savor the excellent Chilean cuisine, which includes such dishes as *empanadadas de horno*, or turnovers with a filling of raisins, stuffed olives, meat, onions, and pepper; or *cazuela de ave*, a luscious casserole concoction of chicken, whole potatoes, whole ears of corn, rice, onions, and green peppers.

South America, however, is too vast to allow lingering over raffiné detail on the first grand tour.

From Arica, you can either take a detour inland to La Paz, Bolivia, which, at an elevation of 12,000 feet, is perhaps the highest capital in the world. If you plan to stop off here, the best hotel is the Grand Hotel Paris. Be sure to take in the pre-Incan ruins of the palace of Tiahuanaco—if you go in for archeology.

Lima, which was founded by Pizarro—and is perhaps the only atonement for his existence—is well worth a long stay. You have a happy combination, in Lima, of the modern world, with night clubs (drop in at La Pigalle, in Calle Melchormalo), horse races, nightly greyhound races at the Kennel Club Park, and boxing and wrestling—if you like that sort of thing; the old world of the Conquistadores; and the very old world of the Amerindians. And on top of that you have incomparable scenery, and the culture of the modern Indians.

All in all, you ought to meander about a while, and enjoy yourself. God knows when you'll get back.

* * *

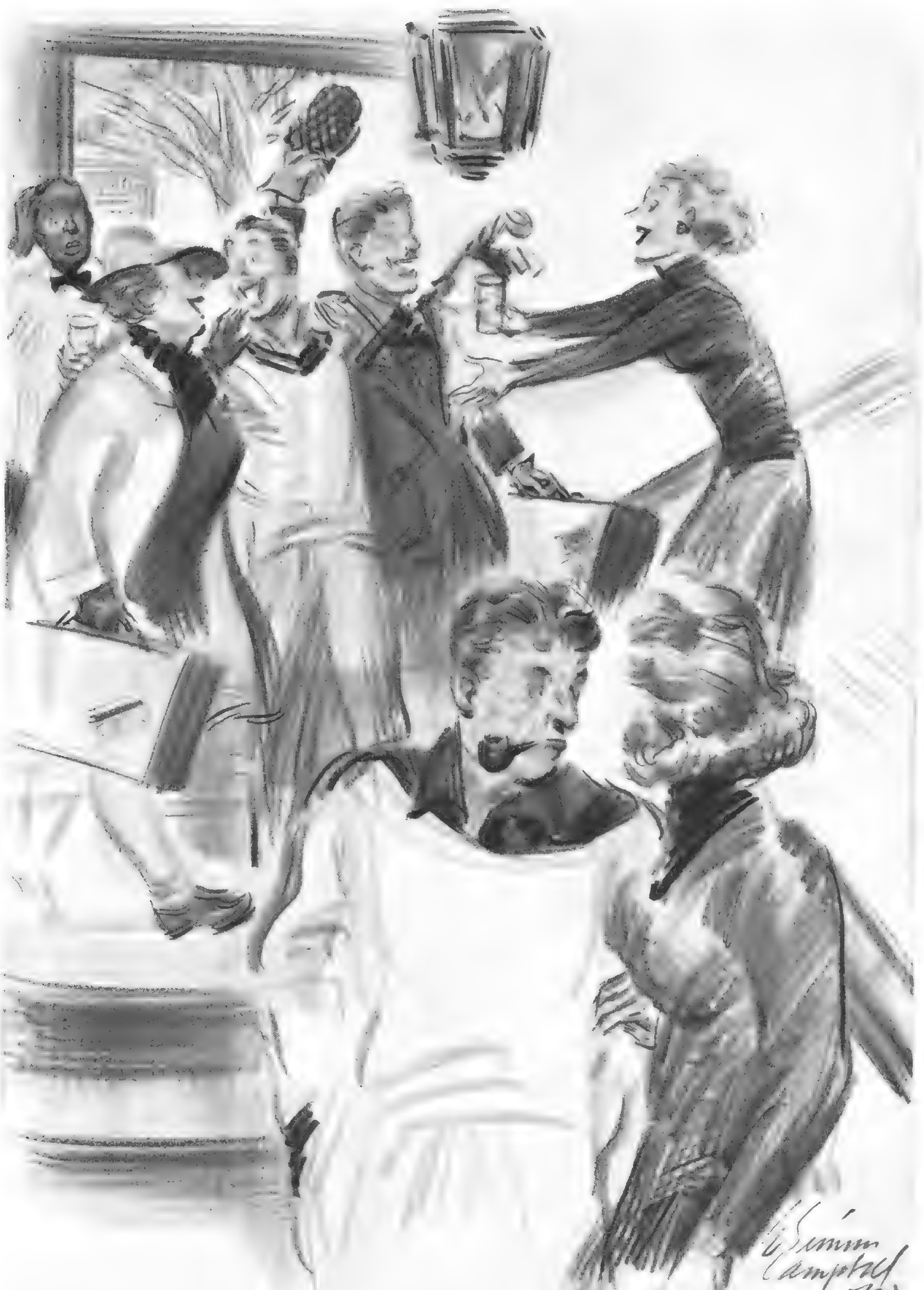
Your flight home will touch Chiclayo and Talara, Peru; Guayaquil and the magnificent Quito, Ecuador; Barranquilla, Colombia, or Cristobal, Canal Zone—and deposit you neatly in Miami.

But save these spots for a thorough exploration on another trip—a trip through the pre-Columbian world. For the ancient civilizations begin in Mexico, and extend through Central America, and thence, with a few leaps to Peru. In the interim, brush up on your cultural anthropology. On your next trip you might explore a little on your own, and make the art of Mayapan, and of the Aztecs, Toltecs, Mixtecs, and Incas, as familiar to you as the less abstruse work of the Marx Brothers.

Incidentally, it's always in good taste to bring home a beautiful Indian princess. Nothing is better for national defense than neighborliness between the Americas.

* * *

One final word:—Don't buy any shrunken heads. Most of them are medical students' fakes; and all of them are unpleasant to step on, barefoot, in the dark. They also draw moths. #


E. Simms Campbell

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* Reg. U. S. Pat Office

Top Floor Lady

Continued from page 71

again, Dorothy is to sit up slowly in the saddle. The trainer has done it a couple of times to show her.

So she gets on and he shows her how to hold the reins, and they enter the ring and the horse kneels and Dorothy lies back on the horse and smiles at the people. Then the horse gets up, rather suddenly. And Dorothy sits up, not slowly and gracefully, but as though motivated by a hidden spring. This is no time, she is saying to herself, to be monkeying around on a horse.

She looks frightened.

Who the hell wouldn't?

Director Henry King shakes his head. She tries it again. This time, too, she comes up too fast. After the fifth try, which is better, Mr. King says it's all right.

"No," Dorothy says. "One more try. I want to do it right. Or anyway the best I can."

So they do it once more and she comes up slowly, smiling. Good.

Now comes the place where the horse is to prance around the ring, with the rider smiling at the audience. The idea is for them to face the audience, going around the circle sort of crab-wise. The way they do it in a circus. So they try it, and the start is all right, but the horse somehow manages to turn around, exposing to the spectators, at not too great a distance, that section of the horse which has made so vital a contribution to the language of the streets.

And at one point saluting the audience unmistakably.

No soap; they try over and over, and always the horse turns.

Believe me, my heart is right out there in the ring with my pal.

She must keep tapping the horse with her heel, stroking its flank with her red whip, jerking the reins in short, sharp little jerks. All of these things constitute the signal to the horse to prance around the ring. It's a hell of a trick for the rider, even when you're sitting in a chair. It's like trying to pat your head and stroke your chest both at the same time.

On top of this, Dorothy has to smile at the audience. Is it any wonder that she smiles at them in short, sharp little jerks? The damn thing is simply inevitable.

When she gets everything right, the horse swings around again, wrong end to.

"You see," the trainer explains, "the horse is rein-wise, not bit-wise."

"What?" Miss Lamour says, looking at everybody in confusion.

"Rein-wise! Rein-wise!" the horse shouts.

Oh, pardon me.

All right, once more. Around they go. Guy Kibbee is the ringmaster, and he is smiling at Dorothy as she smiles at the audience, and it looks in the bag this time, but the lousy horse is rein-wise, and he turns again and Dorothy finds herself smiling at Mr. Kibbee's homely map instead of at the customers, and both she and Mr. Kibbee look pretty foolish.

They are ready to try it again, but, if you will excuse a technical expression, at this point the horse blows up. He begins to paw the ground and swear under his breath and shake his head at the audience; and when he turns around, from the neck forward, and begins to leer at Miss Lamour, she sets a new world's record in horse-getting-off.

"Lunch!" Mr. King cries, saving the situation. "Time for lunch!"

"You're telling me," the horse says, winking at Mr. King.

Miss Lamour comes back to where I am sitting.

"Have a peanut," I invite her.

She takes one. Her hand is trembling. "I tried," she says.

Darling.

I am looking across the table at the two lamb chops on her plate. I wish I had ordered lamb chops. I have some cold smoked whitefish, but you know how it is: anything that the other fellow orders always looks better than the idiotic choice you yourself have made. When on trains I always insist on a table to myself, so I won't want to murder the party across from me and grab the lovely grub he has had the sense to order

"How are the lamb chops?" I ask. Maybe they're tough.

"Wonderful," she says.

Damn it.

"People say you're a trouper," I tell her. They do say so. Everybody in Hollywood. It's a great compliment, in the profession. It means no silly temperament, a level head, a come-hell-or-high-water attitude toward the job. It means co-operation and good-fellowship. Benefit performances, long out-of-town jumps to appear at premières, long evenings making retakes—anything they ask, there is Dorothy Lamour. Not a great actress, perhaps (though I hate to say it) not even a thoroughly competent actress, she is the No. 1 realizer of that, and tries to make up in every way she can.

She looks at me.

She says: "Well, things have been wonderful for me, and I want to, you know, pay it back. People are nice to me, and I want to be nice, too. Eight years ago, I was running an elevator. I was an elevator girl in Marshall Field's, in Chicago. Do you blame me for being grateful? Look at me now."

So I look at her now.

It is not hard to do.

After lunch we go back to the *Chad Hanna* set, the circus set. It is not quite time for her to go on, so we sit on one of the plank seats.

"*Esquire*," she says. She draws a pattern in the sawdust with the tip of her red whip. "I'm not entitled to a break like that."

"That's what you think."

This former elevator operator is all to the good.

After while she went out and got on the horse again and this time she did it right. ##

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Burdine's

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The Bulletproof Hidalgo

Continued from page 28

at the time—there was a certain Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos. The bearer of this name must be imagined as a splendidly sinister hidalgo, a grandee with a mad sense of honor, straight out of a sword-and-costume play by Lope de Vega. Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos, however, was a murderer. He was not a common murderer, but a murderer out of the book, indeed, out of the picture book. Nature had not tried to hide her handiwork in his face. He had been properly picked for the role of monster. Indeed, his mask, if anything, was exaggerated. His brows beetled on heavy ridges. His mouse-grey eyes underneath were tiny and almost hidden, with the shiftless gaze of the restless who are forever watching for an opening. His low forehead receded under frizzy, matted hair. His nut-cracker mouth was set in a craggy, challenging chin. His square, underset figure was stoop-shouldered and bull-necked, almost hunchbacked with humiliation, viciousness and discomfort. His torso was shaped like an iron money chest. By his sides hung the hairy, strangling paws of a gorilla. The whole man was a perfect specimen for a museum of criminal pathology, the classic criminal type, eminently suitable for presentation to a seminar. There was no mitigating feature, no childlike remnant, no merciful weakness such as is found in almost every evil-doer. No, Estaban Ahimundo y Abreojos was the incarnate nightmare of lonely widows who start from sleep at night with a cry of terror.

The crimes he was expiating could no longer be counted on the fingers of both hands. Two sex murders and three murders committed during the course of robberies were the chief items. To shorten the trial, he had been charged only with his "selected works," while mere trifles like simple burglary and theft were ignored. There had been a long-drawn-out investigation, but the trial itself had been before a court-martial on the last two days of the siege. At the start of the Civil War the legitimate authorities were greatly concerned with conducting public business in the normal way. Theaters and motion pictures played and the courts continued their sessions.

The Malaga court-martial, as may be imagined, condemned the mass murderer to death by garroting. But the strange intercession of higher powers on behalf of the evil-doer at once came into miraculous play. The sentence could not be executed, since there came No-Man's-Time. The old legal authority disappeared and was seized by the victorious generals and their well-drilled hordes.

The new Commandant of the city had taken personal charge of the business of vengeance. Every day for several hours he held forth in the prison office, examining the most important victims himself and enjoying their complete helplessness. He was a youngish colonel whom hatred seemed to have emaciated. A monocle was frozen into his face after the Prussian model, while he was splendidly booted and spurred after the Italian. When his kind, instead of disciplining others, is itself curbed for a while, as had been the case under the Spanish Government, it becomes surcharged with high-tension currents of wrath and cruelty. The seared features of the Colonel revealed his regret that he was unable to deal out anything worse than death.

In the due course of events the case of Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos came before the Commandant. He sat in his office, his two legs, encased in resplendent riding boots of yellow leather, stretched far out where they were zealously worked over with polish and brushes by two lackeys. Amid the piles of official papers on his desk, each deciding the life and death of a human being, stood an aperitif, colored a poisonous green. Thoughtfully the Colonel sucked at the cool drink through a straw, while reading the sentence that had been passed on the murderer. Throwing out a half-muttered word to the servile group of officers and officials that surrounded him, he ordered the wretch whose life had been spared by the advent of No-Man's-Time brought before him. The sight of this incredible monster who put the most sensational pictures of criminals in the shade seemed to fill the Commandant with satisfaction. A brilliant idea flashed into his mind—an idea that was immediately translated into an order indifferently dictated into the typewriter and addressed to the technical director of the work of vengeance. In the Colonel's opinion death by shooting was far too mild a punishment for pacifists, democrats, Socialists, Communists, and other humanitarian fighters for freedom. Now this death was to be sweetened, for the first batch of these weak-kneed idealistic dogs, by giving them the honorable company of a fivefold sex and hold-up murderer.

Just after midnight the trucks were loaded with their freight in the prison yard. Among the notables caught up in the general vengeance—nearly all of them dignified figures with fine heads—sat the hairy monster and blinked with his shifty killer's eyes. The others, most of them older men, looked as though they had been torn from slumber and seemed wholly unaware of what was in store for them. The motors were started up and roared through the oppressive quiet and deceptive desertedness of the night. To the municipal cemetery went the wild ride. There more trucks awaited them with a battery of military searchlights. The dreadful light of the giant reflectors hissed and

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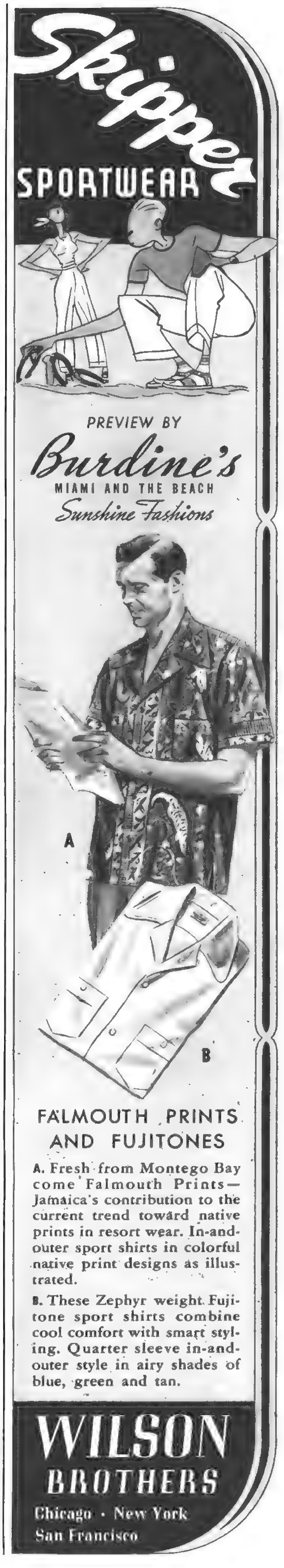
Skipper SPORTWEAR

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The Bulletproof Hidalgo

Continued from pages 28-151

stabbed into the darkness, clearing a broad spot of strangling brightness, at the borders of which dense night reared into the sky. In the spared-out space of unnatural and fateful light three squadrons of soldiers stood at ease, guns at rest. A little farther on coarse voices were heard from the ground and heavy shovelfuls of dark clods rolled down a broad mound which temporarily hid the hurriedly dug mass grave. It was some thirty feet long, twenty wide and ten deep.

The massacre took place without haste, but also without the slightest trace of ceremony. It was performed with utter efficiency—no muffled drums, macabre commands and signals as of old, but casually, skillfully, offhand, as it were.

An officer called out the names of the first ten. They were the best that had fallen to the enemy. They were wrenched off the trucks. Two physicians who had had nothing to do with politics, the newspaper editor with three members of his staff, a writer, a famous painter and three minor officials of the fallen regime. Their faces were not deathly pale but chalk-white in the glare of the searchlights through which the figures moved as though in the shooting of a film. The ten were not even shackled, but offered no resistance as they were herded up the embankment. Nor did they utter a word. Guards moved close to them and barked out the order: "Take off your coats!" The victims obeyed.

Not until now, when they saw each other in the exaggerated white of their shirt-sleeves, did they seem to grasp the hopeless truth. With high choking voices rising in confusion they cried out to their utterly indifferent executioners, sought to convey quick and decisive information. But the armed band had meanwhile quietly and still without a single word of command closed in the brightly lighted spot. The ten on the mound had no way of escape except through the great mass grave—a possibility which occurred to none of them. Their talk grew faster and louder. Then the rattattat began—a machine gun at close range, hardly noticed before. A single cartridge belt, no more, dusted up and down the row a few times. The dry rattle took only a few seconds. The dignified grayheads burst like eggs. The sound of cracking skulls could be heard through the rattle. In the glare of the searchlights, intolerant of color, black rivulets of blood flowed, lapping down the clods and merging into streams.

Regulares and *Moros* stepped up to the fallen and whipped a few bullets into their bodies from Mauser pistols—utterly indifferently, casually, as one grinds out the stubbornly glowing stub of a cigarette. Then they seized the bodies by feet and shoulders and flung them in a high arc into the ditch. The first layer of vanquished fighters for freedom lay where it fell. A few shovelfuls of earth and of slaked lime were tossed after them.

When this procedure was repeated for the eighth time, the noble Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos stood at the left wing of the row of death—its eleventh and last man. The other ten who had witnessed their fate seven times hardly seemed alive any more. There was no more confusion of high-pitched male voices, only an occasional moan, as of a man who wants to vomit. Abreojos alone seemed to be in possession of his senses. He stood quietly upright without swaying, a hero. His eyes flickered back and forth attentively as usual. Every now and then he lifted his heavy paw up high and cried "Arriba Espana!" the slogan of Nationalist Spain. Did he do so to inveigle himself into the good graces of Death, who seemed so completely on the side of the Nationalists?

The moment the machine gun set up its rattle, Esteban Abreojos fell to the ground. To this extent it was his work, and not that of Providence, that the bullet spared him. He had watched the machine gun crew, his senses on the alert. But what followed surely was not his own work. For who could have anticipated that two of the Falangists—members of that half-military, half-civilian group that had heretofore been satisfied with the role of spectators—suddenly felt the irresistible desire to take part in this pleasant business of "laying them out"? Since, however, all the victims were already laid out, the two happened to step up to the only guilty man in the lot, who lay with outstretched limbs hugging the dirt, without a doubt as dead as a dormouse. The Falangists were not taken seriously by the Army. Thus they were equipped not with Mausers, but with ancient rifles, veterans of at least twenty colonial campaigns, that had not had to fire a single shot during the Civil War up to this hour.

Now the two barrels almost touched the pathologically malformed cranium of the murderer, to do their first job of the campaign. The trigger trip mechanism of one of the guns could certainly not have been called a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. But that the other one also failed to function—can that too be attributed solely to chance? The two youths looked at their guns and at each other in perplexity. Both were under twenty, came from rich families and had the white, well-kept hands of sheltered children. Perhaps their stomachs turned and their spirits fell in the sight of blood and spattered brain. They were suddenly ashamed to have meddled with this ghastly business, and without success at that. The others seemed to be too pasionately immersed in their slaughter to notice the failure of the old

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guns and tender minds. Abreojos did not stir a fiber. At his side the last shots of the *Moros* and *Tertios* whipped into the victims' writhing flesh. The huge body of the murderer seemed to cover his own pool of blood. No one saw the flushed faces of the two courageous Falangists. They returned to the ranks of the *Regulares*, as though they had done their job and everything were in best order. The searchlights flared up like fountains and suddenly died into black. There was wild shouting and cursing. A few flares were quickly improvised. The *Moros* seized the corpses, swung them rhythmically to and fro and tossed them into the yawning ditch. Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos was also swung back and forth and tossed into the grave—the last to go, since he lay on the outside wing. He fell soft. He broke no bones. He was saved.

IV

By six o'clock the next morning Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos had already been brought back to the prison. His good fortune seemed to be concerned solely with preserving him from bloody death; for the rest it by no means smiled upon the shedder of blood. The guard had picked him up near the great cemetery, just as he was attempting to pawn a few golden wedding rings in a thieves' den. More rings were found in his pocket, together with a few gold spectacle frames, cigarette cases and cuff links. He presented an even more hideous aspect than usual. His shirt and trousers were smeared with blood and eaten by lime. His hands showed large abrasions. Yet his shifty mouse-grey eyes revealed no trace of fear, torment or mortal anguish suffered in the course of the past night. The Commandant before whom Abreojos was later led gazed over his head. The monocle frozen between the officer's nose and brow seemed to cloud over with his painful thoughts. The Señor was in all likelihood trying to get to the bottom of the mysterious event. At last he shook off his irksome thoughts, lifted his wrist with an inimitably elegant gesture and glanced at his wrist watch with an expression of boredom. The glass with the poisonously green aperitif sparkled in the sunlight. A passing trace of revulsion curled his mouth.

"Too good for a bullet," he muttered, dictating a new order of whose execution he demanded to be notified early the next morning. That notification, however, was precluded, because a higher Providence at once began to intervene again on behalf of the murderer.

No garrote seemed to have been made to the measurement of Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos. The store-rooms of the prison were ransacked in vain. During the years preceding the rebellion the garrote had fallen into disuse. Thus there seemed to be no legal means to expedite the evil-doer from life to death. Yet, since the entry of the victors there was no other law or precept but the passing whims of the new overlords. The civil administration of the prison had at once turned over its affairs to the military and was anxiously hovering in the background. The *Colonello* had to be bothered with the Abreojos Case once more. "String him up in the prison yard, to one of the trees there," he hissed, showing the immaculate white of his teeth.

Execution of this order was taken over by an old sergeant in the Foreign Legion, of which two squadrons had been assigned to the prison. The sergeant was a giant of man, towering half a head above the mighty Abreojos. He was a Scipetar from the region of Scutari, and he was called Mehmed. Mehmed, armed to the teeth even when off duty, strode down the inner prison yard looking out for a suitable point of support.

In the court of the political prison two old sycamore trees eked out an existence, their poorly leaved branches stretched wide. A few prisoners of the Rebels who were enjoying the special favor of walking in the fresh air suddenly stood rooted to the spot. They saw Sergeant Mehmed climbing a ladder held by a laughing Legionnaire and carefully tying a stout rope to one of the muscular sycamore branches. Horror glazed the eyes of the doomed. Mehmed held on to the rope with both hands, kicked away the ladder, remained suspended a few seconds three feet above the ground, to test the strength of rope and branch; Mehmed was a conscientious practitioner of his craft.

The branch did not pass the test. Its outward soundness concealed inward rottenness. It snapped under the load and broke with a loud crack. Mehmed fell to his knees. The prisoners had turned away.

The branch had broken, giving the executioner a hint to seek out a stronger one; but the rope had remained whole. These two facts, as we shall see, constituted another stroke on the part of those benevolent powers who so favored the common murderer.

V

Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos himself seemed to have grasped that he enjoyed some mysterious form of protection. Even his mouse-grey eyes had given up their flickering motion. The moon had set and a few carbide lamps burnt oppressively and spread a nauseating stench, as a guard of *Tertios* led him to the sycamore that was to be his gallows tree. Behind the bars of the cells all around over-large eyes appeared, shining like the eyes of beasts. This time it appeared as though everything would come off according to plan. Even the prescribed cleric was present, superfluously trying to keep up the courage of the insensate colossus and poor sinner. Despite his handcuffs, Abreojos smoked one cigarette after the other. Mehmed, his easy-going executioner, placed them in his mouth. (At this very moment seventy innocents were

Continued on page 154

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The Bulletproof Hidalgo

Continued from pages 28-151-153

"laid out" by machine guns in the Malaga cemetery, without trial, without spiritual comfort, like mad dogs.) Standing on the ladder, Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos spat his last cigarette stub high into the air, as Sergeant Mehmed placed the well-oiled noose around his neck. The prisoner could now no longer raise his hands, since they had been finally tied behind his back. As had been the case yesterday, his ropy voice broke out into the enthusiastic call: "Arriba Espana!" There can be no doubt that this incantation carried magic, for five seconds later he lay on the ground. The branch had withstood the strain; but the noose had parted. The strangled man had lost consciousness—or perhaps he was merely feigning unconsciousness.

The sergeant and his men were more than perplexed. Had the victim been a "Red" they would have quickly finished him off with knife and gun after such a fiasco. This, however, was no mere case of political opposition but a lawfully condemned man, a judicial item to be accounted for. They went for the prison doctor who, ridiculously enough, undertook vigorous efforts at resuscitating the victim who had so stubbornly resisted all attempts to kill him. Abreojos, at any rate, had enough sense to take his time about regaining consciousness. Pitiful moans emanated from his iron torso—moans that cleverly played for time. The inadequately executed man did not open his eyes until the officers themselves appeared on the scene. Mehmed had dispatched an orderly to the Grand Hotel where the Commandant had his quarters. The Colonel was still up. He had been drinking in the bar of the hotel with a few younger gentlemen, among whom were two stiffly smart German aviators. The news that Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos had again escaped execution aroused amazement, admiration and cynical merriment. With steps more or less firm, the entire company, some dozen gentlemen, followed the Colonel into the prison. Abreojos was gently reclining against the old sycamore, which seemed to shield him like a mother. The carbide lamps hissed and stank. The naked walls with the square, barred little windows lay in the darkness. The eyes of the murderer at once began to wander observantly back and forth between the officers. A heavy sigh of "Arriba Espana"—the well-tested slogan—escaped his lips, as though, despite all exhortation, he were unable to relinquish his patriotism.

The Colonel approached him and fixed him with emaciated eyes.

"You goddam ape," he said in soft monotone, "why do you make so much trouble for me? Why don't you want to die?"

Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos lifted his already unshackled hands up to the officers. His voice still sounded choked. It croaked in astonishment, as though it had to be dragged in from afar.

"I die gladly . . . But I die for the Señores . . . Arriba Espana . . ."

It cannot be denied that a certain movement went through the group following these words. Why should this man die, who had, by a spectacular miracle, already won two tussles with death, who had actually arisen sound in body and limbs from the mass grave? It would be a pity to challenge Death a third time and thereby jeopardize the two precious victories. War is war. Let the enemy die, the red dog, the corrupter of the people who wishes to abolish property and to destroy the better people, the gentlemen. It is this weak-kneed, soft-hearted enemy, this whining equalitarian who knows nothing of the dangerous life—it is upon him that all hatred must be concentrated. This man here is a murderer. All right! Who of us standing here is not a murderer? The old order cannot be restored without murder. The thoughts of the slightly inebriate officers rose to a dangerous degree of honesty. The Colonel was staring straight ahead, smoking his cigarette, and keeping silence. His inscrutable features wore a sneer.

A captain, his breast decorated to the limit with medals and orders, suddenly stepped forward. He wore a patch over his left eye, while he carried his right arm in a sling. This imposing image of warrior-like terror now tossed away his cigarette with a determined gesture, drew himself up before the Commandant in careless elegance and broke out into a rumbling bass voice:

"My Colonel, kindly leave this man to me!"

In some surprise the Commandant regarded Captain Sanrubio. This Sanrubio of the *Tertios* was an important figure in the Nationalist Army, a reckless hero who had been specially mentioned in many dispatches, a ruthless heaven-stormer whom the generals put in the most dangerous spot in every offensive and important action. The shock troop under this wild battle crier was the terror of friend and foe alike. In contrast to this bully the smart young Colonel's talent lay more in the field of strategy and diplomacy. He did not feel at home in the front-line trenches or in hand-to-hand combat, nor was bloody business of this sort among his duties. Yet he was seized with a slight feeling of uncertainty in the face of this hero. He put it off as the good-natured indulgence of a superior teacher for a reckless and amusing student of no special intelligence. Truly, no superior officer could very well afford to deny this hero a request. The Colonel smiled questioningly:

"What do you propose to do with this dangerous caveman, my dear Sanrubio?"

The Captain seemed surprised

at this obtuse question of the Commandant.

"My dear *Colonello*," he growled indulgently, "this is the very type of which I can never get enough."

A remnant of legalistic formalism compelled the Colonel to a few lightning calculations. Two sex murders, three hold-up murders, a sentence of death! But judgment had been pronounced by a court-martial of a controversial, deposed and thus illegal government. Accordingly it was wholly null and void. A new trial would have to be set for Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos. But we have other things to do than to enjoy juicy criminal trials. Properly seen this anthropoid ape must now, until convicted by our own courts, be regarded in the light of an accused (if, indeed, he will be re-indicted), but by no means as a convict. As Commandant it is my right to take the case, as it were, into my own custody, and to decide his fate later, after military operations have been concluded.

Thus ran the subtle thought process of a man who night after night, without the slightest trace of thoughts of this kind, sacrificed hecatombs of men whose sole guilt consisted in holding another political opinion. But before the Colonel had a chance to make his decision, it so happened that the monster returned to life, rose from beneath the sycamore tree. Pressing his monstrous paw—whose spatulate fingers still strangely wore three or four wedding rings—to his mighty chest, he performed an irreproachable bow in the direction of the Commandant—every inch a proud Andalusian. The man who even during his own trial had hardly uttered a word, rarely more than an indifferent and contemptuous grunt, now proved that he played the gorilla only for outward show that he was quite capable of a well-turned little speech, delivered with good manners:

"Señor *Colonello*," he said, neither audacity nor humility in his tone, "be good enough to fulfill the request of this high-born gentleman. The victorious Army shall not have to rue it. I have been picked up because of stupid chance, just as I was about to get together the money to cross the lines of the red murderers to join the brave troops of the generalissimo. That alone is the reason for the unjust treatment I have suffered. God himself did not desire that I should succumb to such injustice—let the noble Señores consider that. I am descended from an ancient and honored family which a bitter fate has brought down in life. Let me die for Spain, rather than for nothing at all!"

There was dead quiet after this address, which came totally unexpectedly from such lips. No one laughed. The Colonel looked away from Abreojos. One corner of his mouth turned upward in an expression of self-indulgent arrogance and uncertainty.

"Very well, Sanrubio," he turned to the Captain, ringing with precious metal, "but kindly take notice that you will be made fully responsible for every new crime of this admirable scion of an honored family. . . ."

No sooner had the warning been uttered when Esteban Abreojos approached the officers with a free stride, clicked his heels and lifted two fingers of his right paw in oath:

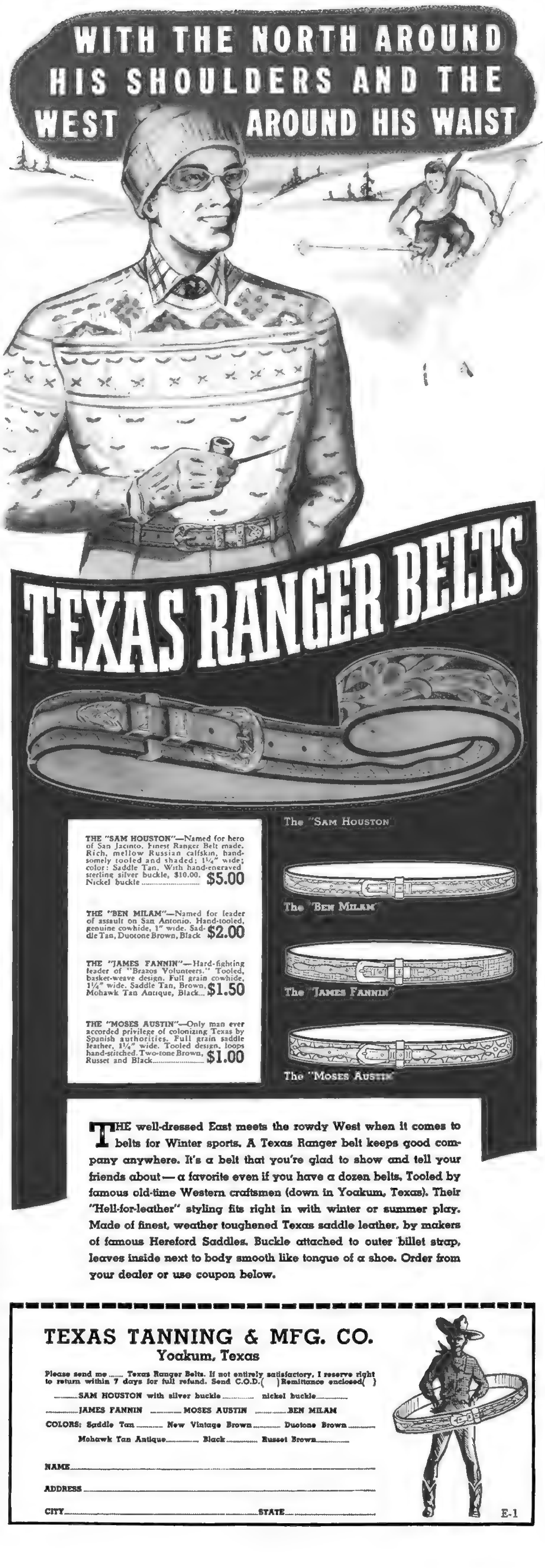
"Fear not, Señores! . . . You will have no reason for complaint . . . I swear it on the blood of the Saviour. . . ."

VI

It must be admitted in all honesty that the former convict kept his oath. Captain Sanrubio had not the slightest trouble on his account. True, his deeds of valor were not celebrated in song, and many of his comrades insisted that he was a cowardly and vicious dog; but there was little to set him apart from other prize specimens among the Spanish rabble.

After the death of Mehmed the Scipetar, Abreojos advanced to the rank of sergeant, provost, and indispensable executioner. This rise to such a position of a man who had himself been executed at least twice remains a miraculous career. It was, nevertheless, an entirely appropriate and natural career. His advancement caused the shedders of blood no hardship; quite on the contrary. He was so cruelly overworked that he had to be withdrawn from the front. The arbitrary desperado had developed into a splendidly disciplined desperado. In this same wise, Nature has snakes and other reptiles devour creatures whom man declares harmful. The bloody deeds which filled the heart of the murderer with rich satisfaction now stood in the service of the so-called "racial community." They were good works.

A documented legend like the present must be far freer of exaggeration than a purely fictitious story. The number of victims executed by this victim of execution (by means of rifle, machine gun, revolver, or even club and bayonet) was very large. But it is sheer, irresponsible, biased nonsense to speak of ten thousand. Sergeant Esteban Ahimundo y Abreojos thrived in his hard profession. Every day saw an increase in his self-confidence and sinister grandeur. His mouse-grey eyes had ceased their shifting altogether. Tiny and rigid, they remained fixed upon their victims. Ever more gravely the hidalgo heritage asserted itself in the man. His face and body lost their ape-like characteristics. His superiors were of one mind in recognizing in him one of the strongest personalities in the entire troop. Thus Abreojos could not escape fame. Death had done well to refuse him. Death further smiled upon him. Once, during an advance, an entire farm house crashed down over his head. Among nine dead and wounded, Abreojos was the only one to escape without a scratch. He was born to die in bed—to reach that happy end reserved, in the words of the Bible, for the elect, for those sated with life.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STETSON SHOES

'Ray for the Red, White and Sweet

Continued from page 88

the Nobel Prize and Dorothy Thompson. Which shows what red ink can accomplish if given its opportunity when ambition is in the making.

From such ruin of our lives we Bagdaders, and millions like us, were "saved" by the 18th Amendment. The little restaurants which had sheltered us, establishments operated by kindly, hardworking people as family enterprises, either went furtive or acquired gangster overlords, or disappeared entirely. Bottles no longer stood sentinel beside your plate. If you whispered an inquiry as to the possibility of being served some wine, the waiter gave you an appraising look, suspicious that you might be a sneaky Federal agent planning a shakedown. The upshot would be a thick coffee cup containing a purplish liquid derived from grapes, but there the resemblance to wine ended. For it was raw, muddy and instead of complementing the meal, insulted it, setting up a feud in your stomach—all for the price of fifty or seventy-five cents the cup.

Meanwhile the wineries of California stood idle and city basements were busy—paying tribute instead of license fees and excise taxes. The vineyardists had at first wondered what to do with their grapes. But strangers appeared on the scene, bought up hundreds of tons at distress prices and hustled them by truck to Los Angeles and San Francisco, where they were snapped up—not for eating purposes. And presently the erstwhile wine industry was relegated to the role of raising and shipping raw materials destined to be botched by amateurs or persons unknown hiding behind the drapery of dummy companies.

Even with the best of skill and care, wines made from grapes pressed at long distance from the home grounds *couldn't* be good wines, because true wine grapes are thin-skinned balloons of juice, too delicate to stand the journey. But it was either *no* grapes, or grapes that *would* travel. So, out of grim necessity, vineyards were changed over by grafting hardier-hided varieties onto existing vines, hitherto prized for the authenticity of their breeds. Our black friend Pinot, which does the flavor, color, and body job of red Burgundy, was a widespread victim. Ditto the Cabernet which backbones clarets à la Bordeaux. Likewise the Sauvignon Blanc, the Semillon, and the Muscatel, which unite to form Sauterne's luscious fruitiness. And the Riesling of Rhine and Moselle, and no telling how many more. All alterations permanent. It was like cutting down sailing ships into freight barges.

Hardly surprising, therefore, that Repeal found California handicapped in attempting to provide "those good California wines" the public remembered and was suddenly clamoring for. But some important vineyards had remained intact, their owners believing that a day of deliverance would come. And among the hundreds of varieties of grapes acclimated in that wonder state where Nature's theme-song seems to be "Everything Grows," there were types which, while less suitable for table wines, lent themselves effectively and flavorfully to use in the blending of fortified wines: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Angelica, etc.—known in California parlance as "sweet wines," meaning "for between- or after-meal occasions." And, by good luck, these sweeties (including even Dry Sherry), which California was readiest to supply, proved to be the kinds most wanted. Nor has their popularity waned. They are wines you can "get your teeth in."

On the practical side these "fortifieds" have the beauty of keeping after opening. You can pour a couple of glasses, recork and save till next time—if your friends will let you. The fortifying, or insertion of voltage, is done with brandy, generally produced by a department of the winery itself. That is to say, suitable wines from California grapes are distilled, with much shrinkage in volume, into a special high-proof spirit which makes a harmonious marriage partner for Miss Port, Miss Muscatel, Miss Sherry and so on. When the selected grapes for any of these latter have been pressed and the result fermented to the proper point, which depends on the amount of sweetness to be retained, or degree of dryness reached, a percentage of brandy is mingled in, holding the situation for keeps. And subsequent brandy additions are made from time to time, till the alcoholic content is brought up to twenty or twenty-one per cent. Aging in oak or redwood (sherries receiving special heat treatment) produces a solidarity which is heartfelt.

To handle these processes and provide storage capacity, which may run into stupendous volume, California vintners, taking a look at the size of the America they must cater to, have outdone Europe in the size and scientific completeness of plants. Instead of the quaint Old World peasant with his rule of thumb, there's the laboratory chemist with his test tube, satisfying himself as to the good health of what you're going to drink healths in. As a result, old boy Bacchus is made to come clean.

Table wines, meaning the dry reds and the mostly dry whites we use with food—Claret, Chianti, Burgundy, etc. and Chablis, Sauterne (in America the silent final *s* is usually pruned off; wine itself less sweet), Moselle, Hock ("Rhine" type, alias Riesling), and the rest are appreciably benefitted by this scientific exactness of control, since their lower alcoholic strength, only twelve to fourteen per cent, makes them vulnerable to any stray bacteria that casualness may allow in. If *they* are permitted to become "slightly soiled" at any stage of their career, they are just plain stenchy. So an ounce of modernity is worth a barrel of tradition. True, the turreted Duc de Snootmore of the Médoc has produced wonders in his best years. The best importers vouch for him as of those dates. But catch him in an off year, and is he brutal, for all his coat of arms! Indeed, California's climate can be quipped at from now till doomsday, but combined with the magic of science, it's mighty convenient where wine quality is involved.

The handicap of changed-over vineyards has been extensively—and expensively—corrected in response to the ever-mounting demand for table wines. It's meant grimly pulling up the old vines and planting afresh, because after you've once altered the personality of a vine by grafting, you can't switch it back again. And this planting and developing of new vines involves a miss of practically two years' yield. Now the state has more acreage devoted to the classic breeds than it ever had, and the game of combining different varieties for bouquet effect is more and more expertly played.

To humor the distant consumer's pocketbook, rather than make him pay for his bottle F.O.B. California, these wines are transported in bulk to storage and bottling plants in the East and the Middle West. New York City is served by enormous ones, advantageously located and handling hundreds of thousands of gallons. Aisles of oaken vats, each bigger than the torso of a mastodon. Everything spotlessly clean, with a circulation of fresh air preventing musty odors which would mar flavor, for wines pick up bad influences as readily as butter and milk do if their guardians are careless. Roaming these huge, bonded dormitories and observing the finicky methods used, you get some notion of what a job it is to produce and safeguard good wines. As domestic endeavor it's a long way from Grandma and her elderberries. Even from the Spanish padres of yore who first taught California grapes to ferment.

"Not only more wines, but better and better ones," is the prevalent battle-whoop. Its most relentless utterer, Harry A. Caddow, secretary-manager of the Wine Institute (a non-profit corporation), won't be satisfied till every table in the land has a bottle on it—a swell one. You might say that this was just a dream of his if he weren't so wide-awake, with both soles on terra firma and with charts bearing out his previous predictions. Already America is drinking its wines faster than it's making them, and he's the fellow who begged the industry to produce more.

The bubble division hit a terrific high these past holidays. Not that it had been languishing. America has had gilt-edged Champagne houses ever since Civil War days, notably in Missouri and upstate New York—firms which have raked in all sorts of foreign and American awards. Methods of blending, refermentation, riddling, sediment-ousting, and dosage are the same as in Rheims, France, and are executed in similar catacomb-like cellars where the wines are matured. Indeed, the craft of Champagne making, once a mystery, has become so thoroughly known and understood that numerous vintners, dotted over our national wine map, are successful practitioners of it, brand vying with brand. And the same goes for Sparkling Burgundy.

Vermouth is another sector in which great advances have been scored, the break-off in importation acting as additional incentive. In one region and another it is being proved to the palate that selected American wines, plus special herb infusions as per individual formulae evolved here, furnish right answers for both types—the Sweet Vermouth (Italian style) and the Dry Vermouth (French style).

Furthermore, taking a tip from American preference, an ultra-dryness has been developed, especially by one of the outstanding producers, which goes kilometers beyond any foreign Dry you ever met. It enables Dry Martinis to be concocted on a fifty-fifty basis with the crisp result you'd ordinarily get only with two-thirds Gin. Which is an advantage if you're fond of Dry Martinis, because it means you can drink more of them. And for something different in the Dry line there's the:

AMERICAN WINE COCKTAIL

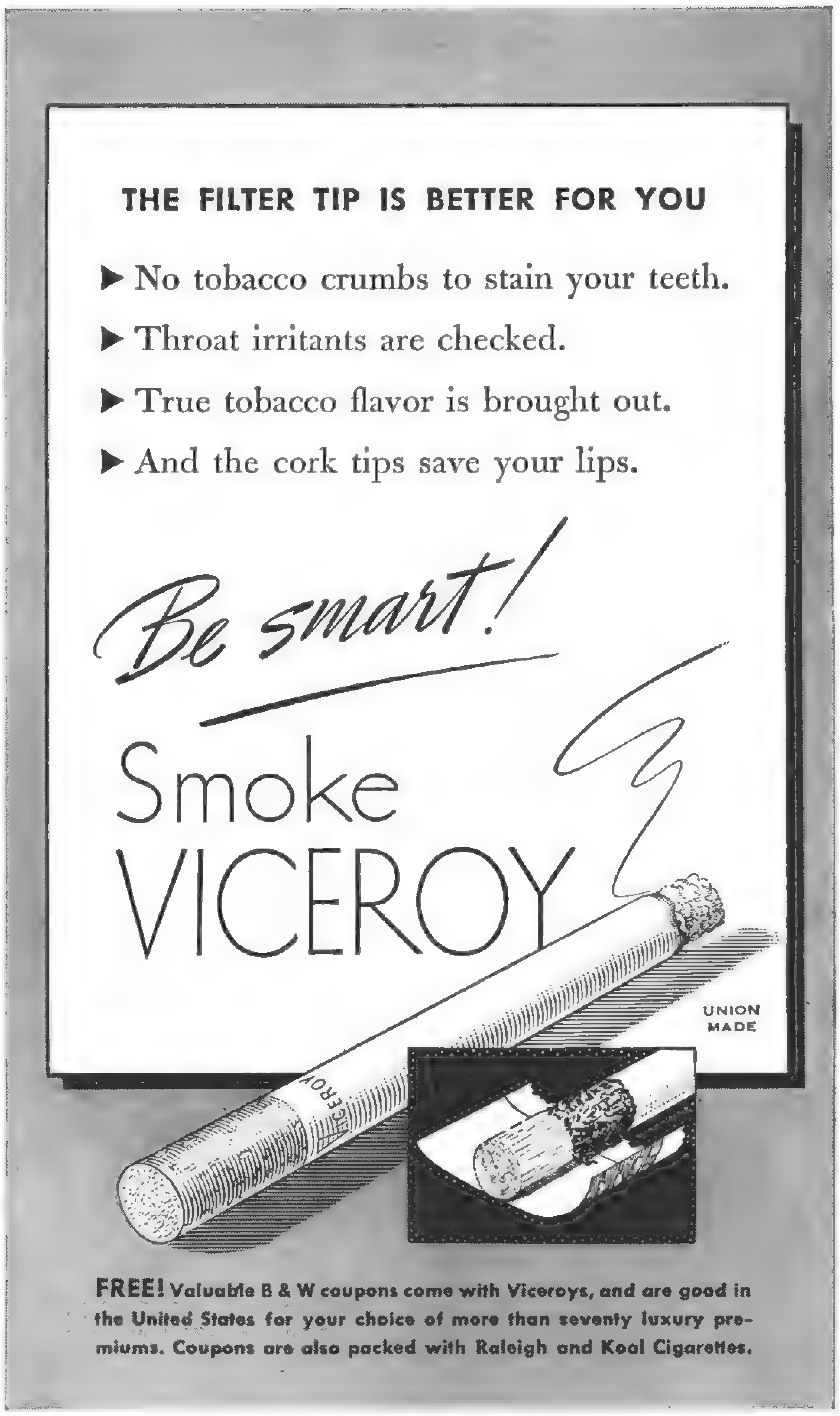
2 parts Dry Sherry, from the refrigerator.

1 part Dry Vermouth, likewise prechilled.

As regards apéritif wines of the maroon-hued sort, America hasn't been idle either; several good numbers are in circulation. One called Dupré, of handsome aspect and interestingly enigmatic flavor, seems to be quite a five o'clock clique click. Another, entitled Bonivar, is being greeted as a boon by elbow benders in Havana and Florida, with northern repercussions.

But our Vineland is such a hotbed of individualities, it would take gatefolds and gatefolds of this magazine to commence to give an account of them. For example, the famous old Ports et cetera emanating from a New Jersey area near Atlantic City. The scuppernong wines of the tidewater South. The many cherished-named, meticulously made bouquet-bearers from the historic cellars of upper New York State. And the exclusive estate and mission wines of California which testify that that state produces quality with as great zeal as it does volume.

Looks as though last year's figure of ninety million gallons imbibed would be just a springboard for this year's. #



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 83

coast of the Mediterranean. "Greek," he explained, "was still the language of diplomacy and culture; Latin was the speech of the Roman soldiers, tax-gatherers and officials who governed the region for the Caesars; Hebrew was spoken among the priests of the temple at Jerusalem and taught in the religious schools of the Jews; but Aramaic was the common speech, known to all, and heard at every market place and street corner. Aramaic was the speech of Jesus Himself, and when he stood as a child in the Sanhedrin and conversed with the judges his native dialect and Galilean accent may easily have caused some smiling among the learned men."

Aside from the fact—such things being as they are in the theatre—that the role of Jesus was played by a young actor, hitherto active in the gangster *Dead End* and on commercial radio programs, whose speech, which caused some smiling among the learned men, was suggestively less Aramaic with a Galilean accent than Broadway with a Vyvyan Donner mike accent—aside from this fact there was the same old general refractory trouble when any playwright seeks to suggest in English and for use by English-speaking actors a variety of alien tongues. The result, in this specific case, was that the Roman soldiers, tax-gatherers and officials who were supposed to be speaking Latin sounded as if they were translations of Sallustius Crispus by Westbrook Pegler and that the priests who were supposed to be talking in Hebrew seemed to be carrying on their colloquies in something that sounded like Zoe Akins dialogue recited by the Harvard dramatic club. As for the Aramaic, it ran the actor gamut all the way from Jerome Weidman to Aimée McPherson and from Arthur Kober to Archibald MacLeish.

I hope that one of these days playwrights will at last see the error and futility of their ways in this direction. I always on such occasions think back to the manner in which Ludwig Lewisohn once tried to indicate the nature of the Silesian dialect in his translations of certain of Hauptmann's plays and upset the equilibrium of our tympani with such exotic delicatessen as "the vicious critters"; "nothing is his'n"; "you know, y' understan', we get a powerful lot o' tramps here right along"; "the impident hussy"; "don' knows I c'n blame you"; "crooked beast!"; "sich a critter"; "beast of a scythe!"; "out with the brazen hussy!"; "she just gits kinder rough now an' then"; and—as God is our judge—"we don't have to be thinkin' and thinkin' before we spends a penny, no, nor before we spends a pound neither."

There's *echt* Silesian for you, Gerhart!

II

They further imported St. John Ervine early in the season to see if he could do anything about providing it with some bounce, but the only bounce vouchsafed by his play, *Boyd's Daughter* (originally called *Boyd's Shop*) was an automatic one that bounced it right off the stage after just three performances.

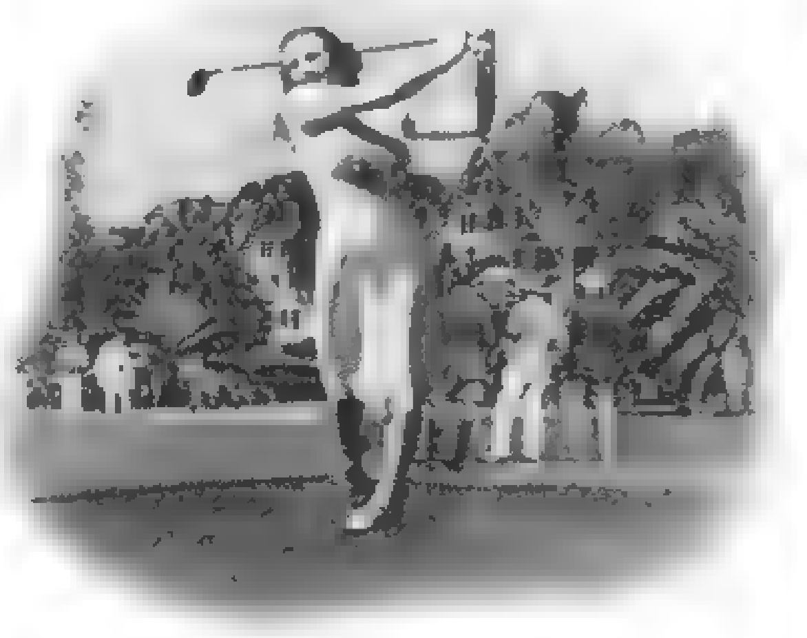
Something seems to have happened to St. John and that fine talent of his which early in his playwriting career gave us plays like *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg.* Nothing he has written since then has come anywhere near even remotely touching their quality. More and more St. John appears to have had his eye on the popular box office, which is no place for a man like St. John to have his eye on. He is fundamentally too good an artist for any such ocular digression.

Though in some cases—*The First Mrs. Fraser* among others, for example—the surrender of his position has made him a lot of money, in others, as in the instance of this *Boyd's Shop*, it has not only punished his aberration by making him none but has served further only to lower him in the critical sanction of his old friends.

There is a great foolishness in any dramatist with St. John's gifts who, because his first honest and reputable plays do not cash in sufficiently, compromises with his integrity to the extent of deliberately attempting to cajole the popular taste. Very often the dramatist who does so eventually makes less money than the one who, come hell and damnation, resolutely pursues his original brave course.

I thoroughly believe that if Ervine had gone on the path of his early estimable plays he would be a richer and certainly a very greatly more respected fellow than he is today. When Bernard Shaw in his later years for some unscrutable reason tried to tickle the general box office he lost out completely; in his antecedent days, when he viewed it with a large and lofty contempt, the mazuma somehow nevertheless rolled in in waves and made him a millionaire. Eugene O'Neill, whose early plays didn't bring him enough to buy more than a quart of Macdougal Alley red-eye every other week, none the less never sidestepped for a moment, continued to write honestly, independently and with his nose high in the air, and today he is rich beyond the dreamed of dozens of purely box office writers. On a lower but still thoroughly respectable plane, there is Robert Sherwood who started out writing for the box office, made a little money, got sick of lowering himself, set himself to more reputable work, and made more out of it than he possibly could have made had he continued to woo the fickle ticket-till. And there are all kinds of other such examples.

St. John is now in his very late



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fifties. He has some money. But knowing him as I do and having an old lingering respect for him and being very fond of him, I'll bet anything in this world, at least anything up to a dollar, that, when he sits before that fireplace of his in the Devon countryside and thinks things over, he would give back to the undiscriminating mob nine-tenths of the lucre he has made out of it in exchange for the esteem as an artist in which we all once held him.

III

Not only is it news when the Kaufman-Hart combination bites the dust; it is considerably bigger news when the dust bites the Kaufman-Hart combination. And that is just what has happened to it in the case of *George Washington Slept Here*. The accomplished and most often successful twain have on this strange occasion simultaneously been bitten by some of the dustiest items on the theatrical comedy shelf and have found themselves critically with their teeth in the prairie.

Consider the stale stuff they have fallen for:

Item 1. The plot about the city couple who hopefully buy a house in the country and learn that life there is far from the idyll it is romantically pictured.

Item 2. The characters duly including the shrimp of a husband, his large, derisive wife, the young daughter who becomes involved in an affair with a smooth stock company actor, the comic farm hand, the small bad boy who hides under the sofa and emerges to the embarrassment of others with a contemptuous raspberry, the hypothetically rich uncle who turns out not to have a cent, the young week-enders who romp around in bathing suits (only the tennis racquets are missing), the villain who would foreclose the mortgage, etc.

Item 3. The leaking roof.

Item 4. The smoking fireplace.

Item 5. The difficulty with the plumbing.

Item 6. The lack of water.

Item 7. The expensive drilling of a well and the finding of only mud at the bottom.

Item 8. The trouble with servants.

Item 9. The hens that won't lay.

Item 10. The trees that have to be sprayed.

Item 11. The rainy season.

Item 12. The necessity and expense of building a road to the house.

Item 13. The trouble with bugs and insects.

Item 14. And all the other stencils of the species.

Item 15. The joke about Leopold and Loeb.

Item 16. The one about the pregnant servant girl who eventually marries her seducer's brother so it will be all right—"everything's in the family."

Item 17. The scene in which the husband and wife, at the top of their woes, get drunk and expansively drown their troubles.

Item 18. The female guest who superiorly maintains a snooty silence.

Item 19. The scene in which the couple start disgustedly to smash up the furnishings of the house, with the entrance shortly afterwards of news that everything is going to be all right for them.

Item 20. The joke about summer theatres.

Items 21 to 51. And more of the same.

But here is where the surprise comes in. Although the exhibit is pretty seedy compared with the authors' previous comedy standard, their dexterity is such that they have managed to make at least a small share of the superannuated wham humorously amusing. The small share, however and alas, remains only a small share, and that is hardly enough for us to demand of such usually gay fellows. The idea they started out with had possibilities: the patriotic buying of a house in which Washington was supposed to have slept and the discovery that it wasn't Washington but Benedict Arnold who snoozed there. But the boys, after only momentarily touching upon it, have done nothing with it and have sacrificed it to the routine theme about the vicissitudes of city folk in the rural regions.

IV

The Rockefellers may know a lot about the oil business but when it comes to the show business they don't seem to know appreciably more than that other oil magnate, Davis, knew not only about the show business but about playwrighting. Their Center Theatre and its spectacles are to the theatre what Davis' *The Ladder* was to the drama.

It is a sad pity that things should be so. The enormous sums of money wasted by the Rockefellers and their associates on empty and futile productions might, if properly and wisely spent, be of immense help to the theatre and drama of their country. The investments they and their abettors have already made in the Center Theatre itself, that white elephant, and in such tedious exhibits for it as *The Great Waltz*, *Virginia*, *White Horse Inn*, *It Happens on Ice*, etc., all dismal commercial failures, might have gone a long way toward giving the oft-discussed National Theatre a start. Or they might have been a godsend to anything from an intelligent experimental theatre to a theatregoing fund for the poor who can't afford under the present prices to see a single decent play a year. But no. Like many other of our rich, the Rockefellers and their producing auxiliaries think they serve the cause of art by expending huge sums on showy, impracticable and completely valueless projects and in the process boring people to death. Thus, it was a millionaire who built a playhouse for a certain beautiful, incompetent actress and permitted her to install in it third-rate comedies as personal show windows. Thus, it was a group of millionaires who

Continued on page 160

If Jonah had it to do over . . .

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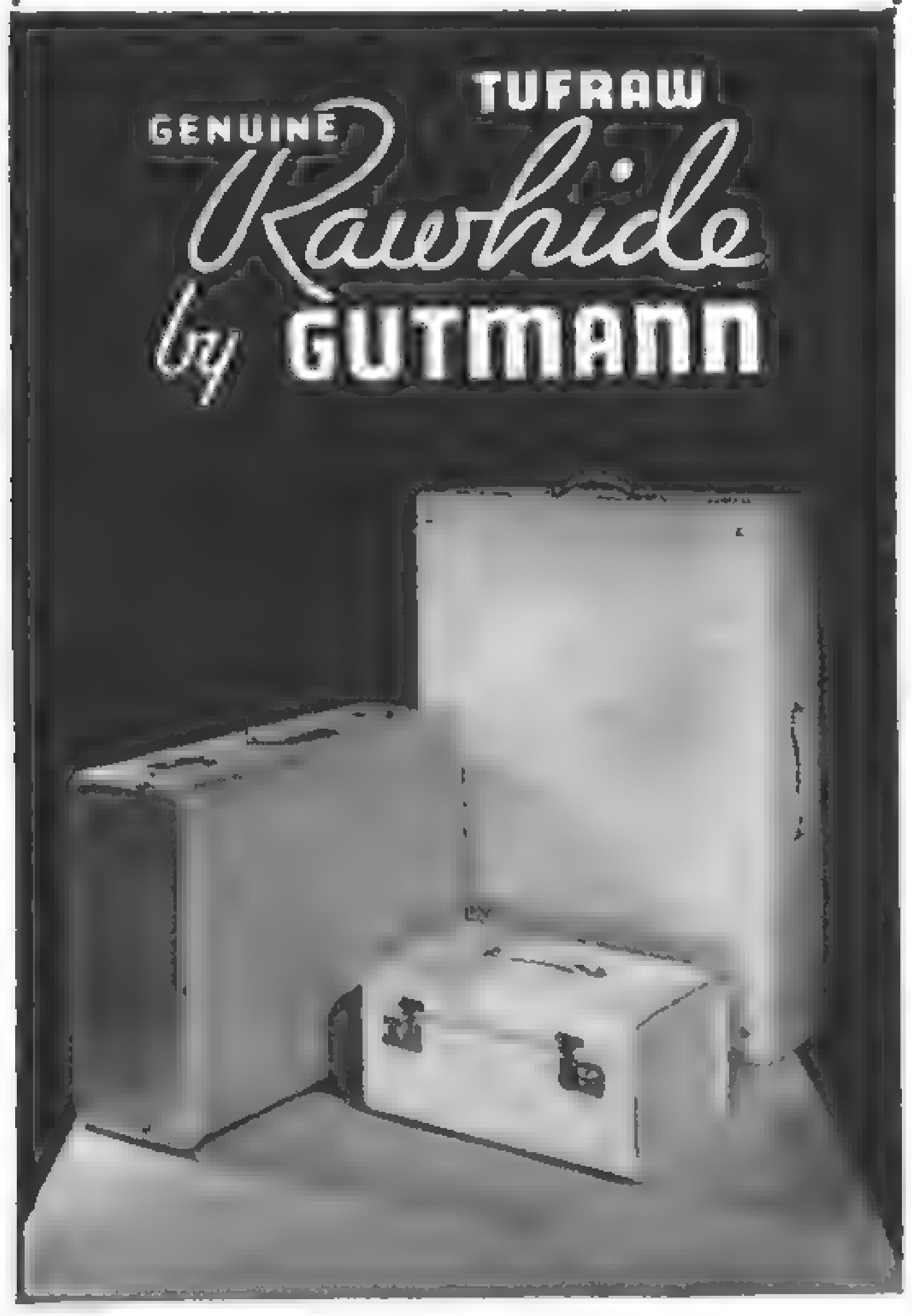

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 83-159

put up the New Theatre in Central Park West, the chief feature of which was an elaborately chandeliered gold ballroom which was used only by the kids on matinée days as a place to slide and spill on their little tochi. In this New Theatre, furthermore, the millionaires allowed to be produced a succession of such mishandled exhibits, starting off with the second-worst production of *Antony and Cleopatra* in American theatrical history, that the house has gone down in that same history as one of our greatest theatrical calamities.

Thus, too, millionaire backing in the last three years has been responsible for some of the poorest plays of their seasons, only one of the lot sponsored by the rich boys having the slightest approach to the slightest quality, and that one being financed only in part. Thus, it was a person of great wealth who backed the biggest musical failure of this season; thus, it was another who guaranteed some of the sourest motion pictures in the sour enough record of motion pictures; and thus, it is still others who have backed some of our more recent biggest magazine flops, editorially and otherwise.

It Happens on Ice, the latest tenant of the Rockefeller Center Theatre, cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and would have been lucky to bring sixteen dollars at any art auction whose bidders considered the frames less important than what was inside them. The frames by Norman Bel Geddes were fine, but the performance within them, while engaging enough for twenty minutes or so, told heavily on the assembled rears for the rest of the two long hours. Anyone should have known that an ice-skating show even at its best becomes monotonous before very long, since monotony is as inherent in the medium as it is in lengthy statistical tables, Powers' models' faces, and holy matrimony. Nor is that monotony prosperously to be minimized by occasionally interrupting the ice acrobatics for a few minutes with a couple of radio vocalists mewing blues songs to the effect that when one kissed the other last night the moon fell in the river.

V

Two things are more or less inevitable in the Negro drama. First, the drama is pretty certain to deal with the awful time a Negro has in this white man's world. And second, the scene, if laid indoors, is pretty sure to show a room papered in violent cerise. (Also, if the play is presented by Negroes, the lights don't work.)

All of this was again made evident in the first exhibit of the newly formed Negro Playwrights' Company. By Theodore Ward, it bore the label, *Big White Fog*, and devoted itself in the violent cerise room to the tragic denial of opportunity to the black race and its tortured search for a place of some security in a land run by palefaces. The play was an extremely bad one but, as is usual in such cases, was magnanimously let down and even praised by some of the critics on the ground of its sincerity and honesty, these being the same critics who are accustomed to rip the living daylights out of white playwrights who are every bit as sincere and honest and who write immeasurably better plays, even at their worst, than Mr. Ward can possibly write. Which is only Point No. 1 against the contention that Negroes get a dirty deal from their sallower brothers.

There are plenty of other points. With more than eight million white men unable to get jobs and many of them homeless and starving in this country, the Negro wail of arbitrarily imposed poverty loses much of its timbre. The challenge that the Negro is denied opportunity—Mr. Ward's trump dramatic card—loses some force when we think of the triumph in all kinds of fields of Negroes like Marian Anderson, Richard Wright, Jesse Owens, Paul Robeson, Bill Robinson, Langston Hughes, Rosamond Johnson, the illustrious Colonel Charles Young, Ethel Waters, Perry Watkins, Rex Ingram, Cab Calloway, Brud Holland, Louis Armstrong, Joe Louis, Booker T. Washington, Zora Hurston, Brigadier-General Benjamin O. Davis, Dorothy Maynor, Major Campbell Johnson (executive assistant to national selective service director Dykstra), Judge William H. Hastie (civilian aide to the Secretary of War), and so on. Also of the success of other such Negroes in literature, the theatre, music, education, sports, the military, politics, the law, etc.; of millionaires like Mrs. Walker; and of Academy awards in motion pictures and receptions by the President in the White House.

Mr. Ward indignantly shows a young Negro being barred from a school because of race, yet Negroes are freely admitted to Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and innumerable other colleges and universities, including West Point. He shows a Negro bankrupt by the depression. Perhaps he thinks this was a calamity suffered exclusively by Negroes. He argues his case in terms of Negro hunger and eviction, as if countless whites haven't suffered likewise. He shows a young Negress going wrong because of money need, and weeps over it. Maybe no young white girl ever goes wrong for the same reason. He shows the defeat of Negro idealism in the case of Marcus Garvey. What of the defeat of white idealism in a dozen, two dozen, three dozen, analogous cases? He indicates that only in Communism lies the hope of his race. Well, Sean O'Casey in *The Star Turns Red* similarly argues the same thing in the matter of the white race, so what have you?

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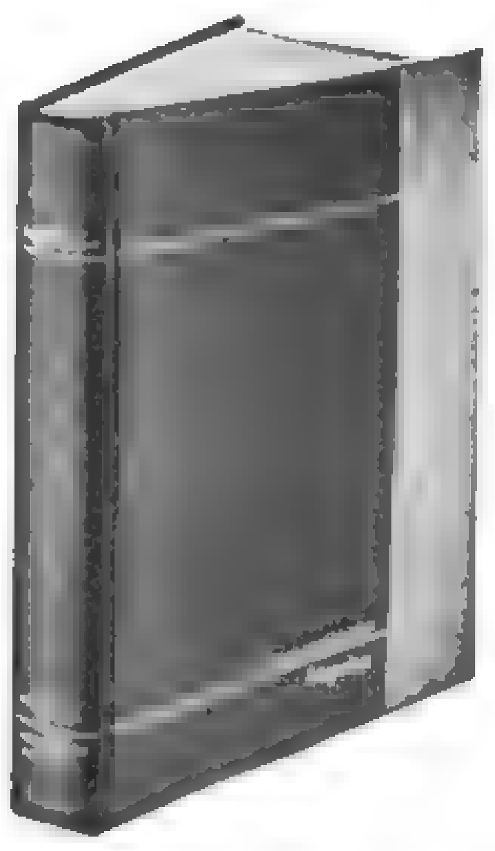

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prejudiced time of it in many respects, so have the Japs, the Jews, the Catholics, and a whole lot of others. So why all this yowling? If a Negro can't get into El Morocco or the Pierre cocktail bar, can't join the Union Club, can't frolic at Southern week-end parties, and can't eat in the main dining room of the Savoy-Plaza hotel, I for one can think of worse punishments.

VI

Suzanna and the Elders, by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, was another of the authors' attempts to extract money from the box office with sex stuff. The trouble with the authors is twofold. First, they weren't born in Paris and hence are crudely dirty when they would be charmingly risqué; and, second, they do not seem to know overly much about the writing of plays. This one again and even much more greatly than their antecedent *Pursuit of Happiness* belabored what might have been amusing naughtiness with a pickax and flattened it into dull smut. Taking as their theme one of the numerous Socalist communities that flourished in the nation in the last century—a theme with endless possibilities—they resolved it chiefly into a tedious succession of jokes and innuendoes on sexual promiscuity, accompanied by constant heavily suggestive troopings upstairs to bedrooms, excursions to nearby fields and orchards, imbibings of alcoholic liquor to stimulate uncompliant libidos, and the like. The result was akin to a smoking-car *conte* told for the fifteenth consecutive time by a leering drummer with a bad stutter. The exhibit was an instantaneous flop.

VII

Credits. Balanchine's choreography for *Cabin in the Sky*, the most imaginative and exciting in any Negro show I have yet seen. Ethel Waters in the same show. Ethel Merman and Nadine Gae, a lovely dancing girl, in *Panama Hattie*. Joshua Logan's direction of the old warhorse, *Charley's Aunt*. José Ferrer's performance in the same play, a capital bit of farce acting. Ed Wynn's pantomime upon glimpsing his face in a mirror, with the ejaculation, "For pity sakes!" Helen Craig's performance of the deaf-mute in Elmer Harris' defunct rubbish, *Johnny Belinda*. Norman Bel Geddes' sets for the otherwise exhausting *It Happens on Ice*. George Jean Nathan's heroic sticking to his job. ⧺

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 85

brain, and they'll laugh. They can't believe that when you write a song, a sequence, or, for that matter, an article or a good advertisement, you grow a little mystic and a surge of strange power and tenderness comes into you . . . that it's like making love to a beautiful woman.

As Ben Hecht says of screen writers, "Imagine how you would feel if, while you were making love, a coarse looking man came into your seducer's den and said, 'that's a beautiful girl but you don't hold her right. Put your hand on her other shoulder.' Whimsically, you obliged. Whereupon a second critic smoking a big cigar and fanning himself with a *Racing Form* snowshoed in and cried out suddenly, 'What are you doing to that lovely girl? That's no way to make love to her. What you want to do is stand her on her head. There—now you got something.' "

The movie composer, like the writer, turns out a collective, composite product. *Stagecoach*, for example, had six collaborators and sounded as if each had been asked to write music for one horse of the sextet that drew the vehicle. Usually, composers are miscast and always they are millworkers —slaves trying to make love in a department store window with five window trimmers and fifty bosses assisting their various efforts.

There has been improvement and an occasional great score, but today the bulk of Hollywood's music is action-crazy and comes out of cans. MGM alone has over 30,000,000 feet of sound track, which is sliced and dubbed at random. Integration is haphazard and the taste is the same as in pianola days. The real synthesis of sight and sound awaits some future Moses.

* * *

Most provocative and significant of attempts thus far is Disney's *Fantasia*. Starting as a Mickey Mouse short, it grew to a two-hour feature including, among other things, Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D minor*, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Tschaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*.

Disney reverses the usual policy of fitting music to a screen drama. He starts with music, adapts cartoons to it. Uninhibited by 260-pound prima donnas and a shadow world which does not move to the measured rhythms of music, he is limited only by his fancy.

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Donald Duck conducted the *William Tell* overture, and how! The world of Snow White was dominated by music.

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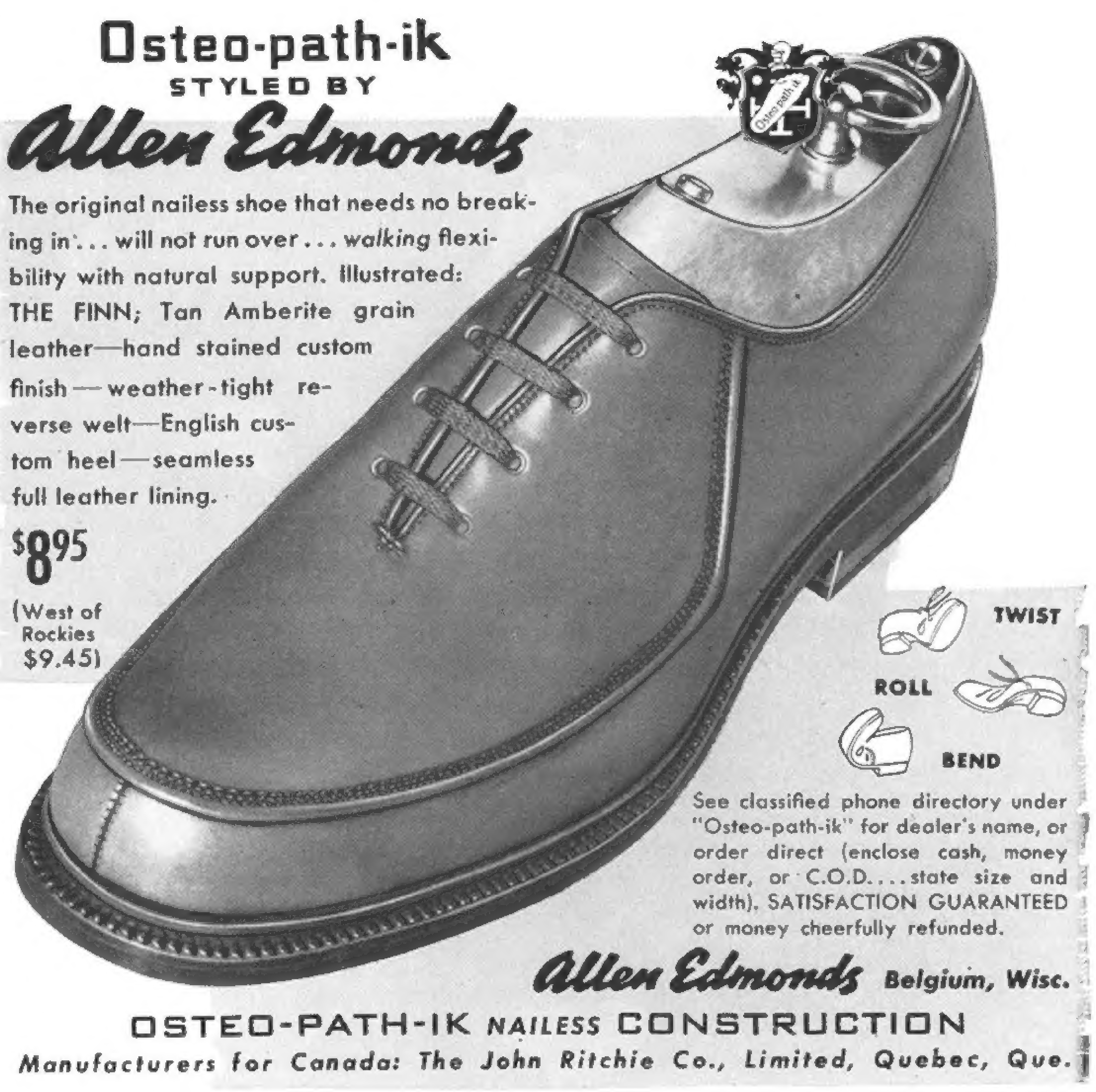
Continued on page 162



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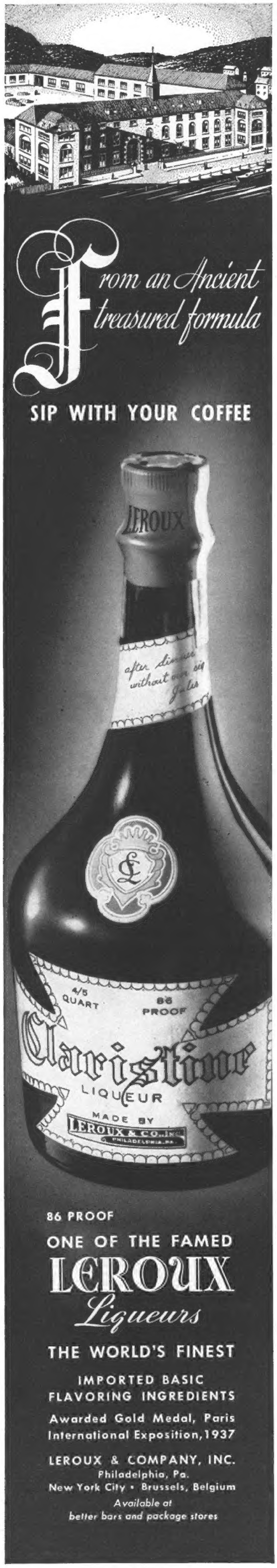

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 85-161

the greatest living animator with a fantasy and a technique that is his alone. To describe it is not possible. You must see it. Excerpts from Disney's outline are suggestive, if you know the music:

> Bach's *Toccata and Fugue* is an experiment in interpreting the colors and moving patterns of music in colors and moving patterns on the screen. Impressions of instruments twist and float in the air, for instance, a suggestion of violin bows in movement may interpret a violin passage . . . highlights on clarinet keys float off through space into cloud forms. The finish is a burst of color which gives the impression of a giant organ.
>
> (A wit at the New York premiere said this introduction featuring Stokowskishould be labelled 'Halo, Everybody.')
>
> We have abandoned the original *Nutcracker Suite* legend and in our version, fairies (that rival Petty and Varga girls) bring flowers to life. At their touch, the lowly mushroom takes on glamour, the crocus becomes gayer, the lily of the valley more glowing, the dandelion sheds dewdrops, the morning glory sparkles . . . The spotlight falls on a cluster of eight mushrooms, swaying in time with the music. As they begin to dance, it is evident that they are grave little Chinese in characteristic coolie hats and long robes. . . . Flower petals drift through the air, flutter in graceful swirls and a ballet of flowers progresses. . . . Fishes become ballerinas, leaving trails of bubbles to mark their paths . . . Thistles do famous Caucasian dances . . . and the *Suite* ends as frost-fairies appear, sliding gaily down plant stems, leaving frost patterns in their wake.
>
> Our version of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* is essentially the same as Lucian's original and Mickey Mouse is the apprentice.
>
> Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* takes us on a trip through space to observe how our world was born. Meteors flare, their brilliance lights up the distant, smoky globe. Seething craters belch smoke and flame and steam, bubbling lava pits, swirling tornadoes, boiling mud-pots convulse on each other. . . . Fifty-ton monsters, flying dragons, sea serpents, long-extinct dinosaurs and the giant killer Tyrannosaurus Rex live in our back yards until a parching heat-wave envelops the earth and a fierce quake is followed by a total eclipse of the sun, symbolizing the dawn of a new era of life on earth.
>
> Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* heralds sunrise on Olympus, home of the gods. Fauns pipe welcome to the new day. Pegasus and family, cupids, centaurs and centaurettes frolic in a harvest festival in honor of Bacchus. Zeus and Vulcan toll thunderbolts to earth during the storm. And, as the music tells of the calm after the storm, we see Iris, goddess of the rainbow, Apollo, Diana, and Morpheus who brings sleep to the tired world.
>
> Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours* is a satire on the old-fashioned rigid form of the ballet, featuring the routines of Mlle. Upanova, an ostrich, Hyacinth Hippo, the pirouettes of Elephanchine, and Ben Ali Gator, *maître de ballet*.
>
> Moussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain* and Schubert's *Ave Maria* show the conflict between Evil, pictured in the unholy revelry of a Russian *Walpurgisnacht*, and Good, triumphant as the sun rises.
>
> In *Fantasia* the musical compositions suggest the mood, the pictorial pattern and even the individual phases of action. We have worked on the belief that for any beautiful musical composition there is a beautiful picture. The fact that music, by its nature, is in constant movement affords a plan for the movement of the picture. Our production is not intended as the correct or the traditional interpretation. We are offering *one* way that the music may be visualized—a way that to us has seemed exciting. Our interpretation of these great works has sprung from the natural emotional reactions of the artists who make no pretense of formal musical knowledge or training.

This is obvious. And, most lovers of the music will prefer to find their own pictures. If you believe, as I do, that one artistic medium does not need translation into terms of another, Mr. Disney's effort seems much ado about nothing.

My imagination uncovers much more exciting pictures, for me, in Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* than do Mr. Disney and his artists. Likewise, I prefer my own amplification of Beethoven's original program.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice comes off the best. It is a natural. The *Dance of the Hours*, disposes, once and for all, of the ballet. The *Nutcracker Suite* has moments—in fact, throughout *Fantasia* reveals flashes of Disney's genius, bits of charm and humor never to be forgotten: when the mushrooms turn into Chinese, the thistles do the Russian Dance, Hop Lo, the baby Pegasus. . . . As a show, it is always a show.

Fantasound is the finest ever heard in a movie theater, its amplification is comparable to what takes place in an engineering laboratory. The number of decibels will lift your hat, its directional movement gives you the impression that sounds race across the theater to follow Disney's figures, the antiphonal effects during the *Ave Maria*—all the sound innovations, in short, are Stokowskian. Deems Taylor handles a tough assignment magnificently, and Mr. Stokowski's silhouette bobs up too often . . . but then?

What will movie audiences who've never been in a concert hall think? Is there enough action, is it good enough entertainment to satisfy that harmless monster, the public?

Mr. Disney thinks so. Purposely, he chose the vague name FANTASIA in preference to:

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FROM LUTE TO NUTS
KLASSY KONSERT KAPERS
DR. DISNEY'S FOLLIES
ONE HUNDRED MEN AND A MOUSE

He expects it to run ten years, maybe longer. From time to time, the program will be changed. He has already recorded *Clair de Lune, Don Quixote, La Mer*, John Alden Carpenter's *Adventures in a Perambulator*, and *Till Eulenspiegel*.

Fantasia doesn't solve the problem of "seeing music and hearing pictures," but it suggests the solution. Whether it pays or not, it is a milestone in musical movies and will rate the topshelf in the archives of the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. ⵌ

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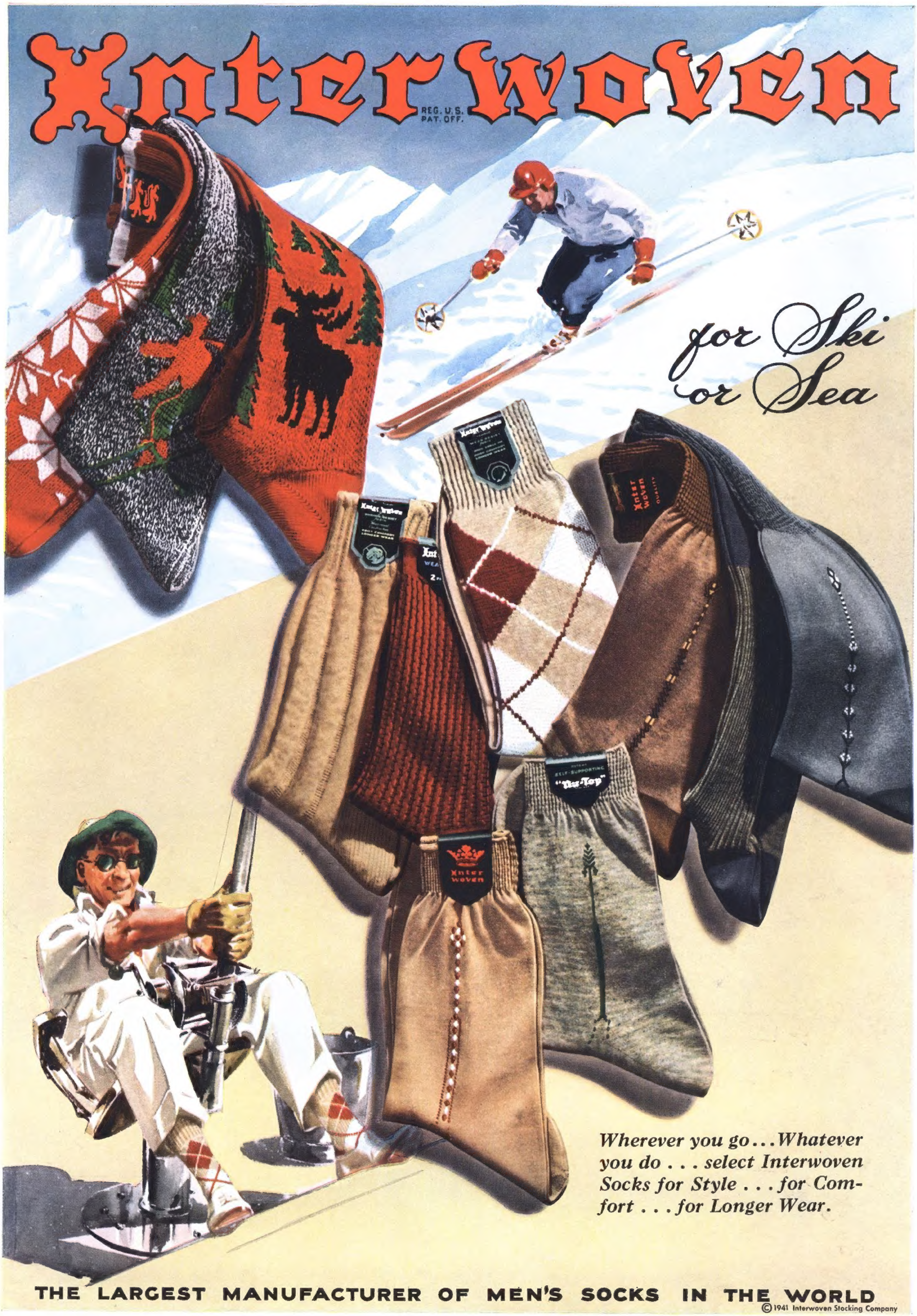
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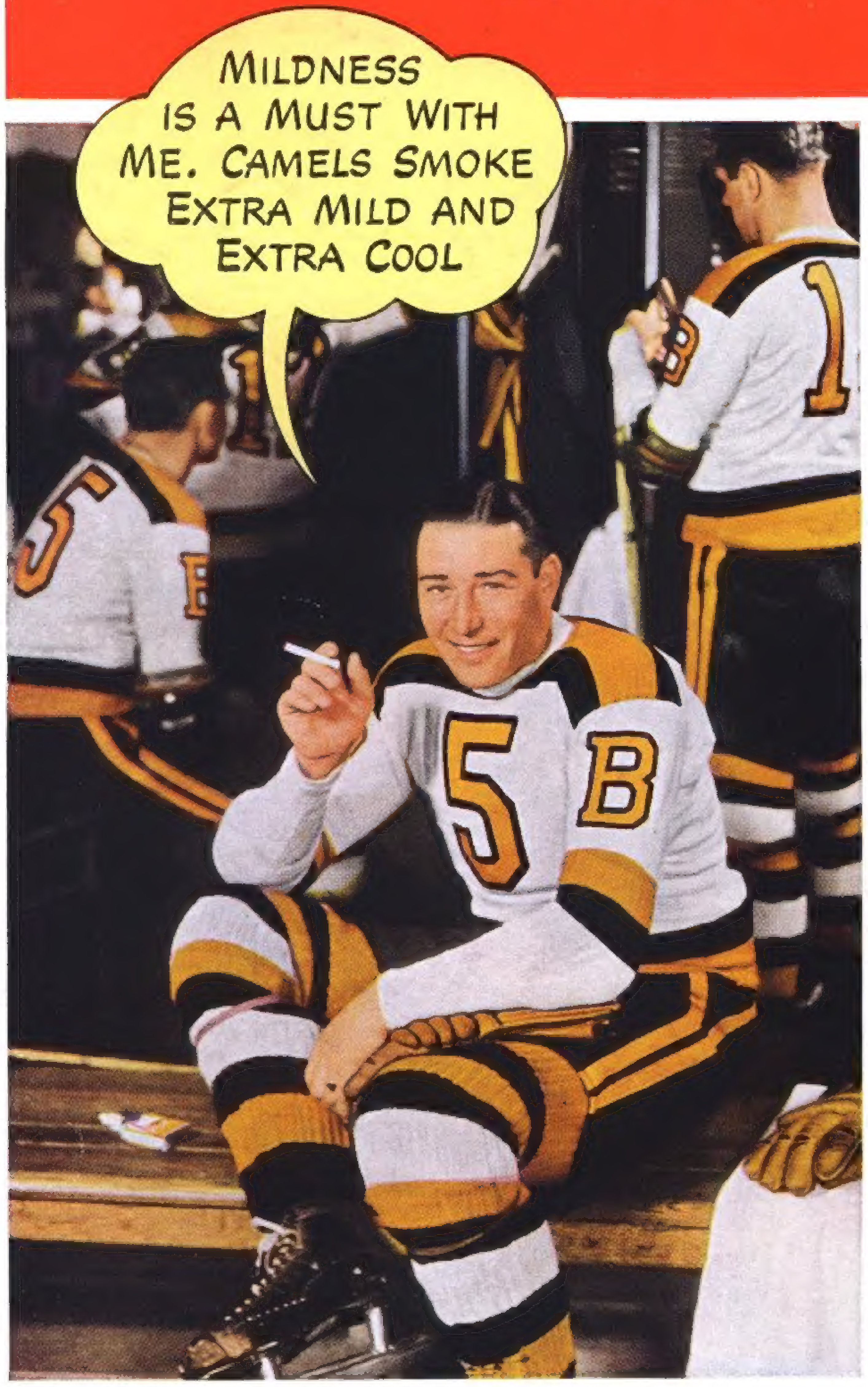
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